RADIO MIRROR

May

25¢

DINAH SHORE

Full Color Pictures—When a Girl Marries

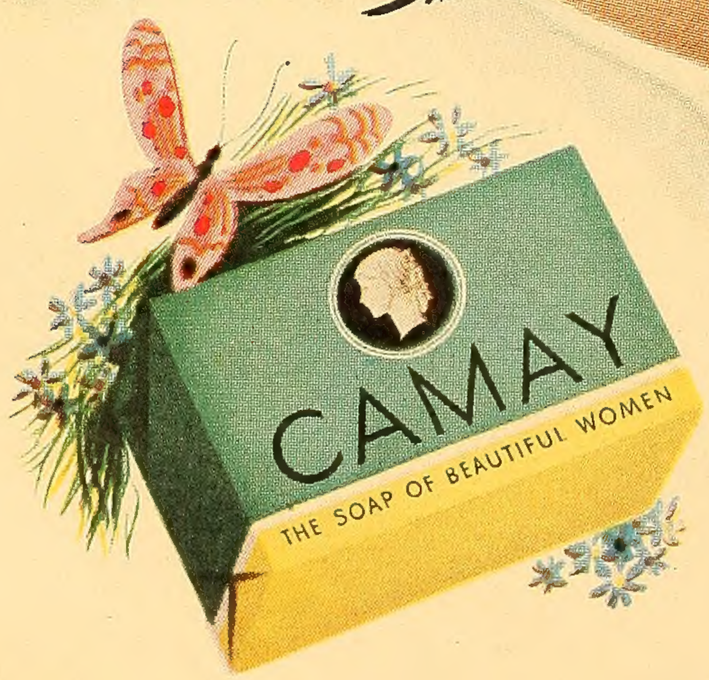
Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!

It's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch—the clearer, softer complexion that comes with your *first cake* of Camay! So change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions; reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother skin!

WITH THE COURSENS

A mutual interest in auto racing helped to bring engineer Johnny Coursen and lovely Marian together. They went often to a speedway in a New York suburb. But races couldn't compete with Marian's fair-skinned beauty for Johnny's attentions! She uses Camay for her skin!

MRS. JOHN WILLIAM COURSEN
the former Marian Reid of Valley Stream, N.Y.
Bridal portrait painted by SANDORI



Now the Coursens have a home in Connecticut, and Johnny vows he'll build a closet just for Marian's hats. She has dozens—and her young-bride complexion looks lovely with every one. Marian pledges: "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you? Follow directions on wrapper.

"He loves you NOT... he loves you NOT..."

GIRL: Oh, it's *you* again! Well, it so happens I was just seeing how many petals–

CUPID: Sure. Sure. Of course.

GIRL: I was up to five–

CUPID: Pardon me for suggesting–but wouldn't it be more fun to fool around with *orchids?* Okay... then start *gleaming* instead of *glooming* at men! Break down and use your *smile!*

GIRL: My *smile?* You don't know what you're saying! Sure, I brush my teeth–but my smile's like a storm-cloud. People run for cover–

CUPID: I bet you see "pink" on your tooth brush.

GIRL: Yes, and *red* when I look at you... you–

CUPID: Look, my little petal-picker, forget *me* and pay attention to that "pink." Because it's a warning to *see your dentist at once.* Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

never ignore "pink tooth brush"

GIRL: And a set of headlights for my smile?

CUPID: Listen, goon, a bright smile depends largely on firm, healthy *gums.* Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, take his advice... and you'll be started on a smile that'll have *men* picking petals off daisies!

Ipana

and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

Coming Next Month

That, of course, is Bob Hope up there. At least, that's what he looks like to you, his audience. But what does he look like from another angle—say, that of his secretary? She tells—in My Boss, Bob Hope, which you can investigate in the June Radio Mirror. Pictures, too.

* * *

Dr. Christian's hand is always out to help—and he gets it thoroughly into a veteran's love story, next month. But trust the kindly doctor and his pert nurse Judy to see that the way is made clear for two worried young people.

* * *

Living Portraits is really special, too. Against their Montana background, we've photographed the Lone Journey cast, with two magnificent color portraits for you. The whole June issue is bursting with color, in fact; you'll find in it some of the most exciting pictures we've ever taken.

MAY, 1947

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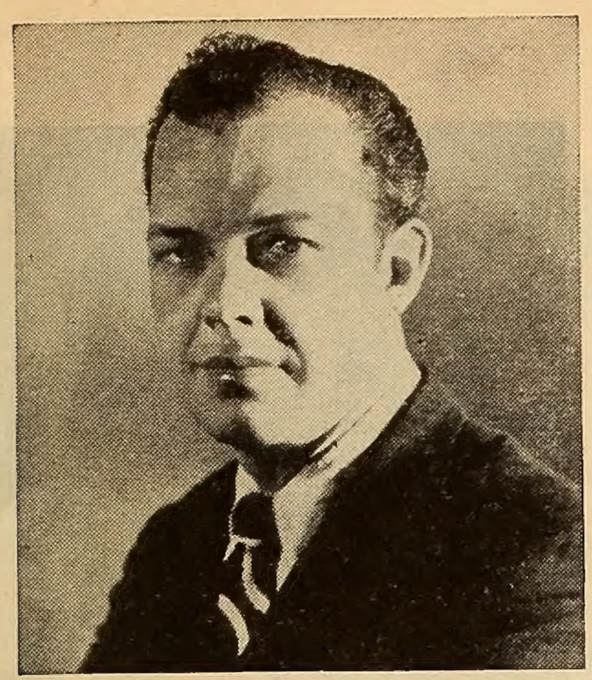
it sends you

12 PIECES 12
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

SERVES ONE-AT-A-TIME

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.



Berry Kroeger

BERRY KROEGER is a tall Texan, reminiscent in appearance of Orson Welles and a junior edition of Charles Laughton. And, in further resemblance, he too is a first-rate actor. Broadway has noted him in Nunnally Johnson's "World Full of Girls", "The Tempest", and "Therese", with Dame May Whitty, Victor Jory and Eve LeGalliene. His radio jobs are many: Big Sister, Inner Sanctum, The Thin Man, Grand Central Station, Bulldog Drummond, and now the new NBC Feature Assignment.

Berry belongs to that small group of actors in radio who are characterized by their ability to portray any type of a role, from a cultured villain to a romantic mid-western physician.

Fifteen years of work in radio have polished up this versatility; Berry can handle a fireside comedy, major tragedy or an international crisis with equal ability. He did his first broadcast in Texas, then went to California for more broadcasting and further dramatic study at the Max Reinhardt School.

Son of a Southern Pacific roundhouse foreman, and of a mother whose forebears come from Newcastle, England, Kroeger is a master of scores of dialects and accents, domestic and imported. Texas left no marks on his natural speech, nor did it make an outdoor man of him. His favorite sport, he says, is "Coughing for exercise."

Like many an actor working in radio, Berry likes the theater as a vehicle. He has even written himself a play—a two-character psychological drama called "August Reckoning."

Unlike many a radio actor, however, he's in the theater currently playing the role of the romantic poet, Chartiers, in Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," starring Ingrid Bergman.

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That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

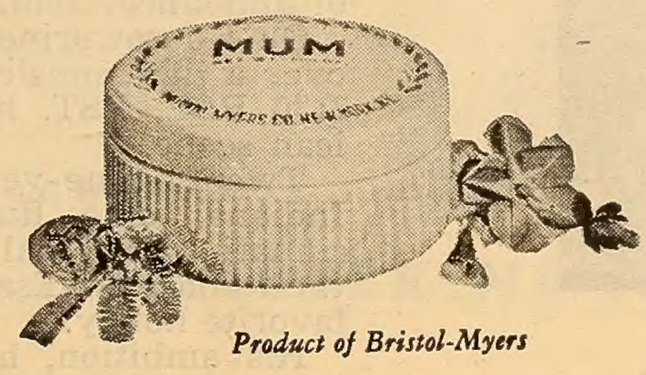
When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

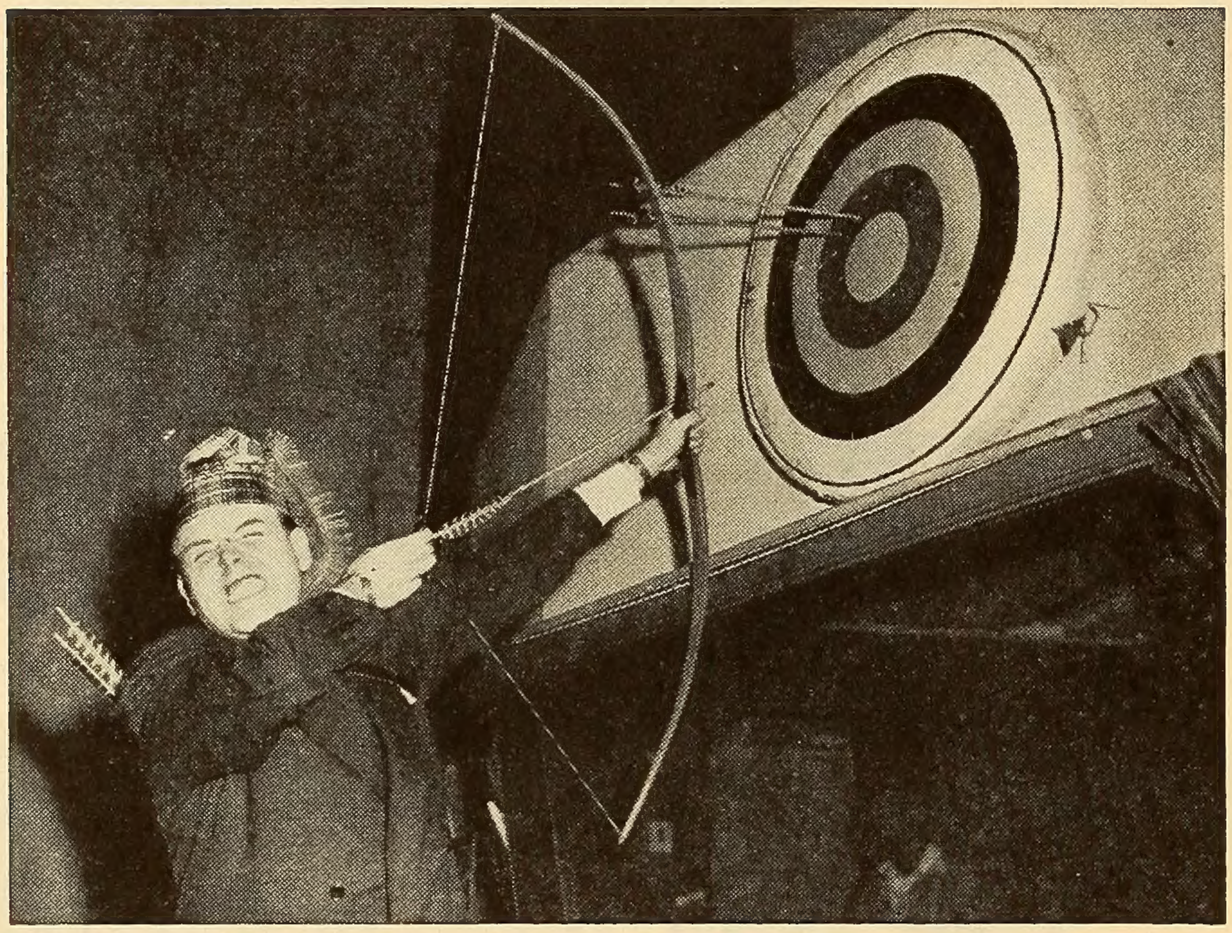
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

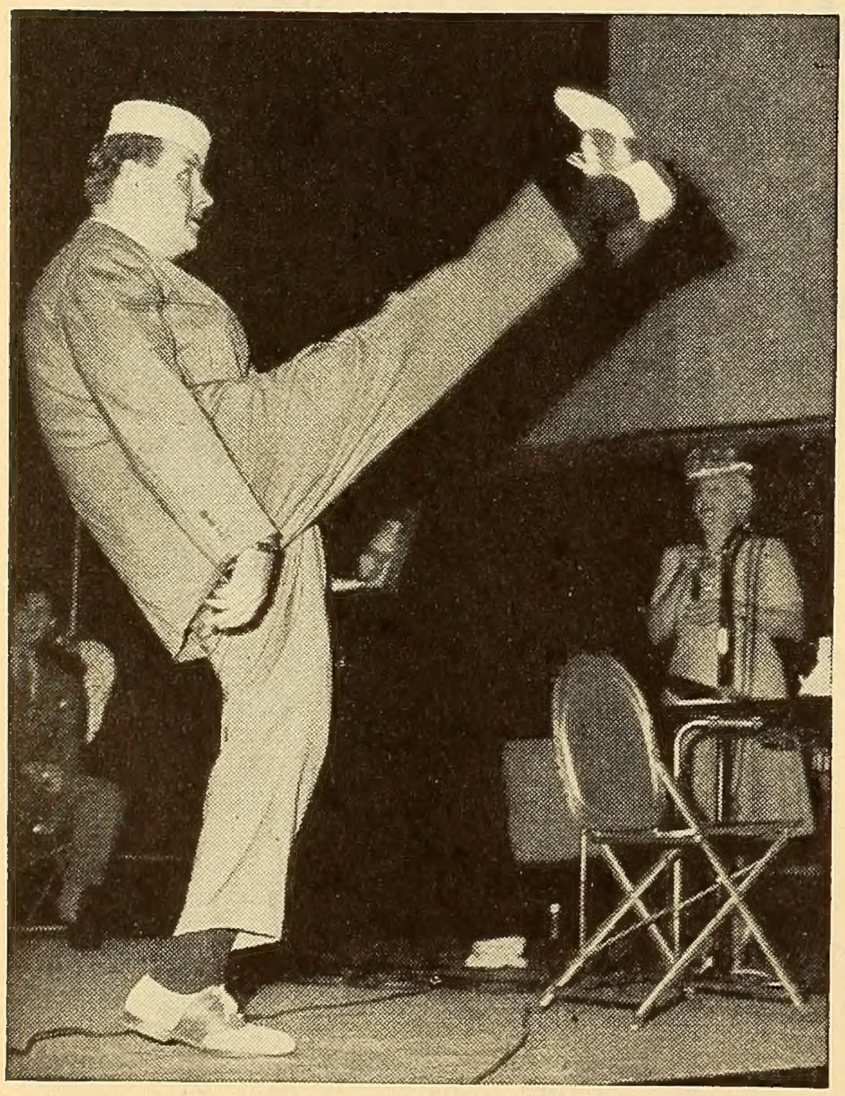
Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. • • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Largely Thomas

This is Frazier Thomas, two hundred and fifty pounds of naturally skilled comedian.





Bull's eyes and high kicks are made simple for Morning Matinee audiences.

HE can still pull a rabbit out of a hat or analyze a movie in detail, but Frazier Thomas' present career is making people laugh. "My size helps," he says, but on the scales along with his 250-pound frame goes a high skill at spotting humor plus fifteen years of experience in show business.

It's really not "ad-libbing" when Frazier convulses a WLW Morning Matinee audience with some no-script reply to Ruth Lyons. It's the result of years of experience traveling coast-to-coast as a prestidigitator and lecturer on Invading the Occult. It's the result of hundreds of features and articles, many of them syndicated, which he's been writing since high school days. And it's the natural skill of a naturally skilled comedian who has been at WLW since 1941.

Frazier is m.c. on his own On The Carpet show, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 A.M., EST, on WLW. On that program, though he reads from a script, he upbraids some unwitting WLW performer each day for a fictional air boner, while parrying the verbal thrusts of announcer Paul Jones.

On Housewarmers, Mondays at 11:30 P.M., EST, Frazier presides over a light musical and variety show. On Star Parade, Fridays at 7:30 P.M., EST, he's the half-serious commentator on the American scene.

Twenty-nine-year-old Mr. Thomas is a sentimentalist about his Indiana home, Rushville, though he and his mother live in Cincinnati. As jovial off-mike as behind it, he numbers his friends in the hundreds. Essentially social, he nonetheless lists reading as his favorite hobby.

His ambition, he says, is "to be a well-liked and well-known entertainer" and judging by the thousands of laughs and letters that come his way, Frazier Thomas has fulfilled that ambition.

"I'll never go back there again!"

"No, never!" muttered Mrs. Jackson.

"But, Alice! Your hair looks lovely! What is wrong?"

"That girl—that's what's wrong!" Mrs. Jackson fumed on.

"What girl?"

"Why, the one who did my hair! Honestly, it's trying enough to have to sit for hours under a hot drier, but it's downright agony to be overcome by a breath that is, to say the least, off-color!"

"Oh, that's it!" said Mrs. Gage. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. That girl ought to be fired!"

And the girl was fired! This is just another random instance of how costly halitosis (bad breath) can be in business; Mrs. Jackson lost her temper . . . the girl lost her job . . . the shop lost a profitable customer.

How Dare You?

When the penalties can be so great how dare you take a chance on offending others when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a wonderful precaution against halitosis. Almost immediately this delightful antiseptic makes breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times, before any close contact with others. It gives you a wonderful feeling of assurance.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date be careful about your breath . . .

Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Facing

Hildegarde

whose programs (on Sunday nights at 9, CBS) are always gala, whose guests (above, Cliff Edwards; below, Victor Moore, Tallulah Bankhead, John Conte) enjoy themselves as much as her audiences—and who is always within scenting distance of the roses that have been named for her.

EVER since inventor Marconi made an entertainment miracle out of the ether, radio has given birth to one phenomenon after another. And not the least of these is Hildegarde—the continental who comes from Paris via Milwaukee.

If precise producers wince when Hildy "fluffs," the audience thinks it's utterly charming; it hasn't deterred Hildegarde from spellbinding dowagers in the swank Hotel Plaza Persian Room or gum-chewing sales-girls as she signs her latest Decca recordings in a bustling department store.

What if serious musicians worry about the familiar affectations . . . the overlong lace hankie, the pizzicato musical accompaniment as she flitters around the microphone, the arduous piano style? Hildegarde smiles sweetly, checks her bank book and her press clippings, and remembers the old slogan, "Every knock a boost."

Hildegarde is a personality, but behind this personality is still another one. It's the kind that prefers anonymity and belongs to shrewd, showwise Ann Sosenko. Trilby had Svengali; Kate Smith has Ted Collins; and Hildegarde has Ann Sosenko.

Without the faithful devotion and ability of Ann Sosenko, Hildegarde might be just another promising child prodigy who failed to make the big time. But carefully exploited, gowned and managed, Hildegarde conquered every medium, every audience from Paris to Peoria.

"The tougher the assignment, the better we like it," Miss Sosenko once confided to a friend.

Best proof was the challenge of radio. In 1934, an advertising agency was seeking a new radio personality. Several names were suggested, including Hildegarde's. Even then, her name was magic in theaters and cafes.

The agency men were hesitant. Did Hildegarde have to be seen to be appreciated? Could radio capture a personality that basked so effectively in Hattie Carnegie gowns and baby blue spotlights? Following one of those interminable agency meetings, like the one Mr. Wakeman made famous in "The Hucksters," the decision was made to try Hildy out. As her vehicle, they selected a quiz, Beat The Band.

Beat The Band beat the summer slump, but Ann Sosenko had a bigger and better idea. "If we could capture the atmosphere of the Persian Room, then Hildegarde could really emerge as a radio star!"

Hildegarde and Ann went to work and came up with a new program. Only

the Music

By KEN ALDEN

Robert Merrill is a very willing Sunday funnies-reader for all the neighborhood small fry.

Freddy Martin, Frank Sinatra share a table and the latest music world news over a late cup of coffee.

Anita Ellis sings on the Red Skelton show, Tuesday nights on NBC.

a network ban stopped the pair from actually setting up wine and food in the studio. But the illusion was perfected and the show clicked as a war time replacement for Army-bound Red Skelton. Now sponsored by a soup company, the program is one of the air's best-established variety shows.

The glamorous star of today is a far cry from the 16-year-old Hildegarde Sell, who as a Milwaukee high school girl worked part time in a silent movie house playing a tinny piano accompaniment to the cinematic emoting. And few would recognize in today's Hildegarde the one-time gawky Dutch dialect comedienne of vaudeville. Instead of custom tailored gowns, Hildegarde wore gingham, and a pig-tail hairdo instead of her present sleek coiffure.

Shortly after that, two important breaks came to Hildegarde. She caught up with her first admirer, Ann Sosenko. She beat out 400 other aspirants for a London nightclub job. The London engagement was mildly successful. Next came a booking in a small Parisian cafe, Club Casanova. Parisians didn't break down the bistro's doors to acclaim the energetic American. But at the last performance, King Gustav of Sweden dropped in.

Next day, Hildegarde and Ann were a discouraged pair. They counted their francs, figured they could get back home if they cut down.

"That gloomy morning in Paris, we had a breakfast between us," Ann recalled, "but Hildy got most of it, because there's so much more to feed in tall Hildy."

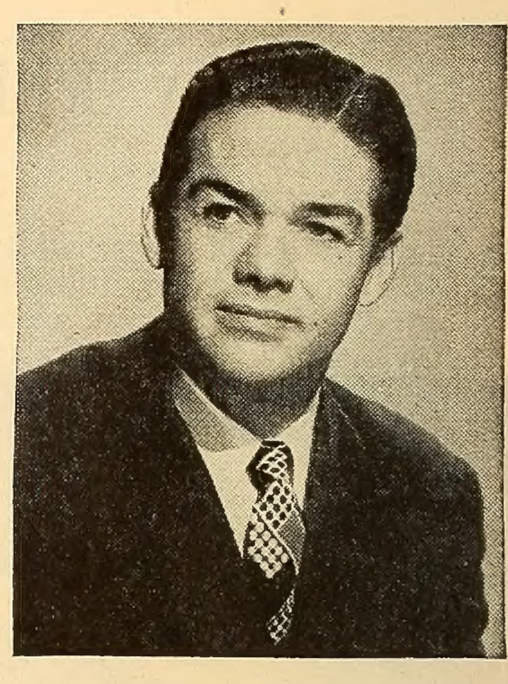
Never again did the pair skimp for food. The Club Casanova boniface was searching Paris for them. Not only did he want them back, but Sweden's monarch insisted on seeing the charming American. It was Hildegarde's first command performance. Thanks to that royal recognition, the rest of the road to success was on a red carpet.

News of this Swedish patronage reached London and that city's Ritz Hotel booked Hildegarde to sing at the Duke of Kent's wedding. Hildegarde became the toast of cockneys and kings. As the money came in, Ann poured it back into promotion and publicity, glamorous gowns, costly arrangements.

The investment paid dividends. The Dear from Milwaukee had them cheering throughout pre-war Europe. When she came back to the United States, it was in the nature of a triumphant homecoming. Every hotel, theater and cafe competed for her. When Hildegarde debuted in the swank Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza, she was an overnight sensation. Since that time, the singer and the smart supper room have been inseparable.

Recording contracts, big theater engagements, testimonials, fashion salutes followed. When radio became belatedly aware of this box office bombshell from Wisconsin, millions more joined the

Family party at the CBS microphone one Sunday: Randy Bob and Hoagy Bix visited their dad, Hoagy Carmichael, just at 5:30 when he went on the air.



Here's To Ya, 2:30 Sundays, CBS, brings Phil Hanna's baritone to listeners. Lovely soprano Hollace Shaw is on Saturday Night Serenade, CBS.

Hildegarde fan club after each show.

Hildegarde's personal life is one filled with shopping tours, art gallery visits, and a working schedule that leaves little room for purely social activities. Last season even Hildegarde's rugged constitution and vitality succumbed to cold germs, but she's back in form with more bounce than ever. To date, Hildegarde has found little time for serious romancing. Between rehearsals, conferences, broadcasts and nightclub appearances, there's no room left on the Hildegarde calendar for so leisurely a lad as Cupid.

At present, Hildegarde is experiencing stiff competition, broadcasting opposite Walter Winchell. The newsboy's rating record is high. But this doesn't necessarily faze the Milwaukee thrush. Like wireless, she's here to stay.

* * *

Woody Herman's success as a west coast disc jockey has interested other bandleaders temporarily without bands and now there's talk that Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are seriously considering following in Woody's wake.

* * *

When Sam Donahue, the young saxtootin' maestro, was in bell-bottoms as conductor of a U. S. Navy band, he and his service outfit made a series of V-discs which were favorites with shipmates. One of these discs came to the attention of Johnny Mercer, who was so impressed with it that he signed Donahue to a Capitol recording contract while Sam was still in the Navy. The Donahue V-disc that so impressed Mercer was "My Melancholy Baby," and now it's Donahue's latest phonograph recording.

* * *

As predicted here, young Mel Torme is well on the way to stardom. He headlines the Springtime Copacabana night club floor show.

* * *

At this writing, both Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms are waiting to see if their radio options will be picked up for next season.

* * *

Don't expect Margaret Whiting to return to the Eddie Cantor show next season. Insiders say the popular vocalist wants a show that will give her more opportunities to sing. Incidentally, Margaret might wed Hollywood agent George Gruskin.

* * *

Kate Smith's noontime broadcasts with Ted Collins switch to Mutual from CBS sometime in June. She will be cooperatively sponsored.

* * *

Zinn Arthur, who before the war was a successful orchestra leader, is now a professional photographer, specializing in photographing—guess what—bandleaders.

* * *

The outstanding success of the film, "The Jolson Story" has, of course, created terrific demand for Al Jolson in radio work. But the 60-year-old

singing star has turned down a number of offers to date. A millionaire, Al doesn't want the strain of meeting a radio deadline each week.

* * *

The reason you don't hear the juke box hit, "Huggin' and Chalkin'" on NBC is that the network has banned it as "vulgar."

* * *

Unless NBC gets some more sponsors for the show, Fred Waring's morning programs will be dropped.

* * *

Vaughn Monroe has confided to intimates that his ambition is to get a big time movie contract. He has hired a high powered movie publicist to help him attain his goal.

* * *

One of radio's best known singers is getting a complete overhauling, teeth, glasses, nose, haircomb, in an effort to further his career.

* * *

Frank Sinatra's pistol-packin' and sudden interest in the West Coast pugilistic racket can't be purely coincidental. Sinatra fans who were worried lest rumors that The Voice would not sing in his next MGM flicker turned out to be true, can breathe easier. Frankie denied the whole thing. "Are they kiddin'?" he asked.

* * *

Despite Bing Crosby's increased listener rating, don't be surprised if The Groaner shifts to live broadcasts next season instead of the current recorded series.

* * *

Despite a baker's dozen of successful business enterprises, Horace Heidt thinks of returning to active band-leading.

* * *

The highly successful "Finian's Rainbow" show score with the original Broadway cast may not be recorded by Decca due to a contractual tussle between the producers and star Ella Logan. The Scotch lass is being dogged by illness just at the time of her greatest triumph.

* * *

Artie Shaw is having great fun introducing his newest bride, Kathryn "Forever Amber" Winsor to off-the-beaten-path restaurants. I saw him in the

Germaine Sablon debuts on famous brother Jean's program, on CBS. GIs have heard her in Paris and London.

Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*

Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues.* If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!

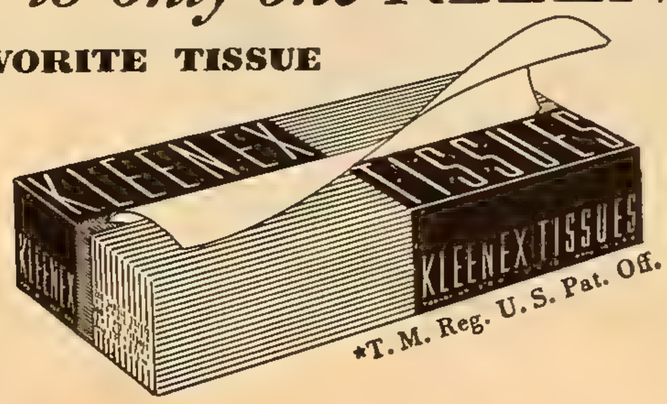
Bess, you alarm me —snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!

Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy — the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues — one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .

Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you just know Kleenex has super *softness.* And are those tissues *rugged!*

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

R BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
M SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

New Records

RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

BUDDY CLARK:
Again hits the bullseye with a disc double header as he sings "Glocca Morra" and "If This Isn't Love." (Columbia.) Georgia Gibbs does an equally fine job with the former tune. (Majestic)

FREDDY MARTIN:
Plays a brace of dance versions of classics by Tchaikowsky, Grieg, in a style that made him famous. (Victor Album)

RAMBLER TRIO:
String swing stuff with "Guitar Boogie." On the reverse is "Beaty Steel Blues" featuring guitarist Cecil Campbell. Unusual discing. (Super Disc)

PHIL MOORE:
Able Negro pianist, assisted by a rhythm group, swings out "Ain't Misbehaving" and "Mood Indigo." (Black and White)

AL JOLSON:
Again demonstrates why he has been America's greatest entertainer for three decades as he sings out "The Anniversary Song" and "Avalon." (Decca)

MORTON GOULD:
Lush string versions of such standards as "Holiday For Strings," "Surrey With the Fringe," and "Stormy Weather." (Columbia Album)

BOBBY DOYLE:
A fine new singer with two nice new melodies, "Love Is a Random Thing" and "That's the Beginning." (Signature)

ETHEL SMITH:
The best popular organist moves hands and legs effectively on two Latin American favorites, "Breeze and I" and "Rancho Grande." (Decca)

PERRY COMO:
Shows off his pipes pretentiously on "Song of Songs" and the timeless "Easter Parade." (Victor)

STAN KENTON:
Current boisterous bandsmen have a calypso, "His Feet Too Big For De Bed," but you can forget the slow "After You" on the back. (Capitol)

WOODY HERMAN:
Now that Herman has disbanded his fine group, here's a last chance to collect an album of the best tunes of his famous grand-slam unit, the Woodchoppers. Pay special attention to "I Surrender Dear" and "Pam." Red Norvo is on the vibes. (Columbia)

MILDRED BAILEY:
The too often neglected singing star does a pair of oldies, "Lover Come Back to Me" and "Sundown." (Majestic)

FRANKIE CARLE:
Reliable dance tempos, spelled by the piano, in "Too Many Times" and "We Could Make Such Beautiful Music." Daughter Marjorie sings the vocals. (Columbia)

LES BROWN:
Revives "In My Merry Oldsmobile" effectively and adds a ballad, "Beware My Heart," on the reverse. (Columbia)

JOHNNY MERCER:
Reliable record rambling with a likely hit, "Movie Tonight," and the cute "I Do Do Like You." The Pied Pipers pipe in. (Capitol)

Villanova Restaurant, New York, favorite retreat for musicians, ordering a gargantuan repast for the lady.

* * *

Don't you think Hollywood should tell the moviegoers when another singing voice is used in place of the star's? Many people assume it's really Jeannie Crain chirping in such films as "State Fair" and "Margie," when it's really some anonymous radio canary. Girls like Louanne Hogan and Nan Wynn have dubbed in for film stars for years without any recognition.

* * *

Now it's Glenda Farrell who is recording kiddie records. Her album is called "Buzzy Bear and Penny Penguin" in case you're interested.

* * *

Add another fine name to the growing list of excellent instrumental groups. It's the 25-year-old Page Cavanaugh Trio and they're in a class with the King Cole and Joe Mooney outfits.

* * *

Passengers aboard the SS Aquitania may not know it, but they are hearing daily musical concerts over the ship's loudspeaker system by courtesy of Gene Hamilton, ABC announcer and commentator. Gene donated several of the symphony recordings and "Lower Basin Street" records out of his private collection to the chief steward of the Aquitania, who has been a friend of his since they studied voice with the same teacher several years ago.

* * *

Burl Ives is our idea of a real troubadour. Not only does the music he sings spring from deep in the life of the people of our country, but he has that magic ability to pull others into the spirit of his performance. When Burl was doing a vaudeville date in Louisville, Kentucky, every show was stopped and turned into a community singing bee. His audiences joined him in going through his seemingly endless store of folk songs and ballads. After the first couple of shows, people even came prepared with harmonicas and everyone got into the act. Incidentally, Burl, whose contagious singing spreads his fame even among those who profess not to understand "what people see in that old stuff," is waxing plumper and happier in new-found prosperity.

Fred Robbins stacks platters for his Columbia Record Shop, which is heard on Saturdays at 10 A.M., EST.

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN

It's love at first touch—when you smooth new Woodbury Lotion on your hands. So rich. So luscious. So *different.* It's a beauty blend of softening *and* protective ingredients. Actually 2-lotions-in-1.

1. A softening lotion—lavish with luxury lanolin—that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness.

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" hands against roughness, redness, drying, wind-and-weather chapping.

This very day let new Woodbury Lotion bring you softer hands, satin-smooth elbows, shoulders, legs. Delicately fragrant. Never sticky or greasy. At drug and cosmetic counters. 25c and 50c (plus tax).

Free! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE.** Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.
Mail to BOX 45, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) (536)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

What's New

Once upon a time, Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, Jack Benny and Sam Hearn were all together on the Benny show. But see—they're still friends!

Red Barber, CBS Sports Director, broadcasts at 6:30 daily.

Guest Joan Edwards cheers contestant Major Lester Hansen on as he prepares for a Truth or Consequences grilling by M. C. Ralph Edwards.

By DALE BANKS

THERE'S always some new wrinkle turning up. Now word comes to us that name guest stars on radio programs are tired of income tax headaches. Many of them are resorting to the barter system in getting paid for their guest appearances. Instead of the usual—usually pretty high—monetary fee, a good part of which inevitably ends up in the coffers of the Treasury Department, stars are accepting the product being plugged, which can range from an automobile to a generous supply of foodstuffs. And there's always soap.

* * *

Champ Joe Louis has found himself yet another interest. Now, he's studying folk songs in a serious way, getting his stuff from none other than Burl Ives, that champ of balladeers. Louis met Burl at a recent Sister Kenny Fund Drive in New York and that started it all.

* * *

Before Paul Whiteman gets through with his job as musical director for ABC, he'll pretty nearly have perfected the art of music broadcasting. Pops is now employing a musician-radio engineer in the control room during certain important musical airings. It's Milton Cassel's job to cue the network engineer as to exactly when various instruments and ensembles raise their "voices." Before this, the director of the show, whose talents seldom included the ability to read a conductor's complicated score and who was also busy with other program problems, performed

from COAST to COAST

It's Maisie for glamor, as played by Ann Sothern on CBS, Fridays.

Frank Morgan, as The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy, sets a rugged pace for fellow-actors Sara Selby, Sara Berner, William Johnston.

this job. Often that accounted for microphones being tuned up just a second too late, or too soon, knocking the music off balance for those familiar with it. Pops is proving to be a lot more than the musician he was credited with being. He's turned into a real executive type—the inventive, creative kind.

* * *

A tale we like is the one about the Baldwin shoemaker, who changes by night into the local operatic impresario. Mike Della Rocca closes his shoe shop at six each evening and steps into another world. He studied music in Italy. But, when he came to this country some 20 years ago, he had to go to work to make a living for his family. Keeping the opera in top place in his mind, he saved money. Then, by borrowing extra cash from a finance company, he had enough to produce his first opera. He also used the auditorium of the Baldwin High School and hired artists from New York.

In 1929 Baldwin saw its first opera, "The Barber of Seville." Every ticket was sold, except 25, which Della Rocca kept for high school music students. Since then, all his performances have been sell-outs with people coming from all over Long Island to hear them. Baldwin has become the smallest town in the world to have its own grand opera.

Della Rocca's wife and three children help him. They prepare programs, sell tickets and act as ushers.

Otto Kruger, Anne Baxter, Paul Muni joined talents on a broadcast of This Is Hollywood, Hedda Hopper's CBS show.

CRIMES ON FILE

Flamond and Sandra add some data to the crime file.

Myron Wallace reads a thriller to Maggie and Mike.

Patricia Dunlap, who plays Sandra.

CLICK . . . click . . . click . . . goes the typewriter. "A new file card, please, Miss Lake," says a voice. The Crime Files of Flamond is on the air over WGN, Chicago.

Flamond has been opening the files of his confidential investigations to the listeners of WGN each week since January 4, 1944—files that tell the stories of the anxieties of persons in all walks of life.

Flamond's adventures are not the rough-and-tumble, machine-gun blast, sock-'em-in-the-jaw type of drama. Most of his clients are average citizens who seek his aid in solving their problems. They are worried—they fear for their own safety, for the life of a friend; they want an explanation of some foreboding set of circumstances, some strange behavior on the part of an acquaintance.

Flamond, like very few fictional detectives, is not a lone wolf. When a crime is committed, he welcomes the police investigation—even calls the cops himself. But by the time they arrive, Flamond usually has the solution and, more frequently than not, the confession.

If, half-way through a Crime Files of Flamond dramatization, the listener wonders how it will come out, he's in the same state as show's author. George Anderson, who stepped from the advertising business to writing mystery scripts literally overnight, says, "I don't think much about plot outlines and solutions; I just type away. I figure if I haven't got the goods on someone by the third-from-last page, the listeners won't either. In that case, the story's no good and I start over."

Flamond is portrayed by Myron Wallace, who originated the role three years ago, took twenty-six months time out to serve as communications officer with the Seventh Fleet, and returned to the studio wearing the Philippine Liberation Ribbon and two battle stars.

The Wallace daily schedule goes like this: mornings, he breakfasts with visiting celebrities as he interviews them on WGN's Famous Names program. Afternoons, he announces ABC's Sky King, narrates the same studio's Fact or Fiction show, then goes on CBS and spins yarns as the story teller on Parade. Evenings, he becomes an actor, unraveling crimes as Flamond and assumes the villain's cloak for his role in Columbia's The Whistler. Before knocking off for the day, in the very late evening he relays world events on NBC's program, Myron Wallace and the News.

The Wallace household consists of Myron's wife, Kappy, a four-year-old son, Peter, and two dogs, the boxers, Maggie and Mike. A seven-day radio schedule leaves no time for vacations, so last summer saw the purchase of a cabin cruiser. From then on, at 1:30 every nice afternoon, Wallace, Kappy, Peter and the two boxers hurry down to Lake Michigan, chug out a few miles and, promptly at three o'clock, return to port.

Flamond takes over once more, Miss Lake types another card. Sometimes it seems that she would rather call her boss by his first name. But no one knows it.

Helen Forrest

SINCE she began singing, Helen Forrest, of CBS's Dick Haymes Show, has been rhyming moon with June to the accompaniment of three different bands and bosses. . . . Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Harry James.

She had her first professional engagement at the age of seventeen, singing spot commercials over Station WNEW in New York. She used a different name for each program.

The night she opened her first solo starring engagement at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles stands out as her most exciting experience. Dick Haymes, Harry James and Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Phil Silvers and Martha Raye all turned up backstage to wish her luck. Each of them made an appearance with her on the stage.

Helen Forrest was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Her mother was a famous concert singer in Russia. Helen did not have a formal musical education, but began singing when she was just out of babyhood. She got her first job as vocalist when Artie Shaw discovered her singing at a Washington, D.C., night club, where she had been booked originally for two weeks—and stayed two years.

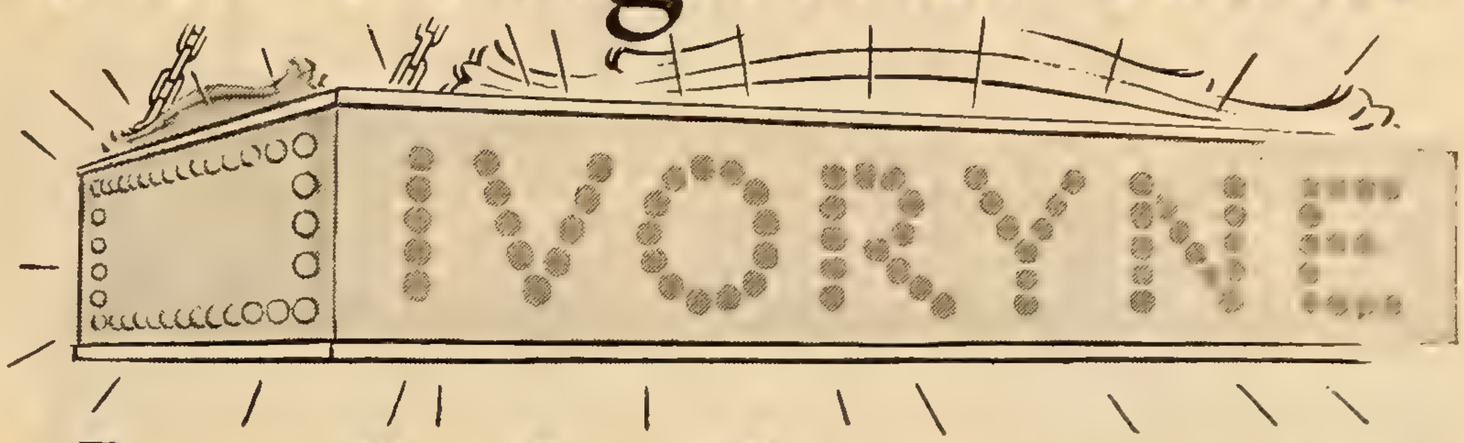
Benny Goodman also competed for Helen's services, but Shaw won out. Helen sang with the Artie Shaw orchestra for two years, then joined Goodman. Oddly enough, she was with Goodman two years and later with Harry James for the same length of time.

Miss Forrest has appeared in several pictures with James, including "Private Buckaroo," "Springtime in the Rockies," "Bathing Beauty" and "Two Girls and a Sailor," and had a featured singing role in the Hal Wallis production, "You Came Along."

For her success as a top songstress of the day, she credits her manager, Bill Burton—the man who calls himself "The little manager of big people." Burton, who also manages the sensational singing star Dick Haymes, took Helen from a $200 a week salary with Harry James to a $3000 a week contract at the famed Roxy Theatre in New York.

Now Helen, who is a charming blonde, five feet one and weighs around a hundred-and-ten pounds, has an exclusive recording contract with Decca and is heard regularly as the chanteuse on Dick Haymes's show, over CBS.

The Delightful Gum



that helps keep your smile *Sparkling!*

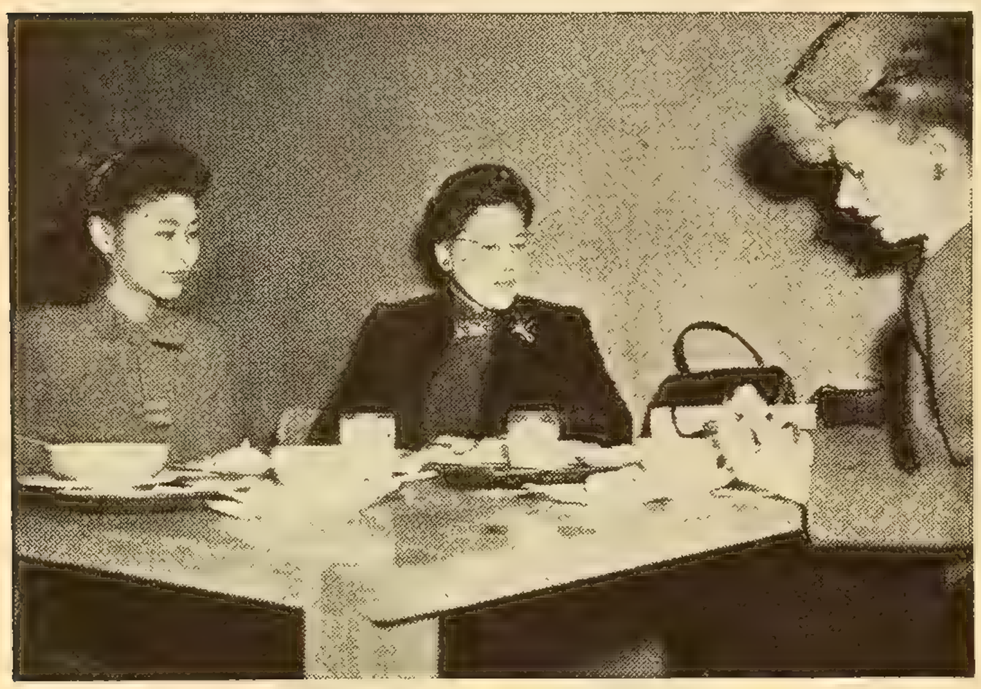
Attractive popular women everywhere are known for their sparkling, gleaming smiles. That's why so many women are turning to IVORYNE. For only IVORYNE has the famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, which releases newborn oxygen as you chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten your breath and brighten your smile. Look to IVORYNE . . . for the sparkle it brings to your smile.

Busy LADY

Students participate as School of the Air brings something new to classroom study.

Mrs. Victoria Corey, who has been made Educational Director of KDKA.

A script for Youth Looks at the News is gone over with members of Mrs. Corey's Youth Class.



Pearl Suiying and Mary Sung New lunch with Mrs. Corey; later she chats with Frank Nipp, head of the Chinese Information Service at the United Nations Conference.

EVER since she joined the KDKA staff back in 1942, Vickey Corey has been one of Pittsburgh's most active women, but in January, when she became Education Director of the World's Pioneer Broadcasting Station, she became the busiest woman in radio.

At the conclusion of the war, Mrs. Corey became assistant to Mr. White and became identified with Youth Looks at the News, The KDKA School of the Air, and the special KDKA Sunday 4:30 P.M. program, in addition to many other special public service broadcasts.

KDKA disproves the old belief that radio won't touch controversial issues through Mrs. Corey's Sunday broadcasts. During this choice period, programs are developed to crusade against intolerance and to fight discrimination against any of the minorities that live and work in this busy tri-state area; that go to bat for the veteran; that combat inflationary trends; programs which seek to shake, shove, or shame every listener into recognition of citizenship's responsibilities.

Mrs. Corey spent seven weeks at the UN conferences, writing daily reports, weekly newsletters and preparing material for special broadcasts. The newsletters were mailed to educational, civic and religious leaders and were used in various schools throughout KDKA's area.

Her transcribed material was used on KDKA during various public service periods, and after her return, information and material she gathered was made the basis of eleven broadcasts on the conferences and the problems the United Nations face.

And to all of these activities another must be added—that of a housewife, making a home for her daughter, Lee, Pennsylvania College for Women student, and her husband, Robert W. Corey, who is in government service.

Her spare time is devoted to a hobby. She collects quaint old maps. But that's the extent of her collecting, possibly because of her grandmother's warning, long ago:

"Never be tied down by possessions."

★ So fashion-fresh—this newest Cutex shade. A ripe rosy red that shines up to Spring's new styles. Tipping "APPLE-CART" upon their pretty fingers, Young America is ready for anything this season. Same way with new Cutex "PIPPIN," another new come-hither color!

Remember, *new* Cutex contains a specially developed ingredient. Tests* prove it wears longer, dries faster than even higher priced polishes. See for yourself what a difference it makes! See how it wears and wears and wears!

Shhh! Rumors are flying about a new Cutex idea . . . for Cutex, the originator of matching lips and finger tips, is preparing a new harmonizing lipstick that'll open your eyes! Watch for it soon.

**Tests made in our own research laboratory by one of the foremost nail-polish chemists in the country.*

Barbara Stanwyck

In Erich Maria Remarque's

"THE OTHER LOVE"

An Enterprise Production

For that Smooth Young Look

Which shade of Pan-Cake for You

IF YOU ARE A BLONDE with medium skin, be lovelier with Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Cream-Rose Pan-Cake.

IF YOU ARE A BROWNETTE with medium skin, added glamour is yours with Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Natural-Rose Pan-Cake.

IF YOU ARE A BRUNETTE with olive skin, look your very loveliest with Natural No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Natural-Rose Pan-Cake.

IF YOU ARE A REDHEAD with fair, creamy skin, dramatize the beauty of your coloring with Cream No. 1 Pan-Cake; if skin is freckled, Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake.

(For a Sun-tanned effect, Tan No. 1, Tan-Rose or Tan No. 2 Pan-Cake)

CREATE A NEW COMPLEXION WITH

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

A new beauty secret is revealed to you. The key to thrilling new loveliness is contained in the chart shown here. Select from it your shade of Pan-Cake Make-Up to harmonize with your own individual colorings...Then see for yourself how just a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" will amaze you with a make-up that stays on for hours without retouching...You will be delighted, too, with the softer, smoother, younger look it gives your skin...And "Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults...and the exclusive formula safeguards your skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow. Try "Pan-Cake" now for new glamour today, for a lovelier tomorrow.

Color Harmony Make-Up

"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER

ROUGE • LIPSTICK

*Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Max Factor • Hollywood

Far From Home

In our January issue, the editors of RADIO MIRROR brought you the tender story of two young people who had separated and who found their way back into each other's arms at Christmas time. The story, related by Dr. Preston Bradley, who conducts the Hymns of All Churches Program, told how these two unhappy lovers were brought together through the influence of a lovely hymn we sing during the yule season.

When publishing this story, the editors asked you to tell of your own experiences of this kind—true stories of moments when a hymn influenced your life. RADIO MIRROR promised to buy the letter that seemed to tell most effectively of such an experience.

Now, all of your letters have been received and read. Our thanks for the wonderful response, and for the many inspiring stories you told.

The letter which was judged as the best of those sent in was written by Marion J. Clifford, of Kingsport, Tennessee. In her letter, there is a message for every one of us of tolerance, of understanding, of the rewards of brotherhood. It is a true story of simple, unquestioning faith that Mrs. Clifford tells.

Dear Sirs:

Our first assignment as missionaries was Kingston, Jamaica.

While we were there, an earthquake took the lives of eighteen hundred persons. Torn with grief and fear, people were racing through the streets, searching among the debris and dead bodies for their lost loved ones. When darkness came, fires broke out and lurid flames pierced the skies. A rumor had gone around that a tidal wave was expected, and the whole city became a bedlam of hurrying folk seeking shelter at the race course, a place they thought might prove a refuge.

People of all classes going the same way—rich and poor, residents and tourists, Negroes, Catholics, Protestants. But creed, color and class meant nothing. We were all on a level—the earth our floor, the sky our roof, waiting for the worst with fear on every face. The noise of a ship being grounded on the rocks, the roar of a lion escaped from the circus, the earth rocking under our feet—these caused a panic indescribable.

Piercing cries, howling mobs, little children clutching our skirts . . . some of us nursing our babies, our garments stained with blood from injuries we'd received. . . . Negroes moaning, crying "Judgment Day come!", some praying "Lord have mercy" and others asking "Where is God—does He care?"

Then came a distant sound. An old Negro mammy, in a broken, trembling voice, had started to sing. In a few moments others joined in, until hundreds of voices were lifted in singing:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene. One step enough for me.

We had no music; there were many discords. We sang over and over to God, knowing He heard, and a miracle had been performed. Out of the chaos came peace instead of fear, and a Faith which is stronger today because of that experience.

Yours very truly,
MARION J. CLIFFORD

Listen to Hymns of All Churches on April 14th, when *Lead, Kindly Light* will be sung by the choir for Mrs. Clifford and for all of us who have read her inspiring story. Hymns of All Churches is heard every Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M., EST, over ABC stations.

REMEMBRANCE

Out of the past, Rosemary Dawson's mother brings the story of a once-in-a-lifetime love

I SUPPOSE that I should have been happy when Philip Vane fell in love with Rosemary. He is the sort of man every mother wants for her daughter—a good person, with a sound, happy spirit and an alive, interesting mind. He comes of a good family, has a job with a brilliant future. He could give her companionship and security—and if anyone knows how much those things mean, I do. Having had all too little of them myself, I want them all the more fervently for my girls.

And yet, the night Rosemary brought Philip home with her and I realized that he was in love with her, I was dismayed and uneasy; I couldn't resist doing all I could to discourage him. Perhaps I was wrong. I'll try to tell what happened objectively, in my own words but as nearly as possible the way Rosemary told it to me. On a rainy Saturday night this spring Rosemary and Patti went to the movies. I stayed at home. Jim—Dr. Jim Cotter, our dear friend for many years—had called, sounding lonely, and I'd invited him to spend the evening with me.

The movie was over a little after nine. As the girls paused in the lobby to put on their raincoats, Rosemary heard her name called. She looked around, saw plenty of people she knew—Springdale being a small town and half the population addicted to the movies of a Saturday night—but none of them seemed to be trying to get her attention.

"Funny," said Patti. "I'm sure someone called you."

"I know—" Rosemary frowned. It was queer, because she hadn't recognized the voice—a man's—at all. And since Bill had gone, everything unexpected carried a threat, and a hope that was almost less welcome for the small chance of its being realized.

They moved on. At the sidewalk someone called, "Rosemary," again, and touched her arm. She turned. A strange young man was smiling down at her as widely, as warmly as if he had known her all her life. She stared up at him, sure that she didn't know him, and yet there was something about his eyes, his smile—

"What luck!" he exclaimed. "The one person I wanted most to see in Springdale—and I run smack into her! And—this isn't Patti!"

Patti drew herself up to her full five-feet-two. She didn't find the young man's astonishment flattering. Also, she wished to make it clear that the Dawson girls were not used to being approached by strangers on the street.

"Really—" she began in her most grown-up, icy tones. But her devastating speech was cut short. Rosemary remembered who the man was even as he was saying, "Don't you remember me? I'm—"

"Philip Vane!" she finished. And then she wondered that it had taken her so long to recognize him. It's true that she (*Continued on page* 91)

This is a new Rosemary story, written exclusively for Radio Mirror; it will not be heard on the air. The program Rosemary is heard Monday through Friday 11:45 A.M. EST, on CBS. Rosemary is played by Betty Winkler (center, page 21); Mother Dawson, by Marion Varney; Patti by Elaine Rost (left, page 2

"Rosemary!" Philip said. "The person I wanted most to see. And Patti, too!"

Come and Visit

A home of their own, and time to live in it—that was always the Biggest Dream of all for Joanne and Dick

By PAULINE SWANSON

It's safe for Skipper to examine the miniature stagecoach, if his Dad's handy. And if, from another corner of the room, Joanne, with half-asleep Pigeon on her lap, can watch them both.

TO Dick Haymes, success has always been synonymous with having a home of one's own.

In his hungry years when he was trying to get a start as a singer—and he will tell you himself that they were good and hungry—he dreamed of the home he and Joannie would have one day as other men dream of the skyscrapers they will build, or the books they will write, or the oceans they will travel. It was the Big Wish, the goal that Dick says made "the whole race worth while."

He has it now, his success and his home. And if it weren't for the clamor the public has set up to hear his voice on the air, to see him in the movies, to buy his records (and don't get him wrong, he's not complaining about the clamor) he would never want to leave the three fenced acres in sunny Encino, California, where all the people and all the things he loves most in the world are concentrated.

It's quite a place, the home that has magically materialized out of the stuff of Dick's dreams and the rewards of his success. And its importance as the center of Dick's own personal universe, as his own personal stabilizer is apparent ten

JOANNE *and* DICK HAYMES

For their children, and for themselves, Joanne and Dick Haymes envisioned a real home. Nothing less would do, because for so many years they'd had to put up with something less: with hotel rooms furnished in "modern;" with temporary quarters decorated by people they never saw, who never saw or cared about them. "Some day," they promised each other, "we'll have the kind of house we want." That's what they have, now, a house full of lovingly-chosen things; a house that's fun to live in, and fun for Skipper Dick and Pigeon Helen to grow up in.

Your Thursday Meeting with Dick Haymes is heard on CBS each week at 9:00 to 9:30 P.M., EST.

Come and Visit JOANNE and DICK HAYMES

minutes after you've crossed the threshold of "the big house" and collapsed—as you are immediately invited to do—in one of the big, squashy chairs in the living room.

The "big house" is not so big, although roomier than the other "houses" which have sprouted up about the place. It was the only building on the property when the Haymeses bought it, a traditional California ranch-type bungalow, one story, built in a U around an open terrace. The Haymeses haven't done much to the white clapboard exterior as yet. The interior, however, has been completely re-done and is strictly Dick's conception of home.

It is not surprising to his friends, who know how he recoiled after his years in the band business from the cold impermanence of hotel rooms and furnished apartments, that Dick borrowed liberally from the past in decorating his new home. Colonial America—America before the steam-engine, before the industrial "know-how" which made Grand Rapids and neuroses—was this country's home-iest era, and Dick and Joanne have filled their new home with wonderful original pieces of that period culled from the antique shops along the East Coast—old, worn pine tables and desks, green-shaded student lamps, nostalgic (*Continued on page* 80)

Food-time is no problem when a five-year-old Belle will belong to Skipper, as soon as he's big enough to manage her.

and a three-year-old practically live outdoors.

When Rufus won't, he won't. That's because he's a goat with a mule's soul.

Some folks call Dick Haymes a star. Not Pigeon and Skipper. They know he's their Dad!

The Strange Romance of EVELYN

In the peaceful time before the advent of Aunt Edith, Evelyn and Gary share a happy moment on the terrace of the Winters home in New York. (The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; it is heard Monday through Friday at 10:30 A.M., EST, over CBS.)

WINTERS'

Radio Mirror tells, in pictures, of the dilemma that the lovely CBS heroine is striving to solve

1. Evelyn's Aunt Edith has been out of touch with the Winters family for more years than Evelyn can remember. So her arrival at the Beekman Place house unsettles the routine Evelyn and devoted housekeeper Maggie are used to. But she seems charming, and they welcome her warmly.

IN the lovely old house on Beekman Place, in New York City, where Evelyn Winters lives with her housekeeper, Maggie, a frightening situation recently developed. It all began with a letter from Edith Winters Elkins, the sister of Evelyn's dead father. She was coming East, and Evelyn responded with a sincere invitation: Aunt Edith was to make the Winters house her home until her affairs were settled. Welcoming Aunt Edith, Evelyn is unaware that a bomb is entering her peaceful household. (In these pictures, as on the air, Evelyn is played by Toni Darnay; Gary by Karl Weber; Edith by Helen Claire; Maggie by Kate McComb; Jinny Roberts by Mary Mason; Charlie Gleason by Ralph Bell; Cleve Barrington by Vinton Hayworth; Janice King by Flora Campbell; Robbie DeHaven by James Lipton.)

2. But—what's this? Evelyn's prepared to make her guest happy, but not at all prepared to find furniture rearranged, and orders given to Maggie as though control of the household had passed to Aunt Edith! More, Edith can't get on with Maggie, who's very dear to Evelyn. A slight tension begins to make itself felt.

3. Feeling that her aunt, as a member of the family, deserved to be made as comfortable as possible, Evelyn had mentioned that Edith might use the Winters charge accounts. "But I didn't expect this deluge!" thinks Evelyn worriedly as she accepts the endless packages.

4. "This," Evelyn decides, "is bad." So, as with all important problems, she takes it to her guardian, playwright Gary Bennett. She's deeply in love with Gary, but, till recently, so was actress Janice King; and though he's confessed now that he loves Evelyn, she's afraid it's "on the rebound."

5. But Gary's counsel still guides her. And he doesn't like the Edith situation either. "I'll be around tonight," he promises. "Perhaps I can help." Much comforted, Evelyn returns home only to make a discovery that sends her angrily to confront her aunt with a day-old message.

6. "Oh, yes," Edith says airily. "I forgot." "Forgot!" exclaims Evelyn. "It's a message from Pierce, a man I was engaged to. He went overseas yesterday, and wanted to say goodbye to me—and you forgot!" Frightened (or shamming) Edith falls into hysterics; Gary arrives in time to carry her upstairs.

7. "You're right to be worried," Gary tells Evelyn. "Better check with your lawyer right away." But in the meantime, knowing Evelyn needs relaxation, he takes her to a performance of his play "Abigail," in which her best friend Jinny Roberts appears. After theater Gary's manager, Charlie Gleason, joins them for a party Evelyn tries to enjoy.

8. But in the restaurant they've chosen for their after-theater supper, they meet Janice King and her new husband, wealthy Cleve Barrington. Many years ago, Gary loved Janice. When his plays made him famous, she began to find him attractive—till Cleve came along. Now Evelyn wonders: has Gary turned to her because he cannot have Janice?

9. Unhappy over Gary, worried about Edith, Evelyn finds no comfort in her next day's conversation with lawyer Jonathan Colby. In fact, her worst fears are confirmed. Edith has enough legal claim to the Winters house and money to put Evelyn in a dangerous position. "There's not too much left," Colby warns Evelyn. Rather stunned, she realizes she had better find a job. But—what can she do? "Wear clothes!" she answers herself. And Madame Beloit agrees! So Evelyn has a job modeling in the elegant Fifth Avenue shop where she has bought many of her own lovely things. And the very first day. . . .

10. . . . is more fun than anything's been for some time. Not only the work—Evelyn likes that, and Madame says she's going to be "vondairfool". But there's also, suddenly, debonair, wealthy Robbie DeHaven, who notices her at work, invites her to dinner that very night, and seems determined to make himself an important part of what Evelyn begins to think may be a totally new—and quite exciting—life.

Alcohol and

In a recent series called You and Alcohol, the Columbia Broadcasting System brought before listeners some startling figures about drinking in this country, together with medical science's newest ideas about proper treatment of those who drink to excess. RADIO MIRROR *believes that the vitally important information contained in these discussions of the problem of drinking should be made known to as many people as possible. The editors, therefore, asked Bill Rogers, of CBS, to summarize for our readers what he learned during his assignment as the announcer on You and Alcohol.*

I KNOW people who drink. I drink myself. You probably drink, too. But it never struck me as any problem. But when Dr. E. M. Jellinek, introducing the series, posed alcoholism as a problem, and when the figures on drinking began to emerge, I realized that problem was absolutely the word.

The best way to impress these figures on you is to give them point blank. Let them shock you, as they did me.

In this country, some fifty million people are alcohol users. That's *two thirds* of the adult population. That figure includes all kinds of drinkers, from the occasional, social drinker to the very sick, compulsive drinker. Out of these fifty million, about three million people can be classified as excessive drinkers, people who drink too much for their own good. Finally, among the three million are about 750,000 who are problem drinkers, that is people for whom drinking has become a serious illness.

Now, maybe 750,000 alcoholics out of a population of 140 million doesn't sound like much. But look at it this way. 750,000 sufferers from alcoholism is fifty percent more than the known sufferers from Tuberculosis. And look at the campaigns that have been put on to fight that disease! Then remember that these sick people have families. That spreads the problem out a bit. And, just to add weight to these figures, you have to keep in mind that there is no way of judging just how many of the plain social drinkers will slip, with time, into the excessive, or even compulsive drinker class.

I'll come back to compulsive drinkers, later. To help them, you have to understand them. You have to understand a lot about alcohol and its effects on the body and mind. You have to unlearn—as I found I had to—many notions about alcohol, myths, really, when examined in a scientific manner.

If you were asked whether alcohol was a stimulant, I'll bet you'd answer, "Of course." You're dead wrong. Alcohol is a depressant.

Here are the scientific facts, based on extended research and countless, accurate tests, too numerous to list here. Alcohol does give you an immediate, physical kick. As soon as it hits the stomach, it starts being absorbed by the blood stream and being transformed into energy and heat. But the blood can't transform it into energy as rapidly as the circulatory system carries it through the body. Alcohol which reaches the brain—and it does in a minute, or so—acts as a depressant, slowing down the functioning of the brain. Hundreds of tests prove that.

Still, you may argue, you know that a drink makes you feel better. That may be true, for three reasons. First, there's that physical kick. Then, there's suggestion. You think you're supposed to feel picked up after a couple of drinks, therefore you behave as though you were picked up. And third, because it's a depressant, alcohol relaxes you a little and eases some anxieties, mainly because you can't worry so much about something you can't think about too hard, or too clearly.

There's nothing wrong with taking a drink now and then to "pick you up," as long as you understand that it's all an illusion. You're all right, as long as you know you've imbibed a little more energy, so you don't *feel* so tired and *seem* to be doing things much faster, *while actually you're doing everything more slowly.* Even small amounts of alcohol cloud your judgment,

Drinking: minor pleasure or major problem?

YOU

By BILL ROGERS

announcer on CBS's recent series, You and Alcohol

so that you may actually think you're moving faster and thinking better than you really are. But you're still getting some relaxation and that's good for anyone, once in awhile. The trouble begins when you start turning to alcohol too often and kidding yourself too much about its effect on you. That can lead you into the excessive drinking class.

Excessive drinking affects the health, too. One effect is nutritional. Excessive drinkers usually have very poor appetites. In such cases, it isn't the alcohol that causes the physical damage. Various deficiency diseases set in, due to the lack of important foods and vitamins. Organs like the liver and the brain also react to excessive alcohol. But the physical damages made by drinking have been painted often enough and in scarey enough fashion not to need going into here.

Excessive drinking affects the drinker socially, too, and in ratio, it affects society. The drinker is unstable, unable to hold down a job, unable to carry out his responsibilities. His behavior is erratic and often dangerous to himself and to others.

Everything that's true of the excessive drinker is true of the chronic alcoholic, or compulsive drinker, only more so. Excessive drinkers are able to control their drinking. They may go on the wagon at intervals. Or they may only go off on binges once in awhile. The compulsive drinker cannot control his drinking. He can never drink in moderation. And, although he may want to stop drinking very much, he is unable to stop without help.

It used to be thought that compulsive drinkers were just weak-willed, immoral, stubborn sinners. Another myth was that drinking was hereditary. Science is rapidly exploding these myths, too. The truth is more complex.

Compulsive drinkers are very sick people. They drink for many psychological reasons, like insecurity, fear, maladjustment to society and frequently for physical reasons, these being some bodily, functional differences which make it impossible for them to handle alcohol. They are sick people, quite aside from any deteriorations that may have set into their systems due to drinking. *They are people who were sick, mentally or physically, before they started drinking. Drinking is only a symptom of their illness.*

As for heredity, science finds that alcoholism is not inherited. But many of the physical and psychological peculiarities which may lead to drinking can be inherited. Therefore, the child of an alcoholic may have some of the basic instabilities which later may lead to alcoholism in him. Besides, a compulsive drinker is not a good parent. That in itself is sometimes enough to produce a maladjusted child and maladjusted children can easily grow up to be compulsive drinkers in turn, for their own reasons.

Too many of us have made the wrong diagnosis in the past. We've jumped at the idea that So-and-So would be all right, if he'd just stop drinking. Now, science tells us that it's more likely that So-and-So would stop drinking, if his basic illness were cured. But old ideas die hard. There are still too many people, even doctors, who cling to the myths and try to cure alcoholics by trying to make them stop drinking first. Nearly always this is impossible and the sick man is abandoned because "he has no will power and doesn't want to be cured." And another human being is lost as a useful social person.

Obviously, something (*Continued on page* 108)

How much do you know about it?

THIS BROADCAST

By JIM DUNCAN
as told to Eleanor Harris

He tells his own story in a last look backward, then faces a happy future, thanks to We, The People

"Due to the program, too, I met my future wife."

IN the thirty-two years of my life I can safely say that literally everything has happened to me. I've been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder; for twelve years I've been serving my sentence; and now—at last—I'm out on parole. Also, my body has been used five times as a guinea-pig for the study of deadly diseases . . . and that's not all!

Now, thanks to being on a radio program for a few minutes—I am beginning a whole new life. All because of a brief appearance on We, the People, I have started a thriving jewelry business; I am making my home in Ketchikan, Alaska; and I shall soon have a wife. The girl in question has already promised to marry me.

Those are large statements I just made. But they're all true. The only way to explain them is to tell what happened—beginning with the killing of which I was accused.

It was the kind of melodramatic scene you expect to see in a movie. When it happened I was an eighteen-year-old who had lived all my life in the seaside resort town of Point Pleasant, New Jersey. The Duncan family was Irish and big. I had two sisters and two brothers, and we all went to Parochial school. But I left studies behind at the end of grammar school. I was too busy helping Dad run his fishing boat, and being a caddy at the local golf club. I was a pretty fair golfer, and by the time I was seventeen I was assistant to George Jacobus, president of the Professional Golfers Association. I was doing all right, too. If a certain adventure hadn't happened one night in 1933 I might be a good golfer today.

In 1933, you remember, Prohibition was still going strong. Well, our house was right on the Manasquan River, and this night I was wakened up at about 4 A.M. by a lot of disturbance on the water outside—three rum-running boats bringing liquor down from Canada were stuck. Hastily they threw all their cases of whiskey overboard. I waited just long enough to realize what the uproar was all about. Then I got out of bed, grabbed some clothes, and dashed outside. By morning, another guy and I had dredged up 300 cases of whiskey from the water . . . and a few days later I was rolling in money. I'd sold part of the liquor to the golf club members, and I'd sold some of it back to the rum-runners. As a result, the rum-runners offered me a job piloting one of their boats. I was eighteen, I knew boats, thanks to my father's job as a fishing boat captain, and I snapped up the offer.

GAVE ME A New Life

"Everything's fine now. I've got a girl, a job, a place to go, and a new friend—Milo Boulton, M.C. of We, The People." We, The People is heard at 10:30 P.M., EST, every Sunday evening over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

For three months it worked fine. Also, I was respected—not despised—for being a rum-runner. Wasn't everyone going to speakeasies? Didn't the Coast Guard get a dollar for every case of whiskey landed on the New Jersey coast from Canada? (The Captain of the Coast Guard was eventually tried for this and sent to the federal penitentiary.) I was making lots of money and having the time of my life. Anyway, it was easy: the big boats anchored off the New Jersey coast; then I'd bring the whiskey in to shore on a speedboat. I unloaded it at the public docks of Manasquan late at night, where big trucks (false labeled "A. & P.") picked up the cases.

All of that happened like magic up till one particular night. That night I was piloting my speedboat down the dark river as usual. We passed as usual under a low bridge. But this time nine men were hiding on top of it; and they jumped down as our boat passed below—they were hijackers trying to steal our cargo of whiskey. A free-for-all went on, during which most of our men were thrown in the river. In the general scuffle one of the hijackers was shot and killed . . . and for that murder, three of us were sent to prison. We were convicted on circumstantial evidence . . . the very evidence which, years later, was to parole and eventually pardon me.

But enough of that. The fact is that on July 18th, 1934, I was sentenced to life imprisonment—a day that happened to be my nineteenth birthday, ironically enough. Even more ironic: a few weeks later, Prohibition was repealed!

So, at nineteen, I was a lifer starting my term in New Jersey State Prison, with 2,000 others. Until you've lived in a (*Continued on page* 74)

"Gwen and I will be handing out cigars any day now for Donna's wedding. After all, she's four months old!"

We know We're

By DONALD O'CONNOR

"I had to get at it—I had to—I had to!"

CHINNING your way (and I don't mean that as a pun!) up the radio ladder isn't so tough if—but that's a big *if*—you have someone like my wife, Gwen, to give you a boost on each new rung. (And it certainly helps to be working with a fine artist like Ginny Simms on her Friday-evening shows over CBS every week!)

Gwen has been told she looks like a cute Dresden doll, but not by me. Looks are too deceiving. "Cute" is a much over-worked word anyway, and a doll is someone guys whistle at—not someone like Gwen who designed and practically built our San Fernando home by herself; who can and does criticize my comedy performance every week with a know-how of what is funny for radio and what isn't that I can really appreciate; who plays chess

Donald O'Connor is heard every Friday night on the

"Kid stuff, people said. But we knew it was the real thing."

Pictures by Jasgur

A boy in a hurry—that's Donald.

Who else could marry, head a family

and become a star . . . at that age?

Lucky

for amusement; and who considers being mother to our four-months-old Donna a fine, absorbing job.

I'm not trying to say that Gwen, at nineteen, is a settled-down matron. When we do dress up and go out for an evening—which isn't very often—she looks just like a kid on her first date. She still has a passion for hot fudge sundaes and for wearing old blue jeans rolled up to her knees when she works out in the garden. She's so little and so cu— *yai! I almost said it myself!*

She calls me "hurry-up Donald." She says that when she met me and I was sixteen and under contract at Universal, with starring roles, that I had confessed to her I was worried I was getting nowhere! Of course, I was an old-timer, having (*Continued on page* 83)

"Whose turn is it to go see if the baby's up?"

"I like old foreign cars you can't get parts for . . ."

Ginny Simms Show, at 9 EST on the CBS network.

Between the Bookends

BLIND GIRL AT THE FLOWER SHOW
Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

"This one is pink, and this one white." They led
Her, walking quietly, and her pale fingers
Flicked over sunny petals, like bell-ringers
Holding the echoes after the notes have fled.
"This is a yellow rose, and this is a red."
"I know, I know! These are the beauty-bringers
Wherein all loveliness of Springtime lingers;
You need not name each hue for me," she said.
"How else?" they asked. "What can you
know of these,
Unless we tell you?" Her hand was as sure
Upon the flower as though God guided her,
And we who watched could fall upon our knees,
Seeing so little, when all Spring was spilled
Into one white small hand with glory filled.
—Audrey Wurdemann

Little Things

The mystery in living is this:
That the world sometimes hangs on a kiss;
That a word has the dower of infinite power,
And a glance can eternalize bliss.
—Helen Rosley

OF SUCH

Stolid little Polish girl
Weeding onions on her knees.
Endless rows of green and black,
Black and green. It's all she sees.

Twinging muscles, aching back,
Hunger, after frugal meals,
Body caked with sweat and grime,
Weariness. It's all she feels.

Dolls and puppies, clean, white clothes,
A swing. A playhouse in the trees.
Stolid little Polish girl,
Weeding onions, dreams of these.
Mildred Sheff

The Bee

If truth were known about a bee
He isn't busy happily.
For when the weather's wet
He'll fret.
And when the weather's warm
He'll swarm.

As for his general disposition
Just you be sure of the position
He'll assume
And give him room.

For there is just one certain thing
One end can sting!
Helena K. Beacham

IRONY OF FATE

I've discovered the pertect man, at last,
The kind who has haunted these dreams of mine,
A man with a future as well as a past,
A debonair darling, downright divine!

But there isn't a trace of a wedding plan,
My mind doesn't reel in a jubilant whirl,
Because, alas, the perfect man
Is looking for a perfect girl!
May Richstone

ALL SEASONS IN ONE

April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place.
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.
—Unknown

CAN YOU BLAME HER?

At keeping a secret, Milady
May often seem inept;
But either it wasn't worth keeping
Or it was too good to be kept!
—Thomas Usk

The sounds and scents of Spring steal into most of this month's poems

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

SONNET

Must you confuse the seasons of the year
For me, until I cannot tell the date?
Not that it matters—winter cold and drear
Might just as well come early as come late,
If it must come at all. I sang "Noel"
In April when you brought your shining gift
Of love, and autumn that I knew so well
Has often seemed like spring, and any rift
In our sweet song made summer bleak. It seems
I do not give a hang for what should be,
As long as I can have my silly dreams
And match my passion to yours tenderly.
If you should go . . . it would be such a bore
To know the seasons rightly, as before.

—Toni K. Noel

AU PRINTEMPS

White lilacs bloomed at my door today.
(Heart, do not drop those tears!)
Copper suns and green winds have a debt to pay—
Swift were the passing years.

There was a lad who was tall and straight.
(Heart, you had locked your door!)
But a memory alone cannot compensate
Loves that will come no more.

So long as the lilacs bloom in spring,
(Heart, will you ne'er forget!)
There is always the pain, remembering,
Always the old regret.

—Jean Holbrook

Futility

When all the dew has turned to dust
And every sea is dry;
The river beds gray, cracking crust;
Tears still will fill my eye
For that lean hag, self-starved, steel-stayed,
Who thought to hold her mate;
Then lost him to a wench who weighed
A hundred-ninety-eight.

Maude Krake Backlund

O Promise Me

Oh promise me, that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew,
Those first sweet violets of early Spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be;
O promise me! Oh promise me!

—Clement Scott

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

From the editor's chair, Dinah previews her Radio Mirror story. Careful attention to grammar, too—there's a degree from Vanderbilt University concealed in the lady's past.

Dinah is

Covering the Cover Girl:

home is where Dinah's

heart is . . . in spite of the

heartbeat in her songs

Straight out of a horror-tale are Peter's false teeth—but what she can't see won't hurt her!

EIGHT years ago last Thanksgiving, a hungry twenty-one-year-old girl sat in her tiny room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women in New York City. She was counting the few pieces of silver in her purse, and she was both broke and bewildered. She had found out that the old slogan "she was poor but neat" was an impossibility. If you were poor enough, the Lord knows you couldn't be neat—your clothes were spotted, your stockings full of unsightly runs, and your shoes were run-down at the heel.

She tossed the pieces of silver back into her bag and reluctantly wrote out a telegram: *"Dear Daddy please send me enough money for a Thanksgiving dinner. Yours with love, Dinah."*

This was Dinah Shore. (Whose father, horrified over his daughter's unsuspected poverty, sent her a great deal of money—which she dipped into only for a good meal. The rest she kept for luck.)

Now, would you like to know what the same Miss Shore was doing eight years later—on last Thanksgiving Day? All right: she sat at her own dining-table in her own country house in California. At the end of the table sat her handsome husband, George Montgomery. Between them were the faces of their best friends—William Holden, Brenda Marshall, Cobina Wright, Jr., Palmer Beaudette, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll.

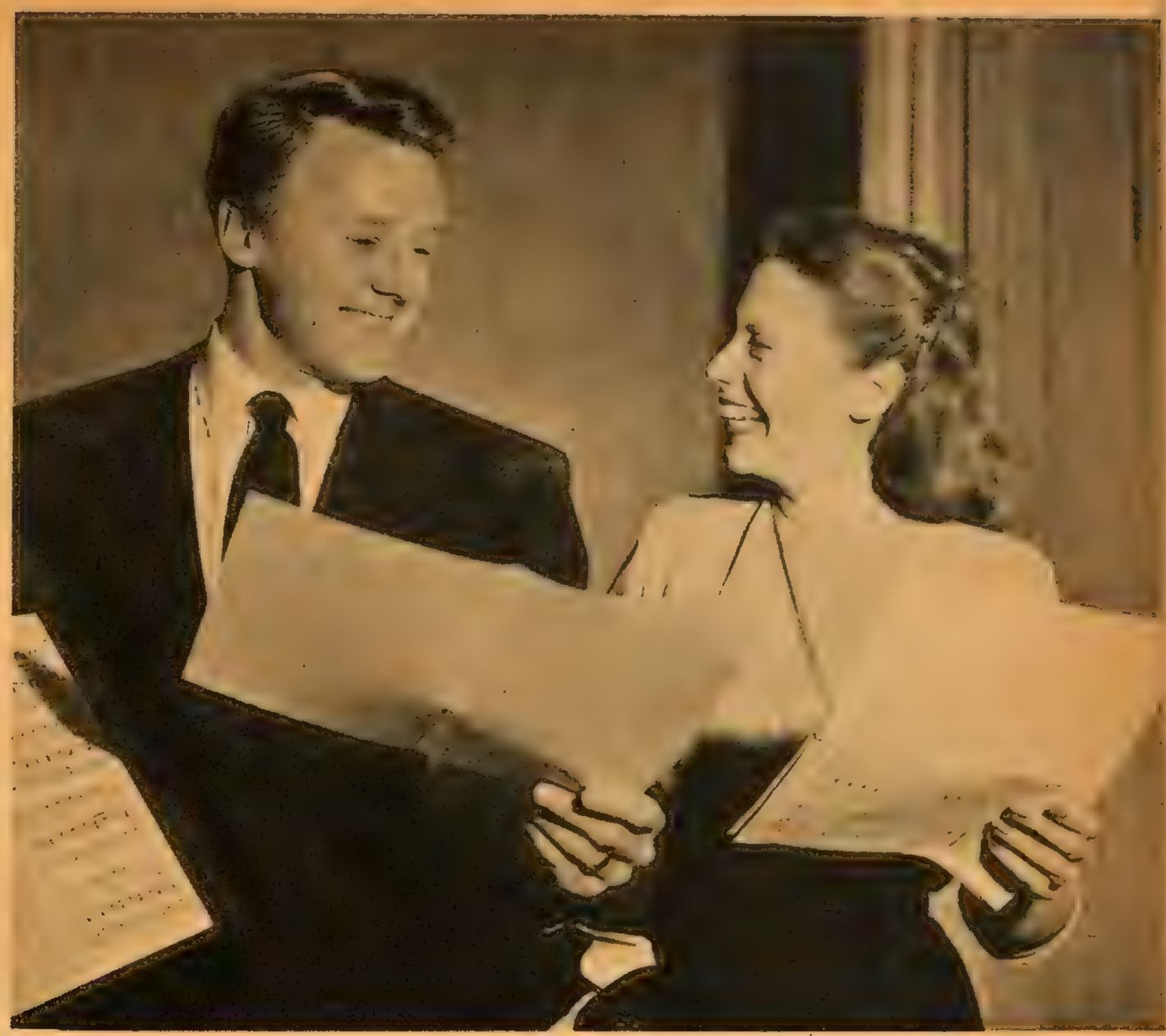
But the subject uppermost in her mind was still the same . . . food.

"What do you know?" she said proudly at the end of the meal. "You people didn't eat a single thing that George and I didn't raise right here on the ranch—the turkey, the potatoes, the pumpkin in the pie—everything!" What's more, she'd cooked it her-

Delightful

By

ELEANOR HARRIS



Two senses of humor worked as one, when Van was Dinah's guest.

The Dinah Shore program, with Peter Lind Hayes and Robert Emmett Dolan's orchestra, is heard each Wednesday at 9:30 P.M. EST. on CBS.

The people who build the show: producer William Wilgus; writer Abe Burrows; comedian Peter Lind Hayes and Dinah herself; and a guest. This time Van Johnson got the invitation.

self. But only because she had told her cook to take the day off for a little private thanksgiving!

Yes, the little girl from the South had conquered the North (and West) more thoroughly than General Lee had ever dreamed. To be exact, her voice has conquered six continents. On this one she has won every female singers' popularity award going—and inspired a few new ones. She is now the star of her own show, Wednesday nights on CBS.

You might call her story "From Nothing to Everything in Eight Years." Take a look at the record. During the war the Armed Forces named these items "Dinah Shore" in her honor: a bridge in France, a Liberator and a Flying Fortress that bombed Berlin, an amphibious tank that led a mission at Leyte, a beach on Long Island, a cargo ship plying the war waters of the Pacific. In the peace, three flowers have been named after her—a rose in Connecticut, an iris in Tennessee, and (recently) a new variety of chrysanthemum whose name was chosen by the National Association of Florists. She was also the first woman to be given the Distinguished Service Award by the American Legion. (*Cont'd on page* 98)

The famous rendezvous where Duffy ain't welcomes one and sundry

ONE thing is pretty certain, in an uncertain world—when Duffy's Tavern opens for business each Wednesday night at 9, EST, on NBC, Duffy won't be there. But Archie—Ed Gardner—will. Even off the air, Gardner lives Archie's life. Every phase of the program bears his mark: he helps concoct situations; he works with the gag writers, translating the jokes they have written in English into the peculiar idiom which is Archie's alone. So who cares about Duffy? His Tavern's in reliable hands. Archie and his crew (Miss Duffy, Finnegan and Eddie the waiter) have built up a good, steady trade. The customers keep coming back!

Finnegan, Eddie, Miss Duffy, Archie himself (Ed Gardner) and Director Antony Stanford rehearse with John J. Anthony, a recent Tavern guest.

"A man, says

Miss Duffy (Sandra Gould)

Eddie (Eddie Green)

Finnegan (Charles Cantor)

Duffy's Tavern is heard on each Wednesday night at 9 EST, over NBC

Miss Duffy, "is on his way in. I can sense it."

"Sweep under there, Eddie, and I die an old maid!" warns Miss D

Women are

So says a veteran quizmaster, who is qualified as few men are to make,

BEFORE I begin, let me make it clear that my wife did not unduly influence me in the writing of this article—in which I intend to sing the praises of the female of the species, particularly the housewife. I don't mean to pretend that I'm different from the average man. My wife, of course, has a hand in everything I do and I'd be lost without her at my broadcasts and personal appearances. Even if you can't see her, you can depend on it that, like most wives, she is somewhere behind-the-scenes. But—she does not hang over my shoulder when I write.

All joking aside, I want to place a laurel wreath on the brow of the housewife, although I know she'd have better sense than to wear the fool thing. In my experience as a quizmaster, which dates from 1936 when I originated the first quiz program, she is the one who most often gets the applause and walks off with the cash. Doctors, lawyers and school teachers, on the other hand, don't do so well, and I sometimes think of

By
PROFESSOR
QUIZ

Wiser

and support, this dangerous statement

them as they go home, their ears ringing with the imagined taunts of their patients, clients and pupils.

In all the quizzes I have conducted throughout the country, in big cities and small towns, among people with large and small incomes, with college degrees and no formal education of any kind, the housewife has usually revealed herself as a veritable reservoir of information. The professional man who competes with her invariably agrees with the fellow who said so long ago, "Woman is man's confusion" (she would probably render the quotation in the original Latin). I don't have to prod my imagination very hard to picture Dr. Einstein, muttering in feeble defense that he *did* evolve a theory of relativity, while Mrs. Smith tells her cheering cohorts in the audience what he didn't know—that Mexico has more pyramids than Egypt.

Dr. and Mrs. Earl always work together on program plans. Though the Professor's lady is not exactly a housewife, he regards her as further proof of his theory about women.

THE most recent example that comes to my mind is the broadcast from Charlotte, North Carolina, where a sixty-eight-year-old housewife, competing against a college student, a lawyer, a secretary and a bus driver, was the winner. She had a good retentive mind and knew how to use effectively the information she had acquired. Just as a sidelight, I want to tell you that the bus driver won second place in this contest.

School teachers, both men and women, and lawyers, on the whole, get the worst marks. There's a reason for all this, of course. For the school teacher, the preservation of her own authority is most important. In the classroom, to which she is more accustomed than the stage where she faces me, she must show her pupils that she's the boss or she won't hold their respect for very long. And when she takes part in a quiz contest, the idea that her pupils may be listening gives her a feeling that she's "on the spot." She can see her pupils laughing if she flunks a question and it doesn't help her to think clearly. Furthermore, she is more accustomed to asking than to answering questions.

As for the lawyer, he gets his practice from people who think he's smarter than they are—and he usually is as far as the technicalities of the law are concerned. But he may not know that "leave them alone and they'll come home" refers to Bo-Peep's sheep, or that a member of the lowest class at West Point would be called a "plebe." He may have to shake his head and mumble "I don't know," he may reveal himself as a complete ignoramus. Thoughts like this are enough to make him completely useless when he confronts the microphone.

Another way of putting it is that lawyers and teachers are accustomed to choosing the field of combat. They usually make the decision on the subject to be discussed and, if they're capable, they've given the matter some thought so that they're familiar with every phase of it. It is rather disconcerting when they face me with the realization that I will choose the question on any subject that pleases me.

We must remember too that professional people are usually specialists who concentrate on one subject. (*Continued on page* 112)

Professor Quiz (Dr. Craig Earl) is on the air each Saturday night at 10:00 P. M. EST, on stations of the American Broadcasting Company.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

OUT OF THE FOG

Dear Papa David:

In the country school, which I attended as a little girl, public health nurses were unknown, and, perhaps as a consequence of this, my extreme near-sightedness was not discovered until I was nearly twelve years old.

My family had no knowledge of this condition and I had never thought to tell them because—well I guess I thought everyone saw the world through a soft fog just as I did. Oh, I knew that others seemed sometimes to notice details which I missed, but in my childish mind that was because they were smarter than I, quicker and more observant.

"Star light, star bright!" some child would chant as we sat out on the grass on a summer evening. "Star light, star bright! First star I see tonight!" and each of us would make a wish. I always pretended I saw the star too because I didn't want them to think me dull. In school it was the same way. Frequently I had to guess at examination questions because the writing on the blackboard was a confused blur.

I didn't realize that poor vision was at fault, and often at night my pillow would be soaked with tears as I prayed for intelligence to read the questions as other children could. Poor stupid me! My report cards always had a sprinkling of red marks which my kind-hearted parents brushed aside by saying, "You're just a little slower than the rest. Some day you'll catch up. Wait and see."

Then the winter before I was twelve the miracle occurred, the lovely, wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten miracle! A visiting relative, who was quite near-sighted, took off her glasses and placed them on the table. One after another each of my brothers put them on, clowning and cutting up. When it came to be my turn, I slipped the glasses into place, started to make a grimace at the others and then stopped as though frozen. Cousin Alpha's lenses were not the proper correction for me yet through them I could see things I had never dreamed of seeing. Hands and numerals on the wall clock stood out boldly. A pattern I had scarcely noticed appeared with amazing clarity upon the kitchen wallpaper. The faces of my family became

Who can foresee the moment in which life will become beautiful?

Life Can Be Beautiful, by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard on NBC stations Monday through Friday at 3 EST, 2 CST, 1 MST, 12 PST.

more than familiar pink blurs—I could distinguish changes of expression in the faces of my brothers, the twinkle in Mother's brown eyes.

I nearly flew to the window. Never before had the scene from here been more than a haze. Now I could distinguish the barnyard animals standing out clearly against the snow. I saw the old oak tree by the granary, the hired man loading up a basket of cobs, the milk house with its half-open door, and the row of milk pails drying in the winter sun. Two grey kittens and Spotty, our old dog, followed Dad from the barn to the machine shed.

"Mother," I cried. "I want glasses just like Cousin Alpha's!" Then I told her what I had just experienced and she promised that I could go to town the following Saturday to have my eyes examined.

It took another slowly passing week before the glasses were ready but at last the day came. Dr. S. slipped the bows behind my ears, handed me a pink wiper and a shiny black case, and I marched out of his office, whole and complete, happy and reborn. For many days after that I almost resented the time I had to spend in sleep. I wanted to utilize every precious moment just looking and looking. And when I proudly brought home my next report card with its row of "A's" softening the sting of the earlier red marks, I realized with a surge of thankfulness that life can indeed be beautiful!

Mrs. O. F. B.

For this letter, Mrs. O. F. B. has received Radio Mirror's hundred-dollar check. Fifteen-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the letters that follow.

NO LONGER MEANINGLESS

Dear Papa David:

I was born in China. Although my parents were missionaries, I never knew what it was to be poor. Even the salaries paid to missionaries are enough for servants in China, who work for two or three dollars a month and their food, and so, although our home was simply furnished, I always had my "amah," my devoted nurse, to look after me and take me about.

My parents were far too busy with their labors to pay much attention to me. I played about with the children of the Chinese servants until I was old enough to go away to a boarding school for the daughters of missionaries.

When I had been out of school only a year or two I married an Englishman who was working in Shanghai for a well-known international business firm. To compensate him for his exile, he was very well-paid, and we were able to live in a manner that would seem wildly luxurious to most Americans.

Used as I had always been to servants, however, it did not seem unusual to me that we should have a dozen at our beck and call. We had two children, a boy and a girl. Each had an amah, and I hardly saw them except to look in at them at bedtime, or now and then to take them shopping or visiting friends with me.

I spent my days in idleness, rising late, and after a leisurely breakfast, driving out to shop or gossip with friends. In the afternoons and evenings we played bridge and danced. My friends were all Europeans and Americans, who formed a tight little society that kept itself rigidly aloof from the poverty and drudgery of the Chinese people.

I soon forgot the days of my childhood, when I had played with the Chinese children and learned to speak their language, while my father and mother labored to save lives and souls among the poor.

In 1941 my daughter Diana was fourteen and my son Ronald was ten. We could no longer ignore the real danger we were in if we stayed in Shanghai, as the war news grew worse and worse. Many of our friends had already left for safer territory. Diana was growing fast, and the climate made her alarmingly thin and languid.

The summers are unbearably hot and oppressive in Shanghai. When Diana fainted in school one day, the doctor said we must make every effort to get her away before the hot weather. We found ourselves forced to sail on a Japanese boat to Seattle.

A few months later we were able to re-enter the United States from Canada, and make a home for ourselves within commuting distance of New York. But what a difference in our way of living! We soon found that my husband's salary would not even enable us to meet expenses. There was no question of servants. For the first time in my life I had to wash and iron and cook, and I think I did it very badly. Diana cried when she found that she would have to wash dishes and mend her own (*Continued on page* 100)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Magic may lie hidden in as commonplace a thing as spectacles

Special kind of Wife

By DAN SENSENEY

Some secrets, Linda and Danny knew, are made to be told. They wondered only about the time for telling

"YOU SEE," Helen said, "we're—married." She hesitated before the word, as if it were so strange and wonderful that she hardly dared pronounce it, and her hand crept to find and hold Tony Grey's, for reassurance.

"Married!" Linda Grogan gasped, and Dr. Daniel Grogan, Linda's husband, said the same word in a different, less dismayed, tone.

Helen and Tony both nodded, looking shy and proud and a little bit frightened, but most of all, happy. "We went across the state line to Higden five days ago," Tony said, "and were married by the justice of the peace. You're the only ones we've told—the only ones we *can* tell."

Linda's first instinctive emotion, as her surprise died away, was pity. A secret marriage—concealment and deceit, the constant dread of discovery, the feeling that every moment they had together was stolen—Helen Calthorp and Tony Grey deserved better of life than this! They deserved to be able to stand before the whole world and say, "We love each other" without shame or fear. But even as she tried not to let her pity show too plainly in her face, she reminded herself that for these two secrecy had been the only solution.

"Well!" Danny said. "This calls for a celebration!" and departed to fetch glasses and port wine from the kitchen. Danny's reaction to a marriage, even a secret one, was direct and uncomplicated. "You finally did it," he exulted as he came back into the room. "Good for you!"

"It was all my doing, really," Helen said. "I talked Tony into it."

Tony lifted her hand, palm upward, to his lips. "She didn't have to talk very hard," he said. His thin student's face sobered. "Though I knew it was a dirty trick to play on Aunt Margaret—"

"Dirty trick, nothing!" Helen rushed to his defense, her blue eyes flashing. "You know perfectly well, Tony, the only reason Mother suddenly decided to send you to medical school was to try and separate us!"

How often, Linda wondered, had old people tried desperately to keep young ones apart—and failed, as Margaret Calthorp had just failed? Millions of times, probably, since the world began.

But Mrs. Calthorp had been asking for trouble when she brought Tony Grey to live in the same house with her adopted daughter Helen. All her money, plus a lifetime of getting her own way, couldn't keep two attractive youngsters who were constantly thrown into each other's company from falling in love. Particularly when Mrs. Calthorp's own peculiarities had done everything possible to awaken Helen's sympathy for Tony, her sense of fair play.

Everyone in Centerville knew that Mrs. Calthorp had never treated Tony well. He was her nephew, her dead sister's son, and when he was fifteen Mrs. Calthorp had brought him to live with her and Helen, whom she had adopted as a baby. The difference in Mrs. Calthorp's attitude toward the two children was obvious from the first. Helen had hand-made clothes and plenty of pocket-money, while Tony wore the same cheap suit until it revealed an awkward expanse of wrist and ankle—or later, after he'd stopped growing, until it was threadbare. And Tony's pocket-money came either from the odd jobs he found for himself or from Helen, who used to give him some of hers when she could persuade him to accept it, which wasn't often.

Aunt Sarah, Linda's stepmother, said that Margaret Calthorp was the kind of woman who talked a lot about her duty to her fellow-man but hated to perform it. Thinking back, Linda

This is a new story in the lives of Linda and Danny, written especially for Radio Mirror. Linda's First Love is not a network program, but can be heard on many local stations. For a list of them, turn to page 73. Linda is played by Arline Blackburn, and Danny by Karl Swenson.

From the security of their happiness, Linda and Danny drew wisdom to help others.

realized that Aunt Sarah was probably right. Mrs. Calthorp had adopted Helen of her own free will, but Tony had been forced upon her by his parents' death. As a result, she loved Helen and resented Tony.

She had always had great plans for Helen. Helen was to attend an eastern college, she was to travel in Europe, she was to marry brilliantly. She went, docilely enough, to the eastern college, because at the time she was supposed to go Tony was already in the state university, working his way through; but the war came in the way of the European tour, and as for marrying, there was only one person Helen had ever even thought of marrying, and that person was Tony.

Now she said, still defiantly, "When Tony got out of college last spring, Mother had no intention of helping him to go on through medical school. There was the most awful row when he told her he wanted to. She said she'd done all that she was going to do for him—you'd have thought, to hear her talk, that she had paid all his expenses through the university, when really Tony earned all the money himself! I got so mad—all my life she's spent money on me as if it were water, but when it was a case of doing something really constructive, like helping Tony to be a doctor, she said she couldn't afford it! And you know yourself," she appealed to Danny as he poured the wine, "how important it is for Tony to be a doctor!"

Danny grinned. "Once—when Tony used to come out to the orphanage and help me take care of the kids there, just for the love of it—I'd have said it was the most important thing in his life. Now I guess it's taken second place."

"You're right there, Danny," Tony agreed, but Helen shook her head.

"I don't want it to take second place," she declared firmly. "I want it to be first, and I'll be second. That's the way it *has* to be."

There was a little silence, and Linda felt a lump in her throat. "After only five days," she said softly, "you're a real doctor's wife, Helen."

"HERE," Danny said, "don't discourage the girl, Linda," and they all laughed, but by the quick glance of love and gratitude he had given her, Linda knew that Danny understood and agreed. It was right that for a doctor his profession should always come above everything else, and if Helen realized that—as Linda did—she and Tony would find happiness together.

That is, they would if they were allowed to. At the moment, they faced separation for another six months. This was the last night of Tony's mid-year vacation; tomorrow he would be returning to medical school, and on Helen would fall the burden of living with her mother as if no marriage existed—accepting dates that Mrs. Calthorp considered suitable, pretending interest in clothes and bridge and visits to Mrs. Calthorp's friends.

"Can Tony write to me in care of you, Linda?" Helen appealed, and Linda smiled.

"Of course," she said. "Your mother would scalp me if she found out about it—but then, I guess Danny and I became accessories after the fact as soon as you told us you were married."

"You're not sorry we told you?" Tony asked quickly, his deep-set brown eyes troubled.

"Indeed we aren't!" Linda assured him warmly. "We're delighted."

"We wanted to tell someone," Tony said. "At least—I did. I guess because my conscience bothers me," he added with a wry grin. "I know it's as Helen said—Aunt Margaret's sending me to medical school just to keep me away from Helen. She kept insisting she wouldn't give me a cent until she began to suspect that Helen and I were in love."

"I can't figure out how she guessed, either!" Helen exclaimed. "Tony's so honorable, he'd never ask me to go out with him because he knew Mother didn't approve. And I was afraid Tony didn't care for me, he was so distant— Oh, it was awful!"

"I expect Aunt Margaret could see more than we gave her credit for," Tony remarked. "Anyway, all of a sudden she changed, and agreed to pay my tuition and expenses. And—well," he said, coloring, "the fact remains that whatever her reasons, she's *still* paying them. That's why my conscience bothers me for having married Helen."

"Pooh!" Helen said. "It's no more than right that she should. You're her nephew, her own sister's son. If it comes right down to it, she has more responsibility to you than she does to me. You're related to her, but she only adopted *me!*"

"For which I'm very glad," Tony said. "If you were

"A man has to want to be a doctor,

really her daughter we'd be cousins—and then she'd have a good reason for not wanting us to marry!"

"Oh! I never thought of that!" Helen exclaimed, and looked so shocked and horrified that they all laughed.

Tony finished his wine and stood up. "We'd better be going," he said. "It'll take me quite a while to get back to the house. Helen will have to drop me downtown, then drive on home alone while I walk. That's so we won't come in together—Helen's supposed to be visiting you people by herself, and I've gone to a movie." There was obvious distaste in his voice, although he tried to make a joke of the situation.

STANDING in the doorway, watching them go down the walk to Helen's car, Linda slipped her arm through Danny's, pressing it close against her side—silently grateful for her own secure happiness.

"Poor kids!" she said softly, and was amazed when Danny echoed her. His heartiness in Helen's and Tony's presence, then, had been a pose, and he understood the difficulties they faced as well as she did. "I might have known," she thought. "I might have known."

"But they'll come through all right," Danny added. "Tony's a good boy, going to be a great doctor someday, and Helen—well, the old lady did her best to spoil her, but she hasn't succeeded."

Many times, in the next few weeks, Linda remembered those words of Danny's. Helen played her part with a gallantry Linda hadn't suspected she possessed. In public, she was unchanged. If, coming to the Grogans' to see if a letter had arrived from Tony, she found Daisy Keppelmeister or Aunt Sarah or Linda's father there before her, she was ready to sit down and gossip and chat with perfect self-possession until the other visitor was gone. Only then, with Tony's letter in her hands, would she drop her casualness, devouring what Tony had written with avid, hungry eyes. Afterwards she would fold the letter carefully in its original creases, tuck it back into the envelope, and put it with all the others which she kept in a drawer of Linda's desk.

"I'd love to take them home with me," she said wistfully, her hand lingering on the pile. "But Mother might find them. I don't dare chance it."

"Helen," Linda asked once, (*Continued on page* 68)

Mrs. Calthorp," Danny said. "And a doctor's wife is special, too."

In Living Portraits

When a Girl Marries

For better, for worse: these are the words Joan Davis' heart remembers

HARRY DAVIS, a lawyer, is a kind, approachable person, anxious to make the best possible life for young SAMMY, baby Hope, and his wife Joan. But his very kindness has brought sorrow upon his small family: because he is unable to resist any appeal for help, Harry has become involved in a tragic series of circumstances leading to his arraignment on a charge of murder—a crime of which he is innocent. (played by John Raby)

JOAN DAVIS was a pampered, wealthy girl when she fell in love with Harry eight years ago. Since then, Joan has matured into a wise, human person. The Davis farm in Beechwood is a gathering-place for many friends—friends whose loyalty will be tested during the tragic weeks when Joan, standing staunchly by Harry, realizes how helpless even great love is in time of trouble. (played by Mary Jane Higby)

JOHN HACKETT, Irma's general handyman, is sensible, middle-aged, very fond of Irma and her children. Aware that Irma's protection of Steve Skidmore will mean more trouble for everyone, he has tried to persuade her to tell where Skidmore is. (played by Joe Latham)

MRS. DAVIS, Harry's mother, has a close, affectionate relationship with Joan. On her intelligence and understanding Joan has learned to rely for help in many a confused situation. (played by Marion Barney)

When a Girl Marries is heard Monday

LILLY is one of the best friends Joan has. Cheerful, dependable Lilly is maid, cook, general confidante at the Davises'; Joan can call on her for any kind of help. (Georgia Burke)

IRMA CAMERON, Joan's neighbor, is a widow with two children. In love with the missing Steve Skidmore, she steadily refuses to reveal his whereabouts because of his evident serious implication in the murder for which Harry is being tried.
(played by Jeannette Dowling)

PHIL STANLEY, the man who was left behind when Joan fell in love with Harry, is a devoted family friend. He co-owns, with Irma, the farm on which she lives.
(played by Michael Fitzmaurice)

through Friday at 5 P.M. EST, on NBC.

KATHY CAMERON, Irma's daughter, who is being sent to school by Phil, has a sixteen-year-old's crush on the wealthy bachelor. Kathy's beauty is the basis of her ambition to be an actress.
(played by Rosemary Rice)

Fresh and fragrant—the season's first yield

Because it's Spring

ONE of my favorite stories is about a woman who lived in the country, whose city friend invited her for a visit in the spring, saying that after the long hard country winter she must be in need of a rest. The country woman declined the invitation. To be sure, she said, she was tired, so tired that she didn't feel equal to anything more strenuous than sitting on the ground and watching a crocus bloom. But, she added, seeing the crocus come into flower could be such full compensation for the winter's hardships that she wouldn't miss it for anything.

I have always felt a sympathy and kinship for that woman, for much as I enjoy the winter and its rigors I feel that watching flowers and fruits and vegetables bursting into new life is one of the most satisfying and heartening experiences that we can know. Even in the city the change is marked. Every market is a picture of color appeal and this month's recipes will show you how to bring out the utmost in taste appeal in Spring's tender young fruits and vegetables.

Radio Mirror for Better Living

Golden Rhubarb Pudding

1 lb. rhubarb
½ cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
1 package vanilla pudding
2 cups milk

Wash rhubarb, discard leaves and coarse bottom portions and cut into 1-inch slices across (1 lb. makes 3 cups). Combine with sugar and orange juice, bring slowly to boil, then reduce heat and simmer until it forms a rich sauce. Cool.

Combine milk and vanilla pudding and cook as directed on package. Turn into individual molds and chill. Unmold and serve with the Golden Rhubarb mixture as a sauce.

Rhubarb Aspic

1 package quick-method gelatin
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
1 lb. rhubarb, as purchased (12 oz. cleaned)

Place gelatin and sugar in saucepan. Mix thoroughly. Add water and heat until gelatin is dissolved, stirring constantly; do not boil. Add rhubarb, washed and sliced as in preceding recipe. Cook 5 minutes. Turn into molds and chill until ready to serve. Unmold and serve as a delicious accompaniment for cold meats, such as Roast Beef or Lamb.

Dill Potatoes

Use new potatoes. Scrub well and cook in boiling salted water to which fresh dill has been added. One dill stalk, including root, will flavor 12 small or 8 medium potatoes. When potatoes are tender, drain and rub off skins. Turn into hot serving dish, add Dill Butter Sauce and serve at once. New potatoes cooked with dill are fine for salad, so it is a good plan to cook a few extra ones.

Dill Butter Sauce

4 tbls. butter
1 tbl. minced dill (stem and leaves)
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Melt butter, add dill and seasonings and heat all together over low flame for 1 to 2 minutes.

Peas and Scallions

3 or 4 scallions
2 tbls. butter
1 cup boiling water
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
2 cups shelled peas

Wash scallions, cut crosswise into half-inch slices, using both white and green sections. Sauté lightly in butter (2 to 3 minutes) but do not brown. Add boiling water, sugar and salt, then add peas and simmer until peas are tender.

Scallions and Cabbage

Follow recipe for Peas and Scallions, using, instead of peas, one small to medium head of new cabbage, cut into serving portions. (*Cont'd on page* 73)

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, and Sunday nights at 6:30 EST, when Kate Smith Sings. Both programs heard on CBS network.

Quick Tricks

There's polish—nail polish—on your fingers, and possibly on your toes. Well, why stop there? Edith Arnold, of CBS's Crime Doctor, proves that both colorless and vivid nail lacquers are odd-job-performers without equal around the house, with many a small miracle of mending or decorating to their credit.

HEAR Edith Arnold on CBS Crime Doctor and you think she is the hardest boiled gun moll you would ever want to meet—or rather, want to avoid meeting. That's good acting. See her, and you think of Alice in Wonderland dressed by Schiaparelli. That's her red-gold hair, clear skin and candid eyes, plus her inherent style sense. This ingenuity is apparent in a lot of little things she does to keep things in good order and moving smoothly. Take the matter of nail polish, for instance. To hear Edith tell it, there is hardly anything she can't, and hasn't, repaired or refurbished with nail polish or polish overcoat, and she doesn't see how people managed to keep house before it was invented.

"Metal buttons and costume jewelry were the first things I used it on," she said. "Everything I wanted to keep shining I coated with colorless polish, and I painted the under sides of clips and bracelets with it to prevent their leaving dark marks on my clothes and skin.

"Just about the time I discovered that many service men had taken a tip from their girl friends and were using colorless polish to keep their buttons and buckles from tarnishing, I discovered that colorless polish makes a fine cement for fastening labels or mending small pieces of costume jewelry, so from then on I mended my own instead of waiting for someone else to do it."

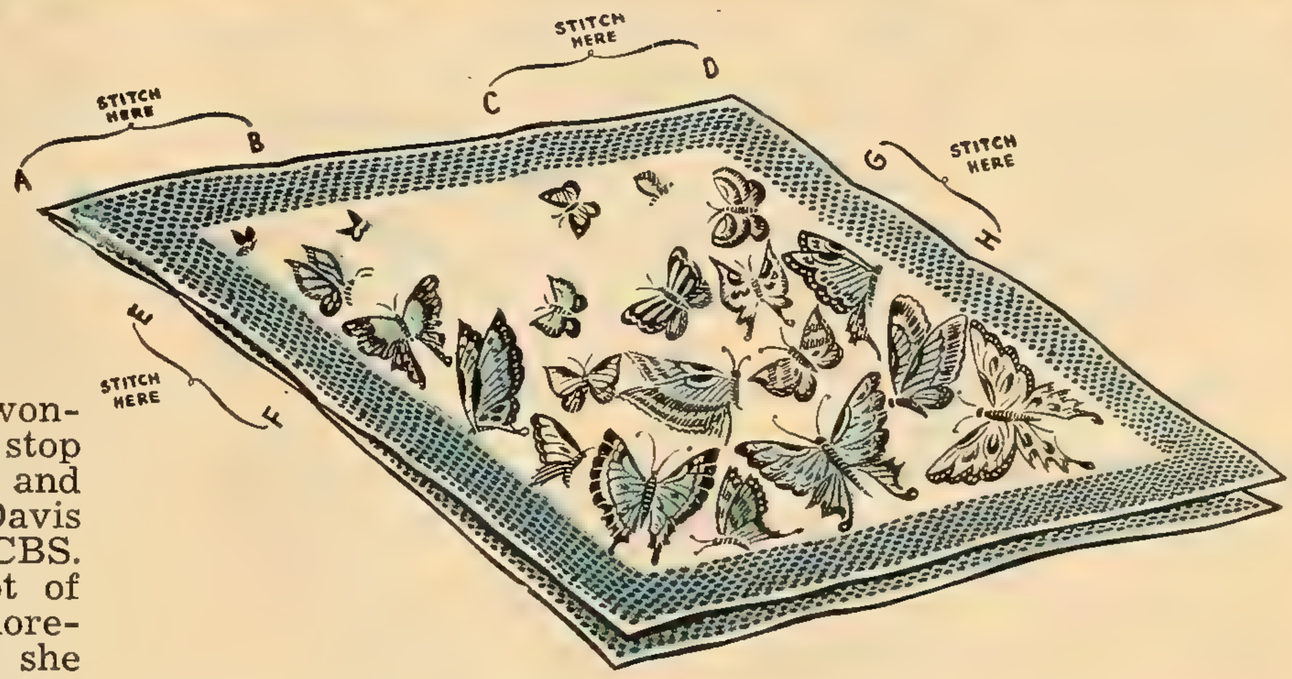
Having gone that far, discovering new ways to use polish became a kind of game with Edith and here are some of the things she has done with it. Coated the dark portions of two-tone shoes to prevent smearing them with white polish when cleaning the white sections. Coated the tips of shoelaces to prevent fraying. Repaired scuffed leather (shoes, bags, gloves, book covers, etc.) by fastening the scuffed portion back into position with polish, then brushing over the repaired portion with more polish. Covered small bandages with colorless polish to keep them clean and smooth.

The rose-decorated dressing table set is an amplification of the fruit-labeling idea. Roses cut from paper are pasted onto a green glass cologne bottle, an imitation ivory powder box and a tin box which originally was a pre-war container for tea balls. Similarly, a design could be cut from drapery or slipcover fabric. One advantage of this decorating trick is that when you change the color scheme of your room polish remover will remove such small appliques and leave the surface ready for new effects.

Colored polish, as well as colorless, Edith pointed out, has more uses than the one originally planned by the manufacturer, and one use is to add to the gaiety of a party. If you are the hostess, mark each guest's glass with his or her name or initials. If you are hostess or guest, cover barettes, combs and glasses frames with the same polish you wear on your nails. Next day, polish remover will restore everything to its utilitarian appearance.

FOR *Mother's Day*

Under the encouraging eye of her mother, comedienne Joan Davis, young Beverly Wills manipulates two scarves into a smart blouse for Mother's Day presentation. Beverly needs no help, either; her pattern (see sketch) is so simple that the most inexperienced dressmaker can turn out a blouse any mother—or any daughter—would be proud to wear.



THANKS to Beverly Wills, you girls who have wondered what to give mother on Mother's Day can stop worrying. Beverly is the daughter of Joan Davis and Si Wills, star and writer, respectively, of the Joan Davis Show which is heard at 8:30 Monday evenings over CBS.

Beverly gave the matter of Joan's present a lot of thought. It had to be both pretty and useful and, moreover, she was determined to make it herself, for she knew that would endear it to Joan. Some ideas met two of the requirements, but had to be discarded because they didn't meet the third. And then finally she hit upon the perfect solution—a tunic blouse made of matching scarves. It is so attractive and useful that some of you will want to duplicate mother's gift for yourselves—and you can do so, whether you are skilled at sewing or not, because making it, as Beverly says, is just about the easiest thing you can think of. Here are the directions, step by step, as Beverly followed them.

First select two matching scarves with a well balanced design. Beverly chose scarves with an off-white background, a border of small brown polka dots and a center design of butterflies—all shapes and colors of butterflies.

Second, place the right sides of the scarves together and, third, with a running stitch, sew the edges together at the top (along the lines from A to B and from C to D on the chart below), drawing the thread tightly enough to form a little fullness over the shoulders. Do not sew along the top from B to C but leave an opening there large enough for the blouse to be pulled on over the head. Shoulder pads will keep the fullness in position and make the blouse fit smoothly over the shoulders.

The blouse may be worn as a full tunic or half tunic. For the half tunic, arrange the scarf at the back so that it forms smooth folds at the waistline, draw the ends around under the arms and knot them together at the center front, adding a pin or clip to give a finished appearance.

For a full tunic, back and front, a fourth step is necessary. Sew the sides together from a point just under the arms (allow sufficient room to give the arms full play) to the waistline (lines E to F and G to H on the diagram). Add a broad belt to hold waistline fullness smartly in place and don't worry about such details as hems or raw seams for the scarves come already hemmed, which takes care of such matters.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Bible Institute Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Married For Life Juvenile Jury	Melodies To Remember Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill Frank Black James Melton	Warden Lawes American Radio Warblers Bill Cunningham Veterans' Information	Dr. Danfield National Vespers	Weekly News Review "Here's to Ya"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Carmen Cavallaro One Man's Family	Open House Crimes of Carelessness	Warriors of Peace From Hollywood Samuel Pettingill	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Pattern in Melody	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael William L. Shirer

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Bob Burns	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Fitch Bandwagon	Mysterious Traveler California Melodies	Court of Missing Heirs The Clock	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Edgar Bergen Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Special Investigator Official Detective	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Hildegarde Eddie Bracken
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 11:00	Don Ameche Meet Me at Parky's News	Gabriel Heatter Show Latin American Serenade	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We the People

Richard LeGrand

—whom you know as Mr. Peavey, druggist friend of The Great Gildersleeve, prefaced Hollywood with many years in vaudeville, stock and the New York theater.

Mitzi Gould

—for whom 1947 holds two tenth anniversaries—one for marriage, one for radio. Mitzi is Gail Nolan on the Hop Harrigan program, MBS, weekdays at 5 P.M., EST, and makes frequent appearances on True Detective, House of Mystery and It's Up to Youth. She is a native New Yorker and married to another one, Walter Pick, radio attorney. Their favorite dream is of a house on three acres—just off Times Square.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember Reveille Roundup			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandairs Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Nelson Olmstead Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Club Time	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Noon Edition Checkerboard Jamboree Coast Guard on Parade	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Jackie Hill Conference Calls Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All Hint Hunt
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Adventure Parade Buck Rogers	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	House Party Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Carolyn Gilbert H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Vincent Lopez Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Hawk Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	McGarry and Mouse Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner Skip Farrell Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Dark Venture Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing & Hunting Club	Doctors Talk It Over Joe Mooney Quartet	Screen Guild Players Sweeney and March

Betty Barclay

—was selling Sammy Kaye's records in a music shop in Macon, Ga., when she decided that some day she would be the vocalist with his band. Today she is appearing with him on both Sunday Serenade and So You Want to Lead a Band, over the ABC network. She admits that it took several preliminary jobs with other name bands and her singing of "I'm a Big Girl Now" to put her where she wanted to be.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	News			Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		
9:30	Clevelandairs			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmstead	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Navy Band	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffen		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Joey Kern's
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade To America	Local Programs		In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orch.	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30		Arthur Hale		American Melody Hour
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Milton Berle	Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner	Big Town
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	A Date With Judy	Adventures of The Falcon	Boston Sympnony	Mel Blanc Show
8:45				
9:00	Amos and Andy	Gabriel Heatter		Vox Pop
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Fibber McGee and Molly	American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:45				
10:00	Bob Hope		Hank D'Amico Orch.	One World Flight
10:15		Vic Damone	Hoosier Hop	
10:30	Red Skelton	Dance Orchestra		Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpteers
8:45	Reveille Roundup			Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00			My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny)
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches In Melody	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club	Hollywood Tour	Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness			Hint Hunt
4:30	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		Word From the Country
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Cecil Brown	Lone Ranger	Ellery Queen
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dennis Day	Crime Club	Lum and Abner	Jack Carson
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	It's Up To You	Willie Piper	Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Paul Whiteman	Frank Sinatra
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	What's the Name of That Song	Pot of Gold	Dinah Shore
9:45				
10:00	Frank Morgan	Did Justice Triumph	Bing Crosby	
10:15				
10:30	Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critic	Henry Morgan	Information Please

Clifton Fadiman

—became m.c. of Information Please in 1927, while in the midst of his active career as editor, book reviewer and critic. He still cracks his verbal whip over the experts on this program on Wednesday nights at 10:30 EST on the Columbia network, but says that if ever a question of cheese comes up he will switch to the receiving end; fine cheeses and wines are a hobby of his and he might "stump the experts".

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Jackie Hill	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm Show	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartette	Merv Griffen		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Joey Kerns
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Arthur Hale		Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15			Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	Burns and Allen	Count of Monte Cristo	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heatter		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Hour of Song	That Was the Year	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Abbott and Costello	Family Theatre	World Security	Reader's Digest Radio Edition
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor	I Was A Convict	Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan

Howard Duff

—struggles to appear as hard-boiled as he sounds when he plays the private detective of The Adventures of Sam Spade, a creation of Dashiell Hammett which is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System on Sunday evenings at eight o'clock, EST. He's from Bremerton, Washington, and had spent six years with the Seattle Repertory Theater, including Shakespeare, before he turned his talents toward radio.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45	Reveille Roundup			Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	HymnsofAllChurches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	Jackie Hill		Big Sister
1:15			Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Sparkle Time
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Holly House		
8:30	Alan Young	Leave It To The Girls	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ginny Simms
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Bulldog Drummond	The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Meet The Press	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30	Sports			Maisie

Vicky Wendell

—took the well-worn trail from Texas to Hollywood when she was only fifteen and headed of course for the movies. To the surprise of many she forsook the successful beginnings of a film career to devote all of her time to radio and takes her dramatic roles most seriously. Currently she is heard as Vicky Wendell on Masquerade, weekdays at 2:27 P.M., EST on the National Broadcasting System.

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Camp Meetin' Choir	Rainbow House		Renfro Valley Folks
9:45	A Miss and a Male			
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barnyard Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15			Johnny Thompson	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home is What You Make It	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veteran's Aid	Symphonies For Youth	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo		Local Programs	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Baxters	Dance Music		Country Journal
2:45				
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Our World of Music		Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15				
3:30		L. A. Symphonic Band	Local Programs	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Then and Now	Sports Parade		Matinee at Meadowbrook
4:15				
4:30	Names of Tomorrow		Local Programs	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmsted	For Your Approval	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Art Mooney			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson			
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell
6:15			Chittison Trio	Once Upon a Tune
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesuer
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	It's Your Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Song Spinners	Jean Sablon
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	The Music Library	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Scramby Amby	I Deal in Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45				
9:00	Roy Rogers	Mighty Casey	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Thrilling Stories	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	

—the twenty-eight-year-old bachelor who has the temerity to go on the air each Sunday afternoon at 1:30, EST, with the five youngsters of Mutual's Juvenile Jury, a program which he originated. Barry also has to his credit the finding during the past year of an average of more than one hundred apartments a month for veterans, through his appeals on the Daily Dilemmas program on Station WOR.

Recommended Listening

Those contretemps which make the flesh creep and the hair stand on end are naturally as popular in radio, where the suspense or horror can be garnished with sound effects, as they are in movies or between the covers of the vast numbers of mystery books that are bought each week. Here's a sampling of a radio week spent hand in hand with your favorite detectives—or a few careful steps behind them.

All times are EST, and all are evening programs.

* * *

Monday-through-Friday: Work through the days, fifteen minutes at a time, with Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot (played by Harold Huber, who really looks like the famous Belgian), and wind up on Friday with the solution safely tied up and the malefactor facing justice. You haven't done it—Poirot has—but the effect is just as good (CBS, 7).

Monday: McGarry and his Mouse (MBS, 8) is about all the trouble a meddling policeman can get into (played by Roger Pryor). The Mouse is an affectionate term for the girl friend, who is sometimes called on to be more lion than mouse.

Casebook of Gregory Hood (MBS, 8:30 EST) has Elliott Lewis as an ingenious solver of knotty puzzles. Each case is closed within the half hour.

The Lone Ranger (ABC, 7:30) is more an adventurous half hour than a mysterious one, but it certainly belongs on the listening schedule of those who like to live dangerously—by radio. (Also heard Wednesday and Friday.)

Sherlock Holmes (ABC, 8:30) speaks for himself—has been doing so for many years now, that there can be few fans who don't know where to find him on the dial. Nigel Bruce is indefatigable as Watson, and the new Holmes, Tom Conway, is a very worthy stepper into the boots of Basil Rathbone—sounds quite like him, too.

Dark Venture (ABC, 9) sweeps the faithful listener from nineteenth-century London to the most complex, uncharted territory the twentieth century has to offer—the human mind. These are psychological studies in violence and deterioration—particularly noteworthy and effective are the musical backgrounds.

Inner Sanctum (CBS, 8) opens its familiar creaking door for a half hour of pleasant terror. Your Host Raymond sees to it that no listener escapes without appreciating to the full the multiple horrors with which this program generally abounds.

Tuesday: Scotland Yard (MBS, 8), a documentary-type mystery, is closely followed on the same net by Adventures of The Falcon (MBS, 8:30). It's James Meighan, familiar from many daytime roles, who bears the brunt of The Falcon's troubles both in love and in crime.

Wednesday: Triple choice, this midweek night. There's Mr. District Attorney (NBC, 9:30) for crime-does-not-pay angles; The Crime Club (MBS, 8); and Ellery Queen for twisters with surprise endings (CBS, 7:30).

Thursday: Adventure with the Count of Monte Cristo (MBS, 8:30). Then, in rapid succession on CBS, there are Mr. Keen (7:30) and his lost persons; Suspense (8), among the most spine-chilling offerings on any air; Crime Photographer (9:30), is none other than Staats Cotsworth, another familiar daytime friend.

Friday: Mystery Theater (NBC, 10); Bulldog Drummond (MBS, 9:30), another sleuth who first earned his keep—and audience—between the covers of books; and two Dashiell Hammett creations on two different networks: The Fat Man (ABC, 8), and his running-mate, The Thin Man (CBS, 8:30).

Saturday: Famous Jury Trials (ABC, 8), life-like courtroom drama which spins backward over the crime; and Murder and Mr. Malone (ABC, 9:30.)

Sunday: Good listening straight through the evening. Nick Carter (MBS, 6:30); Special Investigator (MBS, 8:30); The Clock (ABC, 7:30); and on CBS, Sam Spade (8) and Crime Doctor (8:30).

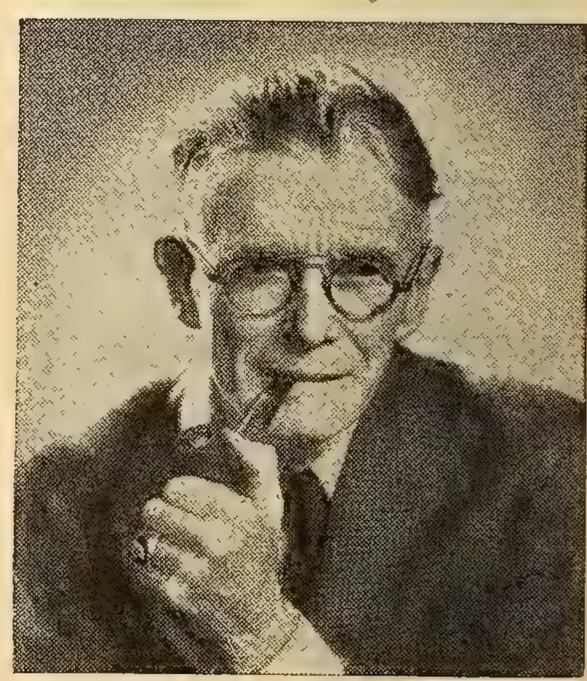
Thus ends the week—and, perhaps, the listener as well.

Fridays at 10 P.M. EST, on CBS, M.C. Tom Howard cracks the whip over George Sheldon, Lulu McConnell, Tom McNaughton, all ignorant.

By RUTH HOWARD HOWELL

The writing Howard, daughter Ruth.

The comedian Howard, father Tom.



IT PAYS to be IGNORANT—PAYS

EVERY time I am introduced as the writer of It Pays To Be Ignorant I am the immediate target for one of two questions. (a) What is it like to be a woman gag-writer or (b) how did you get to be a woman gag-writer? To question (a) my answer is that being a woman gag-writer is just like being a man gag-writer except for one distinct advantage. Truck drivers whistle at you.

Looking back . . . and shall we not say how far back? Looking back, I don't see how I could have missed seeing gag-writing as a career looming up ahead of me like a huge black cloud with a silver dollar lining. My childhood was spent in the gaudy, noisy and thoroughly delightful atmosphere of vaudeville and burlesque theaters and stuffy but bright theatrical rooming houses, usually presided over by a cheerful buxom woman who was once an actress and who produced faded yellow clippings and dim photographs of herself in arty poses when she was young, slender and often beautiful, to prove it. My father was . . . and is . . . Tom Howard a comedian with a pretty lofty reputation as a prolific comedy writer himself.

At the age of eight I had to give up my life as a gay playgirl and go home to my grandmother in Philadelphia in order to catch up on my education. But, at fourteen, I was back in the trouping world I loved.

It was then that I came down with a severe case of adolescence. I decided it was time I made good on my own. First I yearned to be a dancer . . . then a singer of low, throaty ballads . . . then a dramatic actress. I tried all three in the order named. A short but varied career which failed utterly in its intent . . . namely to land me in Hollywood.

Having exhausted the various means of achieving stardom in the theater short of becoming an acrobat or a Swiss Bell Ringer, I now turned a speculative eye towards radio. But not, if you please, as a gag writer. I launched myself on a radio career as, of all things, a woman commentator. The girl who scarcely knew what a kitchen looked like was now telling eager housewives how to keep batter from sticking to the pan, how to stretch one pound of butter into two and how to keep the moths out of wool bathing suits. What's more, I was enjoying every minute of it. Simply wallowing in domesticity. I wallowed in Utica, Syracuse, Albany, Boston, New Haven, Chicago and finally, New York. It was while doing this program that the first inkling of my eventual downfall to gag-writing took place. I began teasing the girls a little between household hints and finally resorted to unabashed punning and gag-making. The girls liked it. The men liked it even better and and I soon found myself in the appalling position of doing a woman's program for men. This might have turned into disaster had I not with the first, last and only true wisdom of my life picked this moment to fall in love. New Haven was the scene of this delightful turn of events. My late husband, Bob Howell, was the commercial manager of the local radio station on which I did what was now a cross between a household program and an old time minstrel show.

One day while he was cleaning out his desk drawers and I was being an interested spectator, he brought out a crumpled sheet of yellow paper on which he had typed the outline for "a quiz show to end all quiz shows" . . . "a quiz show with a board of experts who are dumber than you are and can prove it." This, of course, was what finally emerged as It Pays To Be Ignorant. I snatched it, crammed it into an envelope and sent it to my father, who, embellishing it with a few new ideas of his own, turned out a script.

Pretty soon Bob was collecting royalties for his idea of It Pays To Be Ignorant, (now on CBS, Fridays 10 P.M. EST) but this failed to satisfy me. I saw no reason why we shouldn't go to New York and write It Pays To Be Ignorant. Bob protested that he had never written a comedy program before. Neither had I but I refused to let such a minor detail stand in our way. So we came to New York and started writing comedy. At the time of Bob's death a year and a half ago, we had a show on three major networks.

In the past year and a half, although I am now writing alone, I still manage to balance two or three programs in the air . . . or should I say on the air . . . In fact, at one point, I was writing five comedy shows a week which is something of a record and something of a strain!

New! Blush-cleanse your face – *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!

Claire Dunham says—"A blush-cleanse with Pond's gives my face a clean-glowy look"

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

Miss Claire d'Arcis Dunham, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Dunham of "Meadowmount," Warrenton, Va., is engaged to Charles Ranlet Lincoln of Washington, D. C.

Descended from many distinguished Virginians, Miss Dunham has inherited their charming air of aristocracy and ease.

There is a glamorous bewitchment about her dark, dark eyes, her exquisite sensitive mouth, her cream-smooth complexion and lovely look of mindful chic. "I really enjoy caring for my face the new blush-cleanse way with Pond's," she says. "It makes my skin look *especially fresh* and *soft*."

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get a bountiful 6-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

CLAIRE'S RING—it is antique French, with 14 diamonds deep set at regular intervals in the pure gold band

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE — LADY DOVERDALE

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR — THE LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR. — MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Diamonds and Pond's—flashing emerald-cut, marquise, classic round diamonds!

INFORMATION

Step right up and ask your questions; if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of RADIO MIRROR for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of RADIO MIRROR are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in knowing the answers to. Watch Information Booth for the information you want; it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. If you don't find your answer here, watch the mail; for either on these pages or by personal reply we'll answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 65. Write to Information Booth, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and attach the box.

NEW ROLE

Cheer Brentson

Dear Editor:

Can you help me? Sometime ago I bought a song magazine which had a picture of Cheer Brentson on the cover and I have been wondering if it was Cheer Brentson, the radio actress. Where did she go after she left Ma Perkins and what other programs is she on? I sure am glad you have an Information Booth for us radio fans.

Miss F. M. V.

Vineland, N. J.

Since we have not been able to find a copy of the song magazine, we don't know whether the cover girl was radio's Cheer Brentson or not. We suspect it was, though, because Cheer is a very versatile girl indeed, as witness her Amelia Jamieson in Woman in White, Fay Perkins Henderson in Ma Perkins, and Joan Greenman in the recently terminated Guiding Light. Soon, perhaps by the time you read this, she will put her career in mothballs, pack her eighteen months' old son under her arm and trek with her ex-Navy husband, Robert N. Smith, to Indianapolis where he will go into business.

FLYING HIGH

Dear Editor:

About two years ago there was a show on CBS called The High Places. I would like to know why it left the air so abruptly. I would also like a picture of the star of this show, Bud Collyer.

Miss P. F. S.

Baltimore, Md.

The High Places has been off the air for such a long time that we were unable to track down the reasons for its leaving, but your favorite, Bud Collyer, is hitting the high places these days as Superman, and also shares M. C. honors with Bert Parks on Break The Bank. Here's his picture—reprinting it here, incidentally, is the best we can do, because we don't send out pictures of radio performers.

Bud Collyer

IT'S UP TO THE M. C.

Dear Editor:

I expect to visit New York, during which time my hope will be to attend such radio shows as Break the Bank, Winner Take All and Double or Nothing. Naturally, I would like to be chosen as one of the contestants and I would appreciate very much an idea as to how they are chosen. I have never been to one of these shows and any assistance you could give would be very welcome.

Mrs. E. W.

Tampa, Fla.

There just isn't any assistance that we or anyone else can give you in getting on one of these programs. The reason—contestants on these programs are chosen at random by the master of ceremonies. Your chance of being selected is just as good as, and no better than, that of the person sitting next to you. If you think it over we believe you will agree that a planned system of choosing contestants would rob these shows of the spontaneity which is such a large factor in their popularity with you and hundreds of other listeners. However, if you attend the broadcasts in New York, you'll have as good a chance to be a contestant as the next person. In requesting tickets for the programs, write to "Broadcast Tickets" in care of the network on which the program is heard, New York City, New York. Be sure to give your return address, and state plainly when you will be in the city, so that tickets for the proper dates can be sent to you.

IT'S THE WHISTLER

Maurice Copeland

Dear Editor:

I think your new feature Information Booth will be a huge success. You know the average person does a lot of wondering about the "he" or "she" on any story, and is now able to ask questions and be enlightened by your reply. I would particularly like to know about folks who play in The Whistler; would like to see pictures of the cast and the director and producer since they are also very important. I've heard much good comment on this mystery program. People like eerie stories and I know many other folks would enjoy full particulars.

R. I.

Chicago, Ill.

We're glad you like Information Booth—we'd like to thank you and all of the many, many other readers who have had nice things to say about our new feature. Now, about The Whistler—all parts in this program are played by free-lance actors and actresses; that is, there are different players in each week's program. Here is a picture of Maurice Copeland, who very often plays leading parts on this program. The director of the show is George Allen, who also is the producer. There are many excellent mystery programs on the air—we're glad you enjoy them. Stories on some of them are scheduled for future issues of RADIO MIRROR*—watch for them. And for a quick look at what a whole week of listening offers in the way of the "eerie stories" you—and so many others—enjoy, turn to* RADIO MIRROR'S *Recommended Listening, on Page 61.*

??? BOOTH

Jack Barry and his brood of Juvenile Jury children are heard Sundays on MBS.

the answers we do know where to find them for you

BUSY ACTRESS

Lesley Woods

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who plays the part of Audrey Roberts in Rosemary. I believe she is also in The Romance of Helen Trent and she was Elaine in Portia Faces Life. I think she does some splendid acting.

Mrs. A. G.

Mill Valley, Calif.

Lesley Woods is Audrey Roberts in Rosemary and you are quite right about her playing Elaine in Portia Faces Life. She is also Tember Adams in The Romance of Helen Trent and Ann Williams in Crime Photographer.

KNELL FOR TWO FAVORITES

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me if The Guiding Light and Barry Cameron have left the air? I have watched the newspapers and Radio Mirror without seeing any mention of either. If they are on some other station, please let me know time and station. I listened to both of them every day.

Mrs. F. H. M.

Whitehall, N. Y.

We are sorry to tell you, and the many other people who have asked about these popular programs, that both of them are off the air. At the same time, we should like to answer several other readers, who have asked whether Life Can Be Beautiful has gone off the air. It has not, although it has been taken off several local stations—readers who have asked this question unfortunately live where the program cannot now be heard.

For those who have asked about Linda's First Love, Hearts in Harmony, Mary Foster—these are transcribed programs, which, while played on many local stations, are not heard on any network. This means that many of our readers can't hear them, and makes it difficult for us to give them the place in Radio Mirror *which we, and those who can hear them, feel they deserve. However, you'll find in this issue a story and pictures on Linda's First Love. We're going to do the same thing for the other two in future issues, so be sure to watch for them.*

KOLLMAR KULT

Dorothy Kilgallen Kollmar

Dear Editor:
A little over a year ago I started to listen to Dorothy and Dick Kollmar and like them so much I have gotten other people to listen and they won't miss them. I wish you would put a picture of them, with the children, in Radio Mirror.

Miss M. C. H.

Bethlehem, Pa.

We agree with you that Dorothy and Dick give a very stimulating and entertaining show. There are many such fine programs and we wish we could cover them all, but this we can't do because, since they are not carried by any network, many of our readers can't hear them.

JUNIOR MISS

Dear Editor:
Would you kindly send me a radio program that is suitable for a four year old girl? Not having another child in our family I'm not familiar with any radio programs for children. I have purchased Radio Mirror but none of the names of programs mean anything to me, so I thought maybe you could help.

Mrs. W. J. S.

Aurora, Ill.

For very young listeners there is Smilin' Ed McConnell and His Buster Brown Gang, heard twice on Saturday—10:00 A.M., EST, over MBS and 11:30 A.M., EST, over NBC. Also on Saturday, 11:00 A.M., EST, over CBS, is Let's Pretend, in which a group of talented youngsters act out children's stories. On Sunday at 1:30 P.M., EST, MBS broadcasts Juvenile Jury which is proving popular with adults as well as with children. In addition, we suggest that you get in touch with your local broadcasting stations to see whether there are juvenile programs aired for your area only.

PERFECT PILOT

Albert Alley

Dear Editor:
I have been a reader of your magazine for quite a while and enjoy it very much. I searched the pages for many an issue in hopes of seeing a picture of one of my favorite actors, Albert Alley. Could you possibly publish a story about him and some pictures of the cast of his Hop Harrigan show? And also a few vital statistics of Mr. Alley?

Miss M. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Just as soon as we can manage it there will be a story about Albert Alley. Meanwhile, here are a few of the vital statistics. Although he is only twenty-eight, Albert rates as a radio veteran since he started on the air thirteen years ago as one of the youngsters in Let's Pretend. His description of himself is "About five feet ten, with a complexion that runs to brown." He is married and the father of a twenty months old daughter and he is a licensed pilot which last makes him, for our money, just about perfect for Hop.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box.

Better LOOK NOW

It's done with mirrors—
that perfectly-turned-out look

By MARY JANE FULTON

Two for a side-view.

Slip showing? Blouse rising?

Most important of all—last look.

THE trick to looking smooth from all angles is to see yourself as others see you—from the back and side views, as well as the front. That's what Joan Tompkins, who plays Susan Wells on CBS's David Harum program, believes. She always gives herself a final mirror checkup before going out. With the aid of a hand mirror, she looks to see if her back hair is as neatly and becomingly arranged as the front and sides, and her stocking seams are straight—not pursuing a dizzy course up her pretty legs. It's the details, like a slip showing, a crooked skirt, a blouse which needs tucking in, an uneven hemline, open seams, rain-and-mud-splashed stockings, which may create for an otherwise smartly groomed and dressed woman the impression that she doesn't take the pride in her appearance that she should.

Joan doesn't have a full-length mirror in her New York apartment. But she does very well with the one hanging over her dressing table. It gives her a pretty all-inclusive look at herself. She believes in having daylight bulbs in dressing table lamps, and in the bathroom.

Joan is careful to clean up spilled powder, and hairs, from her dressing table or the washbowl. Like most men, her husband would not like seeing such carelesss traits about the woman he loves.

If you haven't a full-length mirror in your home, try hanging a fairly good-sized one from the molding by mirror cords, so that it tips outward at the top. Then when you walk a few feet away from it, you get a full view of yourself. Be sure, too, that a strong enough light is thrown on it so that you can see, and correct, every unflattering detail about your appearance. Remember, it's the last look that wins second looks!

Hollywood inspired
Woodbury

Fiesta

...saucy, spirited
new powder shade
named for
the technicolor hit
picture "FIESTA"

Rose-sparkle for your skin! Wear Fiesta, spirited new powder shade that warms and livens your skin to breathless new beauty. Blended first for Fiesta's dazzling Star, Esther Williams, this enchanting Woodbury shade is color-right for YOU! Luscious rose-rachel—disarming, disturbing! A Woodbury-Wonderful shade that stays *color-fresh*. See its loveliness on you! For free "try-on" sample, mail coupon below!

Woodbury Matched Make-Up

with Woodbury Fiesta *film-finish* Powder you also get Fiesta Red Lipstick and Rouge . . . all 3 in the dollar powder box—only $1.00

"Try-it" sizes of Fiesta Film-Finish Powder...
8 other Star shades . . . 25c, 10c. All prices plus tax.

Esther Williams

starring in
Metro·Goldwyn·Mayer's
"FIESTA"

That glow-of-roses on her skin? It's *yours* . . . with Woodbury Fiesta.

Free Sample! **FIESTA POWDER... *so beautifying!***

See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler (contains eight other flattering shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Dept. 312

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) *Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)

Miss Ella Wigren, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart — *can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins.*"

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep, wonderful waves — heavenly soft and natural-looking. Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is frizz-free from the start.

Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 permanent — or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notion or cosmetic counter. Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the left above.

DeLuxe Kit with reusable plastic curlers $2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers $1.25

Refill Kit complete except for curlers $1.00

All prices plus tax

Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

A Special Kind of Wife

(*Continued from page* 49)

"is it worth it? Suppose your mother *did* know you and Tony are married? She couldn't separate you."

Helen raised her eyes from the letters, and now there was no gaiety in them at all, and no life. "No, she couldn't separate us," she agreed. "Nobody can do that—now. But she could stop helping Tony go to school. And rather than have her do that—I'd give up Tony by myself, of my own accord."

There was a moment's silence, and then Helen shook herself. "Ooh!" she said, forcing a laugh and becoming once more the girl most people in Centerville saw. "Let's not talk about such things."

IT seemed to Linda, though, when two or three weeks had passed, that Helen's carefree pose was becoming more strained and less convincing. Several times, even when others were present, Helen sat silent and withdrawn, absorbed in her own thoughts and coming to with a start when someone addressed her and then making up for her abstraction by talking very rapidly and rather meaninglessly. Linda said nothing, thinking that she might be imagining things, until Aunt Sarah asked her one day:

"What's the matter with that Calthorp girl? One minute she hasn't got a word to say for herself, the next she's chattering away like a barnyard chicken."

"I don't know," Linda said. "I hadn't noticed." But the next afternoon when Helen came in she was glad that they were alone. She let Helen read her letter, and then she said quietly:

"Helen—is anything wrong?"

She saw Helen's fingers, holding the letter, contract once, sharply. Helen turned her head and gazed out of the window.

"I don't know," she said at last. "But I think so. I—maybe I'd better consult Danny. Professionally, I mean. And not," she made a pitiful effort to recapture her old impudence, "because I'm sick, either. Because I'm altogether too darned healthy."

"Helen!" Linda cried, all the fears she had stifled for the past week making themselves heard in her voice. "Oh, I hope not!"

"I hope not, too." Helen took a deep breath and squared her shoulders. "Well—I needed this push to do what I knew I had to do, sooner or later. Is Danny in?"

"Yes—in his study."

"I'll be back." Helen went down the hall, and Linda heard her soft knock on Danny's door.

It seemed an endless time before she returned, with Danny behind her, but by the clock on Linda's desk it was only ten minutes. At sight of their faces, she knew. Helen was pale, and Danny was tugging at the point of his chin, an infallible sign that he was distressed.

"Linda," he burst out, "for Pete's sake talk to this girl! She's going to have a baby, and she refuses to tell anyone she's married!"

"How can I tell anyone?" Helen demanded wildly. "You know what will happen if I do. Mother will go straight up in the air—she'll cut off all her support from Tony and make him give up school. And I won't let that happen—I just won't!"

"But Helen, dear," Linda tried to keep her voice steady and calm, "there's—there's nothing else you can do except

tell the truth now. Or at any rate, very soon."

"I don't have to say anything at all." Linda realized abruptly that Helen, for all her rigid self-control, was on the verge of hysteria. "Let Mother think what she pleases—let the whole town draw its own conclusions. I've gone out with lots of boys—"

"Helen!" Linda seized the girl's arms. "You don't realize what you're saying. Think of the scandal—the way people will talk about you. Or if you won't consider yourself, think of the suspicion that will fall on every boy you've been seen with!"

"I don't care about them. I don't care about myself. I just won't give Mother a chance to hurt Tony." Helen went lax in Linda's arms and her head fell forward. "I won't, I won't!" she repeated.

Danny came and took Helen from Linda, helping her to a chair. He gave Linda the merest shadow of a headshake, indicating that for the moment, at least, it was better not to insist. "We'll figure out something," he said kindly. "Right now, I want you to rest."

Helen clutched at his hand. "And you mustn't let Tony know, either," she pleaded. "You won't—promise you won't! Because I know what he'd do—he'd quit school the minute he heard and come back to take me away. Oh," she sobbed, "it was my fault to begin with! I should never have talked him into marrying me—I shouldn't have let him see I loved him so!"

"We won't tell anyone at all," Danny promised. "Not Tony nor anyone."

Gradually Helen became calmer, and at last she pulled herself upright in her chair. "Well," she said, "I'd better be getting home. I don't want Mother to start having suspicions at this point—wondering where I am, and why I'm late coming home." She stood up and glanced at herself in the mirror, murmuring wearily, "Goodness, if I don't look a fright."

"COME into the bedroom and wash and use some of my makeup," Linda urged, and when they had left Danny she added with all the assurance she could muster, "Now don't worry, darling. Danny and I will put our heads together and see if we can't think of something. Maybe you could go away somewhere on a visit—"

"Without Mother?" Helen said. "Fat chance." But some of her old spirit was back in her voice, and Linda was glad to see that she did a thorough job of repairing the damages of her recent tears.

"You don't think she'll do anything foolish?" worried Danny when Helen had left. "Anything—well—foolish?"

"Of course not." Linda was brisk, pushing her own dread into the background of her mind. An impulsive girl, cornered by circumstances, might turn to suicide . . . But no, Linda rebuked herself, Helen wasn't that kind, she was too young and vital to throw her own life away. Still, some way out of the problem must be found, and soon, before Mrs. Calthorp's keen old eyes perceived that anything was wrong.

"Danny," Linda offered, "you've attended Mrs. Calthorp when she was sick, and she likes you. Couldn't you talk to her?"

"And have her throw me out of the house?" Danny asked gloomily. "Did you ever hear of anyone who was able to talk to Mrs. Calthorp and persuade her into something she'd already set her mind against? No, I don't dare risk it, honey. I'd just be spilling the beans, without accomplishing anything."

AMAZING! Such luxury and beauty, at such an unbelievably low price! New drapes for less than the cost of cleaning old ones!

CLOPAY *Lintoned* Drapes have the charm of costly fabric, but they're actually cellulose fibre. A full 2⅔ yards long—matching tie-backs, automatic pleater and reinforced edges. Stunning florals, dashing stripes and smart new plaids. Now at your favorite store, only 98c a pair.

SO GAY, for kitchen, bath, bedroom! Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot, strawberry patterns. 7-piece cottage-sets, above, only 59c. In 5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, (at right) only 39c.

NEW LIFE for tired windows at astonishingly low cost! Durable cellulose fibre window shades, *Lintoned* to "look like linen." Ready to attach to roller, as low as 19c. With washable finish, 39c. (On rollers, about 20c more.)

Free Booklet: "Beautiful Windows at Low Cost." Write to: Clopay Corp., 1272 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CLOPAY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Beautiful Windows at Low Cost

Now Available at 5 and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores.

Introducing Revlon's New "Fashion Plate"
Cream Wafer
Face Make-up
Not a Cake!
Non-Drying!
No Water Needed!
The first real fashion make-up ever created!
Imagine! You put it on as you would a wonderful hat for an instant change in your appearance!
Imagine! "Fashion Plate" is a firm wafer BUT it changes at your touch to delicate cream fluff! No water needed. So easy to use!
Imagine! You change, too, as this dreamy-fine Cream Wafer transforms your complexion with a radiant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection. You've never been this pretty before!
the only Cream Wafer face make-up in the world!
Imagine! No mask-y look! No fear of clogging or drying! "Fashion Plate"—the one and only Cream Wafer make-up—is and does everything you've ever dreamed! Even the sensitive skin will bless it. Hard to believe? You'll see!
In madly beautiful "Ultra Violet" and ten other Revlon "Genius" colors. 1.75 plus tax.
REVLON . . . creators of world-famous color originals in Nail Enamel • Lipstick • Face Powder
REVLON "Fashion Plate"
Touch it, feel the difference. Just stroke it on.
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"I suppose you're right," Linda agreed, and there the problem remained, no nearer solution, for that day, and the next and the next, and for a full week.

Linda went about her usual daily routine—helping Aunt Sarah make a new dress, listening to Daisy's chatter, shopping and cooking and cleaning—but her thoughts were with Helen in the gloomy old Calthorp house. Helen came in each afternoon for Tony's letter, but there was a hard, defensive surface to her manner which forbade Linda to mention the baby. It was better, Danny had warned her, not to discuss her predicament with Helen unless Helen herself mentioned it first.

It was a week of heavy rains. Day after day, the skies emptied their endless load of water on the earth, until gutters ran curb-deep and the river was swollen and angry. Danny was kept on the run treating an epidemic of colds and influenza, and grumbled that Centerville needed at least two more doctors, that the load was too heavy for old Dr. Crater and himself.

He was out on calls when the news of the train wreck came. At once, he called Linda. "It's that cut two miles west of town," he told her. "Apparently the rains loosened a section of the bank and a few tons of dirt fell on the tracks just before the Comet came along. I'm going right out."

"Oh, Danny!" Visions of tangled, smoking wreckage, of helpless people caught there, rose in Linda's mind. "Is it a bad wreck?"

"Nobody knows yet. If anybody calls me, tell 'em I'll be back as soon as I can. 'Bye, darling."

"Goodbye." Linda hung up, hoping that there would be no emergency calls while Danny was out of reach; that was the usual time for them. But the afternoon passed and the telephone was obligingly silent. Linda was switching on the lights in the room and thinking that Danny should be back at any moment, when at last it rang.

"Linda?" Helen Calthorp's voice was tight with anxiety. "Can Danny come over right away?" Linda caught her breath, automatically connecting the call with Helen's condition, but it wasn't that. "Mother just slipped on the back stairs and fell," Helen went on, "and I think her ankle's broken."

"Oh, what a shame! And Danny isn't here right now—there's been a train wreck, and he had to go help. He ought to be back soon, though."

"But what shall I do, Linda?" Helen asked. "She's lying on the floor, in terrible pain. I expect Dr. Crater's down at the wreck too."

Linda thought quickly, and in the back of her mind an idea formed—not really an idea, yet, only the beginning of one. This *could* be the unforeseen heaven-sent opportunity . . .

"I'll leave a message for Danny and come right over myself," she said. "We can make her more comfortable, at least."

Two minutes later, Linda had called Aunt Sarah and gotten her promise to come over and answer any further telephone calls, and was hurrying through the rain-drenched streets. A broken ankle, she thought. Well, maybe so, but long experience as Danny's wife had taught her that the majority of ankles diagnosed as broken by those who suffered them, turned out to be merely sprained. Not that she had any intention of telling Mrs. Calthorp so.

Helen, looking distressed and harried, answered her ring at the heavy front door of the Calthorp house. "Thank goodness you've come," she exclaimed. "I've done what I could for her, but I was afraid to move her very much." She led the way to a small hall in the rear of the house where Mrs. Calthorp was lying on the floor, her back resting on a pillow against the wall. Her face was pale, and a frown of pain creased the skin between the eyes.

"Oh," she said in petulant disappointment at sight of Linda. "I hoped it was the doctor."

"Dr. Grogan is down at the train wreck, Mother," Helen explained. "I told you—"

"I know, I know," Mrs. Calthorp cut her short. "Well, I hope he comes soon." A twinge of pain made her clench her teeth.

"Do you suppose we could get her upstairs to bed?" Helen asked.

Gravely, Linda shook her head. "I don't think we'd better try. A broken ankle can be a nasty thing, and it might hurt her too much." She knelt down beside the injured woman. "Which one is it?"

"The right," Mrs. Calthorp said faintly. "I was coming down from upstairs when I slipped and fell the last four or five steps."

Linda made a helpless gesture. "I do wish," she mourned, "that there was something I could *do* for you. But I simply don't know— Did you try to get

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Dr. Crater to come?" she asked Helen.

"Yes. But he's at the wreck too."

"It *would* happen just now!" Linda said. She bit her lip, thinking. Suddenly she brightened. "I know one thing we can do! Have you any aspirin in the house?"

Mrs. Calthorp's black, thin-lidded eyes snapped. "Aspirin!" she snorted. "There's nothing wrong with my head, Linda Grogan, and at the present time I am not running a fever—although I expect I will be, if I'm left lying here on the floor much longer!"

"I know, Mrs. Calthorp," Linda stammered in confusion. "I—I thought, since aspirin is a pain-killer, and can be taken safely—"

"It'll take more than an aspirin pill to kill *this* pain!" Mrs. Calthorp assured her tartly. "Merciful heavens, what did you come over here for, if you can't do anything but stand around and wring your hands?"

"I'M awfully sorry." Linda's unaccustomed humility made even Helen look at her in surprise. "But in a case like this only a doctor is any real use, you know. Of course," she added doubtfully, "I suppose I could try a compress—but then, if I did, and it turned out to be the wrong thing, I'd never forgive myself."

"Thank you, but I'll do without." With an air of long-suffering resignation Mrs. Calthorp closed her eyes again.

The next hour was endless. Twice Mrs. Calthorp asked for a drink of water; the rest of the time there was nothing for Linda and Helen to do but stay near her and wait. It was with a sense of immense relief that Linda heard the doorbell and, a moment later, Danny's voice.

Calmly and capably, he took charge of the situation. He felt Mrs. Calthorp's ankle with gentle hands, nodded, and said, "Right. I don't think it's broken, Mrs. Calthorp—just sprained. Now I'll help you get upstairs—" He broke off, staring down at Mrs. Calthorp's slight form, wondering for the first time why Linda and Helen hadn't lifted her and made her comfortable. "Linda—" he said, and stopped, because there was something in Linda's face, an urgency, an unspoken message.

"It seemed so long before you came, Danny," Linda said quickly. "You can't imagine—I felt so *helpless*—"

"Did you?" Danny said in a thoughtful voice. "Yes. Well—up we go!" He bent and lifted Mrs. Calthorp easily, and there was a faint smile on his lips. Because now he understood what Linda had been trying to tell him.

Upstairs, he laid Mrs. Calthorp on her bed, instructed Helen to undress her, and prepared a hypodermic needle. "You run along and have a cup of coffee," he said to Helen when she had finished. "And make one for me. That wreck was a mess. Nobody was killed, but Crater and I had our hands full for awhile with broken collar-bones and cracked ribs." Helen left the room, and Danny rattled cheerfully on as he bared Mrs. Calthorp's arm for the injection. "That's the trouble with not having enough doctors in the community—when there's an emergency you're apt to run into trouble. I'll be glad when Tony gets his degree and comes back here to practice, and so will Crater—he was telling me only this afternoon that he's anxious to retire, but his conscience won't let him, just now. I suppose," he asked, as if struck by a sudden thought, "Tony *will* come back here to practice?"

"I have no idea," Mrs. Calthorp said stiffly.

"Well, he'll be useful no matter where he goes. I've meant to tell you for some time, Mrs. Calthorp, what a fine thing you are doing in sending that boy to medical school." Danny beamed at her. "You are doing more than simply helping your nephew, you are performing a service to the community. To the nation." Somewhat to his own surprise. Danny discovered that although his first intention had been merely to flatter Mrs. Calthorp, he meant what he was saying. "We haven't enough good doctors in this country. We probably never will have. But—thanks to you—we'll have one we might otherwise have missed, in Tony."

Mrs. Calthorp stirred uncomfortably on her pillow. She looked, Danny thought, as if she were suffering the embarrassment of someone receiving praise she didn't deserve.

"A man has to *want* to be a doctor, you know," he said. "It isn't the kind of job everyone would pick out for himself—up at all hours of the night, never able to plan ahead, no social life. And a doctor's wife!" He shook his head. "She has to be a special kind of woman, just as the doctor has to be a special kind of man. She has to put up with late meals, being wakened by the telephone at three in the morning, having to walk out of a movie just when it's getting exciting, often hardly seeing her husband for days on end— And she has to act as if she liked it, never complain, never lose her temper." He picked up Mrs. Calthorp's wrist, laying his fingers on her pulse. "She has to be a woman like Linda," he said. "Or like Helen." He didn't look at Mrs. Calthorp's face.

Mrs. Calthorp lay very still until he had dropped her wrist. "Helen?" she said at last. "What are you hinting at, Dr. Grogan?"

"I'M not hinting," Danny said simply. "I'm telling you that your daughter has the qualities of compassion, cheerfulness, generosity—to mention a few of them—that would make her happy as the wife of a doctor. If, that is, she loved him."

"You mean my nephew," Mrs. Calthorp said.

"Yes."

"I suppose," Mrs. Calthorp's voice had some of its old imperious diginity, "that Helen has been telling you and Linda that she fancies herself in love with Tony, and that I disapprove. Well, I do. I disapprove heartily, but—" she hesitated, and when she resumed she no longer appeared so sure of herself—"perhaps I am mistaken. If—if when Tony has finished his medical studies he and Helen still wish to be married, I—shall offer no objection."

Danny took a deep breath. "That's too far in the future, I'm afraid," he said. "You see—they're married already. And sometime in the summer, Helen's going to have a baby."

Mrs. Calthorp didn't move. Her face was rigid, her eyes wide and unreadable.

"Helen was afraid to tell you," Danny said. "Not for what you might do to her, but because she thought you would immediately cut off your support from Tony—ruin his chances to be a doctor. I think she would have done—almost anything—rather than have that happen. And that's why I say she was meant to be a doctor's wife, just as Tony was meant to be a doctor."

Slowly, as he watched anxiously, Mrs. Calthorp's face relaxed and lost its frightening stoniness. She closed her

eyes. "I think that injection you gave me is taking effect," she murmured. "Will you ask Helen to come up, please? I—I'd like to talk to her before I go to sleep."

Danny, looking down at her, saw that her lips were, suddenly, gentle. "Right away," he said, and went out into the hall to call Helen—sure that what Mrs. Calthorp intended to say was something Helen wanted to hear.

CURRENT LIST OF STATIONS FOR LINDA'S FIRST LOVE

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WTAM—Cleveland, Ohio
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WJR—Detroit, Mich.
KFPW—Fort Smith, Ark.
WOWO—Fort Wayne, Ind.
WOOD—Grand Rapids, Mich.
WIRE—Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF—Kansas City, Mo.
KARK—Little Rock, Ark.
WHAS—Louisville, Ky.
WIBA—Madison, Wis.
WMC—Memphis, Tenn.
WSM—Nashville, Tenn.
WMBD—Peoria, Ill.
KDKA—Pittsburgh, Pa.
WDBJ—Roanoke, Va.
KMOX—St. Louis, Mo.
KWTO—Springfield, Mo.
WBOW—Terre Haute, Ind.
WSPD—Toledo, Ohio
WAOV—Vincennes, Ind.
KFH—Wichita, Kansas

Because It's Spring

(*Continued from page* 55)

Spinach in Sour Cream

2 lbs. spinach, cooked and drained
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. nutmeg
½ cup sour cream

Chop the cooked, drained spinach and place in saucepan. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into spinach. Heat through and serve at once.

Wilted Lettuce

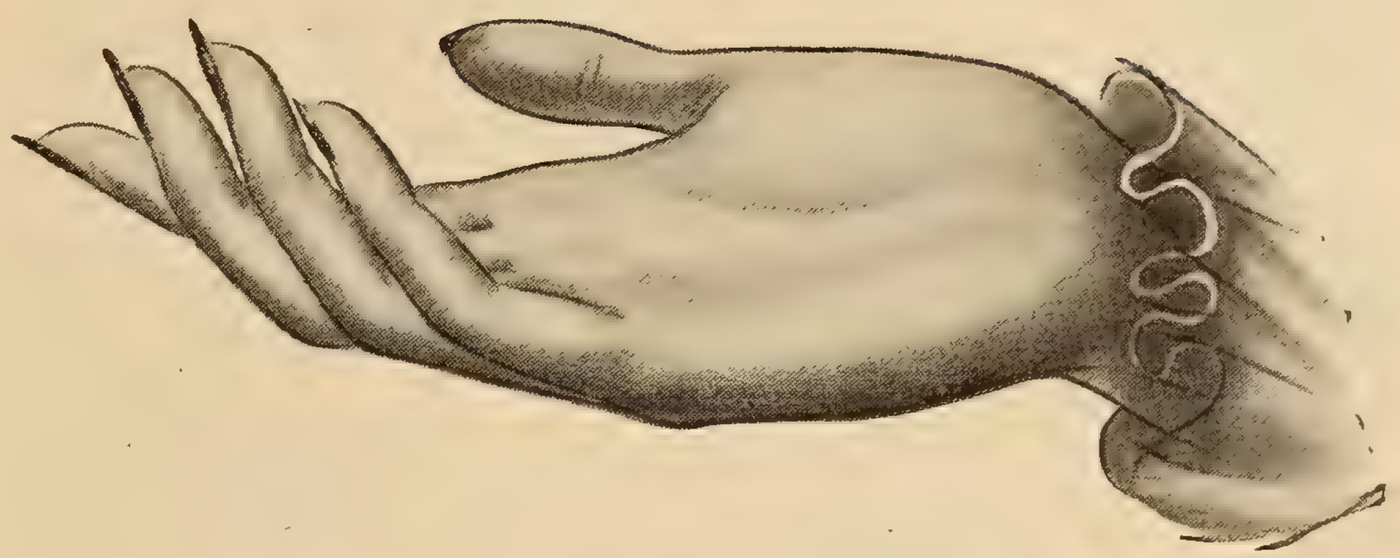
1 medium head garden lettuce
2 slices bacon
2 tbls. vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
Pinch pepper
2 or 3 scallions

Wash and drain lettuce and break as for tossed salad. Dice bacon and cook slowly until crisp. Pour off all but 1 tbl. bacon fat, add vinegar, sugar and pepper and simmer together about 1 minute. Pour dressing over lettuce, add scallions which have been cut into paper-thin crosswise slices, and toss to wilt the lettuce. If preferred, use butter instead of bacon and drippings. This is a good way to use the coarse outer leaves of lettuce.

Spring Platter

1 bunch asparagus, cooked and drained
1 bunch baby beets, cooked and drained
French dressing
Cold boiled or baked ham
Sour cream mayonnaise

Marinate asparagus and beets (separately) in French dressing for 1 hour before serving. To serve, place asparagus in center of platter. Surround with slices of ham, alternating with beets. Pass sour cream mayonnaise, made by blending three tablespoons prepared mayonnaise with 3 tablespoons sour cream, stir in ¼ teaspoon mace.



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PERFUMERS TO ROMANCE

This Broadcast Gave Me a New Life

(*Continued from page* 33)

prison you can't possibly conceive of what it's like. I discovered one important thing right away—prison salary is 10c a day. This isn't enough to keep you in cigarettes, so, if you're ambitious, you devise some method of creating a hobby that may prove profitable. All "Hobbywork" is done in cells after the regular day's work. Few men are that ambitious.

The others I quickly divided up into three groups: the lazy guys who just won't work for extra money; the sympathy-getters who whine in letters home for extra money; and the "snobs"—bank robbers and embezzlers who have stolen big dough and refuse to stoop to petty money-making. I was astonished at how much money the ambitious few could make—plenty of lifers I met were earning good incomes by the items they made in prison and sold outside.

I DEFINITELY wanted to be one of the ambitious ones. Time passes more quickly if you're busy. For instance, I built a boat model of the Normandie, complete with deck-chairs and lights, that took me a year to do—which I wound up presenting to a visiting priest as a gift. In the end I settled down to making plastic jewelry. It paid off. During the war I organized 135 other prisoners to work under me making up my designs of plastic bracelets, compacts, napkin rings, paper cutters, pins—and as a result we all made money. Several of those lifers working under me put their kids through college on what they made, and paid for their wives' operations. Our big market was Alaska, you see, and our big customers were the boys in the Army and Navy.

But that wasn't my only way of keeping busy. I edited a prison magazine, "The Viewpoint." And, of course, I volunteered for the Army medical experiments. As bad as prison life was—I did manage a few laughs out of it. Partially that was due to my friendship with a fellow Irishman, Warden John L. O'Hara, one of the swellest wardens who ever lived.

Yes, for the last few years there, I had a three-man cell to myself and I had everything that's forbidden—a radio, a pet cat, a nice rug on the floor, a night-light, a concealed stove—fact is, I hated prison food, and in the last eight years I was there I ate few meals I didn't cook myself inside my cell.

I'd built a small radio, starting with a coal crystal and a sewing needle. Most prisoners make themselves one, and keep it hidden under their pillow. How else can they get any news from the outside world? All we were allowed to read were our home town weeklies and the Christian Science Monitor, which we borrowed from the prison chaplain. Anyhow, I built myself a radio. Then, inside its cabinet, I concealed a stove—made from an iron stolen from the laundry. On this stove I cooked food I bought from the commissary, or got with bribes from the kitchen cooks.

One night I'll never forget. I had two juicy chops cooking on my stove inside the radio, and their smell was coming out the loudspeaker. The Warden came down the corridor with

some visitors and stopped short at my cell door.

"What's that I smell? Smells like meat cooking," he said sharply.

I tried to crack wise. "Oh, I got Leon and Eddie's on the radio—you smell the food from their restaurant," I said.

The guests laughed, but he didn't. For that I got ten days locked in, which means with no yard or movie privileges.

Sometimes, luckily, I could wisecrack my way out of any penalties. Like one time when I'd carefully put my mattress against my door so the keeper couldn't see in, and I was cooking coffee. Coffee is one of the ironies of prison life—they sell you a pound of it in the commissary, but if you're caught cooking it they penalize you. Anyhow, I was making coffee in a pan, held over a twisted-up Saturday Evening Post—which, with Collier's, is the best magazine to burn in prison, because it makes the least smoke and smell. Under the burning magazine I had a bucket of water to catch the ashes, so they wouldn't blow out under the door.

Well, I was making the coffee when the keeper came to a stop outside my door. He couldn't see in because of the mattress, but he sniffed loudly and called in, "Hey, Duncan—what're you cooking in there?"

"I'm not cooking," I lied hastily. "I'm killing bedbugs."

The keeper was unimpressed. "Smells like coffee to me," said he.

I called back, "These bedbugs come from Brazil."

CALL it corny, but the keeper burst out laughing and went on his way. And I enjoyed my coffee, with my cat.

The way I got that cat is typical of the way prisoners finagle things behind the backs of the authorities. There was an old "outside" plumber I knew, and one day he told me proudly about how his Angora cat at home had given birth to a litter of kittens recently. I wanted one of those cats! I offered him a bribe of a couple of my plastic bracelets to get one in to me . . . and the very next day he brought me a tiny black Angora cat in his lunchbox.

I was so glad to get that cat! Right away I started calling him "Pet," which became his name. And of course I started hiding him whenever the keeper came by my door. About a week after I'd owned him, I made it easier to hide him forever—by mistake. Another outside worker had smuggled me in a quart of rye whiskey, in a hot-water bottle. (This, tied around his waist, "gave" when he was frisked while coming into the prison in the morning.) Well, I sat up, late at night, drinking my whiskey alone; and finally I thought, "I'd like to drink with some one, and there's no one to drink with but the cat." So I poured some whiskey into his milk.

Well, he lapped it up, and then began staggering around the floor and falling down. He was drunk. I finally put him to bed for the night in my hat. But we kept on drinking together until that whiskey was gone. It took four days—and by that time Pet was stunted for life. He never grew any bigger. He was six inches long, and just about as round as he was long. As a result he was very simple to hide in an emergency. Finally, of course, everyone knew I had him; even Warden O'Hara, who gave out word not to kill Pet. Why, when Pet got sick once, O'Hara had him

Driving West... Girl meets Love

At the Grand Canyon —"Who's been following who?" I wanted to know. *"Whose hands are soft as silk?"* you said. *"Worth going a thousand miles for."* . . . Such attractive hands! Most likely, she uses Jergens Lotion.*

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Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

How do you appear to others? Are you tired-looking and listless? Is your face pale? Have you lost charm along with the vitality you once had?

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When your color is fading—your energy too low—due to this common blood condition, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help restore your usual vigor. Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high," to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

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BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
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Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

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TABLETS

sent to the infirmary until he was well again!

Well, those are some of the gayer sides of prison life. There were grim sides, too. One of them is the Death House, which happened to be about 30 feet from my cell window. The cinder path to it led directly under my window. Often I could hear the witnesses walking past my window on their way to watch an execution.

ONE execution in particular had us all upset. The guy in question was an 18-year-old kid, and (we were all convinced) innocent of the murder he was accused of. It was one of those filling-station hold-up cases, and, as it turned out, four years after he was dead the real murderer confessed.

Anyhow, many an afternoon before his execution I had seen his nice-looking mother and sisters walk into the death house to see him—and then I saw them carried out again. I *loathed* the strangers who would come to watch that kid die. Well, the night finally came. When the execution was over, a keeper began leading the visitors back past my cell door. They looked in, saw some of my plastic bracelets lying on the bunk in plain view, and began raving about them.

Right away, the keeper was all smiles. He let them into my cell, introduced me and said, "I'm sure if you'd like to buy some, Jim'd sell."

I said nothing. Usually I sold anything to anyone, and sometimes I gave things away free, if the visitor looked kind of pinched for cash. But this time my mind was made up.

"How much do you want for five of these bracelets?" one of the death-watchers asked.

Then I finally spoke. "They'll be $100 apiece," I said. They didn't like it. The keeper tried to make me be fair in my price. Finally they left without (of course) buying anything. The next day the keeper sent for me and continued the argument. But I stuck to my price. Not one of those guys who'd come to watch that kid die bought a one of my bracelets.

That's what I mean about prisoners being able to revolt in their own quiet way. But they can also cooperate—and they certainly did during the war. In our prison, working three shifts a day like any defense plant, we turned out thousands of sailor pants, canteens,

KENNY BAKER.

his family, his home, and his trailer all come under a

Full Color

Spotlight in the
JUNE ISSUE of RADIO MIRROR
on sale Friday, May 9th

stretchers, splints, tent poles and shoes, to name a few of the items. A lot of us longed to fight and sent a petition to Washington asking if we might exchange the "stripe" on our pants for one on our shoulder. When that was rejected, we organized a Blood Bank that gave 51,162½ pints of blood; and a Skin Bank that is still running, with 26 volunteers giving skin whenever requested. And, finally, we were able to really cooperate. We volunteered for the Special Research Project conducted by the Army Epidemiological Board—or, in other words, we volunteered to be guinea pigs in finding the cures for four deadly diseases.

Not all of us volunteered, though. Sixty percent of the prisoners at New Jersey State are sex criminals—men who sexually maltreated women, other men, children, or even animals; these are the human lice who are shunned by every other inmate. We all despised them to the point of refusing to even let them wait on us in the commissary. We crowded them off the handball courts and the baseball diamond; they were completely isolated. It was interesting to me that *not one* of them volunteered for the Army medical experiments.

But 246 of us did. I was the only one who volunteered for all five of the experiments—which is why the Army gave me an individual citation. I was given sleeping sickness, African sandfly fever, yellow jaundice (infectious hepititus), and dengue fever—with which I was infected twice. Result: I lost 25 pounds and all my teeth . . . the teeth because of a jaw infection due to the yellow jaundice. However, my set of false teeth works okay. So does my false blood—several times I've had all my blood drained out and replaced by new blood.

BEFORE we were subjected to the diseases, we all had to sign papers absolving the Army of any responsibility for our deaths or for any crippling results of our illnesses—one fellow did die, and another is a cripple for life due to sleeping sickness. During the course of each illness, we were given no medicines at all so that we could tell the doctors every symptom we felt . . . after all, the advantages of human guinea pigs over the real McCoy is that humans can talk! Sometimes we didn't tell our symptoms, we screamed them—but I'm glad I did it all the same. Because the project was successful. Cures were found for all four diseases. That meant that untold thousands of soldiers' and sailors' lives were saved; and to prove it we got crates full of grateful letters from mothers, sweethearts and the soldiers and sailors themselves—these last with remarks added by the military censors, like "Keep up the good work, guys!"

That's all we needed. We were proud of what we'd done. And we were all convinced of one thing: if only doctors all over the country would use prisoners for guinea pigs, answers to nearly every medical problem would be found. Polio and cancer could be studied and cured at a fraction of expense by asking prisoners to volunteer. After all, many a prisoner longs for a change in his routine. What's he got to lose if he's up for life, anyway? And most of all think of the men in the death house. They'd volunteer almost to a man.

But enough of that.

One night last June, back in my cell after my latest session in the infirmary, I was typing out a piece for "The Viewpoint" when I was stopped cold by

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Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

hearing two inmates calling from cell to cell on the gallery above me.

"The Board of Pardons paroled only one lifer," yelled one.

"Who was that?" shouted the other.

"Duncan," came back the answering yell.

I sat tense and unable to write a line for another hour, until I heard the great news officially. Paroled—after 12 years! The idea of freedom is a mixed one to a prisoner, though. For years he has been fed, housed, and clothed; he has had no decisions to make. Also, he's become "important" in the barred world in which he lives. Many a man going outside into the world again had been paralyzed with fright over the problems ahead of him. I hoped that wouldn't happen to me.

But I needn't have worried about Jim Duncan, thanks to a host of new friends who suddenly came to me.

It was all due to a letter my sister wrote to the We the People radio program. She sent them the Army citations I had gotten for being a medical guinea pig, and she told them my history—my life sentence, my parole, my jewelry business. They sent for me a day after they got her letter. And I, in a brand-new suit (as hard for me to buy as for the vets just out of the Army) showed up and was on the program.

As a result, everything in the world ironed out for me. While I was appearing on the program, the president of a costume jewelry company was driving in from Long Island—with his car radio turned on. He heard the program—and learned that now I had no place to design jewelry or make it. Instantly he sent me a telegram care of CBS, offering me the use of his laboratory and factory in Providence, Rhode Island, and telling me to call him at his office in New York.

Because of his offer, I was able to design new jewelry to offer Alaska. All the military and naval stations there are heavily manned once more; so I'm off for a new life there—supplying a novelty company in Ketchikan, and going to work for the monthly magazine "The Alaska Sportsman." This last opportunity is thanks to another friend, Emery F. Tobin, who owns the Alaskan Publishing and Alaskan Specialties Companies. I had made his acquaintance through correspondence and sales while I was still at Trenton.

Meanwhile, We the People had more far-reaching effects. Three Marines on the program with me sold plenty of my jewelry for me in their home town of Philadelphia—they'd had dengue fever and knew what it was like, they said. I got thousands of interesting letters from radio listeners, coming to me from as far south as Mexico and as far north as Nova Scotia. I got back into my golf stride, playing golf many Sundays with two new golfing friends straight from We the People—its m.c., Milo Boulton, and its publicity man, Warren Gerz.

And I also met my future wife. That was again due to We the People, although it happened two weeks after the broadcast. I was swimming at Point Pleasant with a friend. Together we went to a little sandwich joint on the boardwalk for lunch. There were several other people in there eating, and one of them was a girl whose looks I can only describe as "okay." Her name, I learned later, was Vera Lee. The owner of the place began telling the other customers I had been on We the People, which led to everyone in the place talking to me—including Vera.

That was several months ago. Since that meeting we've done a lot of talking. I know her history—she's 29, and her parents were Russian. She was born and brought up in Brooklyn. Most important: she knows mine. No one can tell her anything about me now. But none of that matters. What matters is that she and I are going to be married as soon as my affairs are settled in Alaska. I sincerely hope that my pardon will have come through by that time, too.

So that's it, as well as I can tell it. I'm starting a whole new life. And I owe it all to my new friends made through appearing on a radio program—after twelve years of having had to listen to radios secretly! And you know who's celebrating my luck with me? Ex-warden John O'Hara—who left his prison job four days before I left, and who now owns a sporting goods store ten miles from where my family lives in New Jersey!

That's my story. Could I ask for anything more?

chuckles . . . *laughs* . . . **roars!**

As Dennis Day puts a dizzy new twist in his life — and gets all tangled up in it!

Tune in the big
SURPRISE BROADCAST of
"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY"

Hear it and howl!

NBC, WED. APRIL 23

Eastern Time	Central Time	Mountain Time	Pacific Time
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.

Don't miss the entertaining story on Dennis Day in the current May TRUE STORY magazine!

The gift that's a promise of Lovelier hair

Jewelite

by Pro-phy-lac-tic

The unique Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush has wide-flaring bristles trimmed in a curve to conform to your scalp. Helps provide healthful stimulation. Individual brush, $4.00. Dresser set, above, $12.00.

• No tribute to Mother could be more gracious than a gift of Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic. Jewelite Brushes, Combs, and complete Dresser Sets, styled in the most beautiful of plastics, are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, as well as in diamond-clear crystal. And every Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon (finest of synthetic bristle) to help burnish the hair and bring out every natural highlight.

Jewelite, sold at good brush departments, is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs for men and women are designed for perfect combing. Available in a wide variety of styles and colors. 15¢ to 50¢.

Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs $17.95 . . . and the other, $45. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LINIT*!

You'll find LINIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost $45.

. . . ADDS THE

"finishing touch"

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY; NEW YORK, N.Y. © C.P.R. CO., 1947

LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. Use LINIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, *all* your washables.

Come and Visit Joanne and Dick Haymes

(*Continued from page* 25)

old rockers. These pieces, with their mellow, rubbed woods, are combined with strictly modern, sink-down-deep upholstered things—big chairs covered in lemon yellow and scarlet, sofas nubby with quilted chintz—to make for perfect comfort.

"I don't care if you don't think it's smart," Dick tells you right off. "Joanne and I lived in so many smart—and phony—places the first couple of years we were married that we're much more interested now to see if our friends think the furniture will stand up under abuse."

"Put your feet on the table," Joanne adds, "then we'll know you feel at home."

SHE tells you, without joking, however, that it's Dick's house, the way he wanted it—and she loves it.

"We really feel we *live* here," she says. "And it's not just because there's no nasty landlord to come and demand the rent."

There is a lived-in *look* about the house—Dick's reading glasses spread across the page of "Anna Karenina" where Dick stopped reading when the doorbell rang, the empty record album on the table, and the records which should be in it piled casually on top of the phonograph.

There is a lived-in *feel* about the place—about the casual way the maid brings drinks and sandwiches for any number of unexpected guests at any odd hour without looking startled, about the telephone on the very long cord which Dick carries from room to room and answers, usually, himself.

The "big house" is Dick's and Joanne's own, and it makes up in a thousand cheerful comforts every day for the thousand one-night stands in dreary hotel rooms which Joanne put up with in Dick's band-singing days because she believed in Dick and his future, in his dream of home.

The other half of the Haymes family—Richard (Call Me Skipper) aged five, and Helen (Call Me Pigeon) aged three—when not under foot in "the big house" are happy to receive visitors in their own personal castle, "Liza's Nest," named for a succession of Lizas in Pigeon's doll collection.

The "nest" was an aviary before the Haymeses moved in. Dick had the contractors tear it down to the foundation and start over. It now has an enormous playroom, with all the furniture scaled to Skipper-size, bedrooms for Skipper, Pigeon and "Nooney" (Mrs. Estes, their nurse), commodious bathrooms and a kitchen and—outside—a fenced-in playyard in which Dick has installed every kind of play gadget he could find, swings, merry-go-rounds, airplanes, slides, teeter-totters, automobiles—the place is a miniature amusement park.

Within the confines of the nest and its environs, the children make their own laws, and live their own lives.

"We don't tattle-tale," Skipper tells visitors proudly. It is obvious Pigeon gets by with plenty.

"We *always* wash our hands before supper," Pigeon—who is still pretty much on the physical plane—adds as an afterthought.

Dick and Joanne think children have a right to do what they like with their

own things, and to learn for themselves. As, for instance, the day that Skipper decided he wanted to try running his new electric train down the slide. He was terribly eager, Dick said, to see what would happen—but afraid at the same time of the consequences.

"He was rather hoping I would tell him not to try it."

"Look, Daddy," Skipper called out, "the engine is going down the slide." He stood poised on the top step, the engine in his hand while Dick—without comment—came as requested, to "look."

"*Should* it go down the slide, Daddy?" Skipper wanted to know.

"I don't know," Dick said. "It's *your* engine."

After another moment of dubious deliberation, Skipper let the engine go. It catapulted to the bottom and landed in a heap, minus one rod and one wheel.

Skipper looked a little sick, Dick recalls.

"Oh, my goodness," was all he could say, "the train had a wreck, didn't it?"

IT was too bad, his father had to admit, but a wreck was exactly what the train had had. And that is what happens when small trains go down large slides, a fact Skipper will never forget—having discovered it for himself.

Skipper and Pigeon are very happy as proprietors of their own personal house, but it is Dick's pride in the place which is really touching.

"When Joannie told me years ago we were going to have a baby," he recalls, "I had to send her home to mother. We couldn't afford a furnished apartment—and you know how hotels are about babies. Joannie sterilized bottles in one of those New York railroad kitchens, washed diapers in the bathroom and carried the baby to the park every day for his sun bath. She didn't complain once, but I swore then that she would never have to do it again.

"It is bad enough to drag a wife through the rigors of the band business," Dick feels, "but it's no life for a kid." He wrote to Joanne then that he would give this business one more try, and then "if I couldn't make a go of it I would stop trying—and do something useful like driving a truck. I was sick of being a half-baked crooner who couldn't even support his wife and son."

The one more try did the trick as everyone knows by now, so well that when Pigeon arrived two years later, mother and baby had everything, including Daddy on hand to pace the hospital corridor. Now Dick's career is on very solid ground, and "the best" the young singer wanted for his family from the start can take unusual shape in such peculiarly Haymesian fancies as "Liza's Nest."

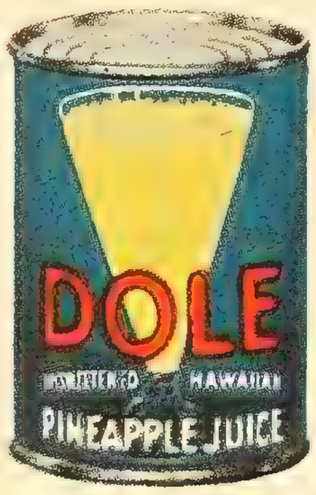
A great deal more of interest is crowded onto Dick's three acres than the "big house" and the children's "nest." There are the usual Hollywood signs of success—a swimming pool and playhouse—this one for the grown-ups—a professional tennis court, a barbecue and, since Dick Haymes is only slightly less sentimental about his horses than about his wife and children, an ultra modern stable and a sizeable work-ring.

Dick has, in addition to six beautiful riding horses, a $10,000 stallion called Thunderbolt, Belle, a three-year-old filly he is breaking in for Skippy, a bumptious goat named Rufus, and—well, and Matty Mae.

Dick bought Matty Mae as a colt a

take life easy with PINEAPPLE

All fun . . . no fuss! Meal-fixing is just that when you reach for Dole Pineapple—Chunks, Crushed, Sliced, or Tidbits. And here are ideas for using them from Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist.



CHUNKS. *Dunk Chunks in grated cheese or coconut. Serve Chunks at breakfast, or for a quick dessert.*

CRUSHED. *Top a simple custard, or a scoop of ice cream with Dole Crushed. You'll say, "mmmmm . . . GOOD!"*

SLICED. *No dessert . . . no salad? Be carefree . . . with Dole Sliced, either can be ready to serve in a jiffy.*

P.S. Pour a tall, cool glass of Dole Pineapple Juice for a pleasant time-out, any time of the day.

year ago, hoping to have a handsome mount for Pigeon when his daughter was ready to ride. But poor Matty Mae is a horse of another color.

"All she does," Dick sighs sadly, "is eat."

Until he had horses of his own Dick believed—as most people do—that owning a stable was one of the prerogatives of the idle rich. He has changed.

"If you work them," he says now, "you can't be idle, and if you feed them you won't long be rich."

Dick's horses have provided moments of high excitement for the neighborhood. One Sunday morning soon after the Haymeses—and their horses—had moved in, fire broke out in a corner of the new stable. Dick tore out of the house in his pajamas to let the terrified animals out of their stalls.

"They all raced off to the next property," he said. "Brad, the stable boy, and I put out the fire in ten minutes. Then we spent the rest of the day trying to get the horses back."

Every morning, unless he has an early studio call, Dick shows up at the stables and takes one of the horses for a work-out in the ring, usually with Skipper or Pigeon "up front." Skipper and Pigeon, as a matter of fact, are apt to show up wherever their Daddy is—with their life-preservers if Daddy goes for a swim, or with their little noses pressed through the fence if Dick and Joanne come out for a few sets of tennis. On good days—which Dick insists are all but three out of the 365 in the San Fernando Valley—the whole family spends most of the day out of doors in the sun, with lunch served picnic-fashion on the grass whenever Skipper—who has the most insistent appetite in the group—says it's time.

PUNIER success than Dick Haymes's has been known to turn the heads of many a young actor. But Dick hasn't a chance of turning into a stuffed shirt.

For one thing, he has competition in his own family. Joanne is in movies now, too—and as a discovery of Howard Hawks, who last launched Lauren Bacall, has a very good chance of being a star on her own.

Also, with his pixilated children as audience and levelers, Dick is in no danger of getting grandiose ideas.

Skipper goes bellowing about the house from morning until night—imitating his father's vocalizing, off key.

Pigeon pesters her father with repeated requests to "talk ugly like Randolph." Randolph is a very nasty bear in the children's bedtime story book, and of much more interest to Pigeon than any movie star. Besides how can Dick be a movie star? Everybody knows he's her daddy.

Things are much quieter after the children — and the horses—are asleep. Then Dick and Joanne sit by the fire and play their records or read, or entertain any of their circle of friends who drop in.

There is always something to eat. If Milton Berle is there—and he often is—there are card tricks. Milton is a sharpie with the cards, and Joanne knows a trick or two herself, having played a belle of the old west in her first movie.

Bill Burton, Dick's business manager, drops in frequently. So do his secretary and the McCords (Bob McCord is his stand-in).

Bill Burton says Dick will make a million dollars in 1948. But what is a million dollars to Dick? He already has everything he wants.

We Know We're Lucky

(*Continued from page* 35)

had my first movie role at thirteen—so maybe I was justified in thinking I was getting into a rut. But she claims I just have an impatient nature.

I guess maybe that's because I can't seem to find a comfortable niche in any one profession and be satisfied to stay there. My family, who were headliners in vaudeville—"The O'Connor Family"—pushed me out onto the stage in front of the footlights when I was eleven months old. And when I did the *Black Bottom* they would permit no baby wabblings. They had a real scorn for second-raters and they drummed ambition into me . . . so much so that being lucky enough to be a movie star at sixteen only seemed to me to be a jumping off step—not the realization of that ambition. In the Army for two years when I was eighteen and then I got the radio bug. And I had it bad. I talked it over with Gwen and she was sure I could make it—but that's when she began to tease me about being in a hurry.

"You'd better watch out, Donald," she says now, solemnly. "If you don't hurry up you're going to be a complete failure in life. Here you are twenty-one years old—and what have you got to show for it?"

Well, for one thing I've got Gwen and Donna.

I USED to get so bored when guys at Universal Studios would pull pictures of their kids out of their wallets and show them around and brag about what Junior said that day or how he had his first tooth now. I was sure Gwen and I were going to be *adults* about our baby. But you can't tell me that any other child ever had a smile as big as Donna's or looks as wonderful as she does when Gwen dresses her up and puts that pink ribbon in her hair and when she tries to talk—!

Gwen sympathizes with all of my ambitions. But there's one she says has her baffled. She can't understand why I want to be the youngest grandfather in radio.

It isn't so much that I want to be—it's just that I have a hunch I *will* be. Donna's too pretty to grow up to be an old maid and if she runs true to form and follows her parents' example and marries young—well, by the time Gwen and I are still under forty, it's a cinch I'll be handing out grandfather's cigars to my radio audience. (Provided—sponsors willing—that I *have* a radio audience.)

Gwen was just pushing fourteen and I was barely sixteen when we first met and fell in love, back in 1942.

Her dad and my mother were very understanding but, naturally, to them it looked like puppy love. "Kid stuff" the people I worked with on the movie lot scoffed. But they were wrong. I don't blame them for their complacent attitude, but they were wrong and we knew it, even then. We knew it was the real thing.

I think our very reluctance to actually set our first date, after we had been introduced, was because both of us felt subconsciously that it would mean the end of casual dates with the other kids we'd been running around with, and the beginning of something serious for both of us. I know I never wanted so badly to take a girl out—and never stalled so long in tracking down a telephone number. And when I finally did

Cereal Story with a Happy Ending

Ah! Check-up Day! And the doctor says baby's perfect from those tiny pink toes to the top of his head. What's more—he's ready for cereals. That's where Gerber's come in.

Millions of babies start on Gerber's Cereals—thrive on them all *through* babyhood. Gerber's taste so good . . . are so finely strained . . . so easy to swallow. Pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Easy on *mother*, too!

Just add formula or milk to the amount of cereal doctor advises. Gerber's mix to a smooth-as-cream texture with warm *or* cold formula or milk—right in baby's bowl.

Hooray, he likes it! Happy Day!

ROTATE GERBER'S Strained Oatmeal, Cereal Food, Barley Cereal. All contain *added iron, calcium* and *B-complex vitamins!* FREE SAMPLES of all 3 special baby cereals! Write to Gerber's, Dept. W5-7, Fremont, Mich.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK
April 26 to May 3.
"Give your baby the right start in life."

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3 CEREALS • 18 STRAINED FOODS • 13 CHOPPED FOODS

How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?

102 OUT OF 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you!

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess. *Object:* To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

The answer: 102 out of 127 reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges *don't* chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield and a sealed-in deodorant to keep you confident. On sale everywhere *now.* Product of Personal Products Corporation.

Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

call her, she began by saying she was free any night and when I tried to make it definite—ended up by putting off our date for over two weeks!

If it hadn't been love at first sight with Gwen, do you think she would have ever given me a second look—considering the initial glimpse she had of me? How would you like to see your prospective boy-friend making a dummy of himself?

It was at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood where Ken Murray puts on his year-after-year show called "Blackouts." Gwen's father was the musical director for the show and that's why she happened to be present that rehearsal day.

My being there was purely accidental.

I was out of show business by that time and under Director Charles Lamont's guidance at Universal Studios. He had given me the chance to play myself—a teen-age, gangling kid who could sing and dance and be funny in the way a kid *is* funny, naturally. They had given me main leads in pictures like "The Merry Monahans," "Top Man," "Follow The Boys," and "Chip Off the Old Block." And then they'd given me stardom. So I was a busy guy, hopping from one set to another and making *eleven pictures* in one year.

BUT what you learn backstage in vaudeville you don't forget and one of the lessons is that you never let down a fellow trouper in trouble. None of us makes our way unaided; I have good reason to be grateful for the help other people have given me.

So when a frantic SOS telephone call came from a woman who had been a friend of ours in vaudeville—a woman who had a comedy act that needed a human "dummy" stooge—I agreed to help her. She was trying out for a spot in the new Blackouts revue and her "dummy" partner had failed to show up for the rehearsal. I went with her that day cheerfully enough—but—

Imagine me up on a stage acting out the part of a human Mortimer Snerd, in front of the prettiest girl I had ever laid eyes on!

There I was—my face dead-pan and dopey—my eyes popping out of my head—my mouth opening and closing like a guppy fish as I followed the cues . . . and down in the first row of seats, sitting with Ken Murray and Mr. Carter, the musical director, is *the* girl! I really suffered. I hadn't expected to perform before anyone except cast and director, since this was a rehearsal, and the agony I went through wondering what kind of an impression I was making on that pretty little blonde girl with the blue ribbon in her hair!

It was a shock to her, too! She had seen me in a few pictures and she had an idea I was a pretty sophisticated young man. Seeing me in the role of a dummy revised some of her ideas, but, strangely enough, it seemed to make her like me. Are all women funny that way?

She was only fourteen and she looked it, with her hair bouncing around on her shoulders and her baggy sweater and short skirt and bobby socks, but I remember the way her eyes brushed mine across those footlights and then glanced quickly away. It was a brief glance, but not a casual one. And, at the end of the act, when I tore across that stage and down the steps and through the aisle to get an introduction from her father, I somehow knew she was expecting me.

But, as I said before, it was weeks

before we really had our first date. And even then I got cold feet and dragged another guy around with us to our movie . . . thinking, I suppose, that that would show Gwen (and myself) how unimportant that date really was.

It didn't prove anything except that from that night on I was completely nuts about Gwen. Only once in all of our years of going together did we have what even seemed like an misunderstanding.

Gwen likes to tease me about it, even now. The other day we were sitting together in the playroom at home, listening to a recording of the last week's radio show. (We do it that way for Gwen—she has nervous butterflies in her stomach if she comes to see the show or listens to it as it comes over the air. As she says, that's her husband cutting up capers with Ginny Simms and Don Wilson and Frank de Vol—not just a man she's heard about. Only she knows the laughs that come over the air from the studio audience mean the difference between a flop and a success; only she knows the time and the effort that went into the preparations for the breezy gags that sound so relaxed and off-the-cuff. She can't take it, sitting in the audience, watching and worrying for us.)

We were lounging there and listening, and then she began.

"Don-ald—remember that time you were jealous? When you saw me out with another boy?" She has a way of putting her head on one side and wrinkling up her nose when she's teasing.

"Me jealous?" I snort. "You're dopey—oh, yeah, I remember—that once. But so were you—you didn't like it at all when we bumped into each other that night and you saw I was with another girl."

"Oh, pooh. I knew she was just an old friend. You should have seen your face when you realized I wasn't sitting home crying my eyes out." Gwen has a giggle that really gets under your skin. "You were so dramatic the day before when you folded your arms and told me, sternly, that you were getting too serious and it must all stop. Let me see—you were seventeen then. And all you were cross about was because I told you I was going to be home one Saturday and you came over and I wasn't there and you wouldn't believe I was out with my mother."

"Well—were you?" Now maybe I'd get to the bottom of that story!

That giggle again. "I'll never tell."

I shut up. Not that I was sulking,

it's the house

that Charlie built. But he

lets the BERGENS live there

So Come and Visit the

EDGAR BERGENS

in the

JUNE ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

on sale Friday, May 9th

NOW YOU CAN GET FAMOUS

Admiration

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IMMEDIATELY

First Quality—Guaranteed Perfect

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- **GUARANTEED PERFECT**

To assure the fairest possible distribution of these fabulously flattering hose to thousands of women who have waited so long for genuine ADMIRATION NYLONS, we have taken the tradition-breaking step of offering them by mail. Every pair perfect . . . radiantly clear, sheer 45 gauge . . . long-wearing DuPont Nylon from top to toe in ADMIRATION'S glorious new **Sun-Glo Spring Shade.**

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Don't delay! Mail your order today. Get your hose direct from our great mills by return mail. Remember, this is the *first* time these beautiful Admiration Nylons have been offered by mail. It is truly a once-in-a-lifetime chance that may never come again!

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Send me ..... packages of genuine new all nylon, full-fashioned, 45-gauge ADMIRATION NYLONS, 3 pairs to the package, on your absolute Guarantee of Satisfaction.

My size is 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½

(*Draw circle around size*)

I agree to pay postman $4.35 for each package of three pairs, plus small postage charge.

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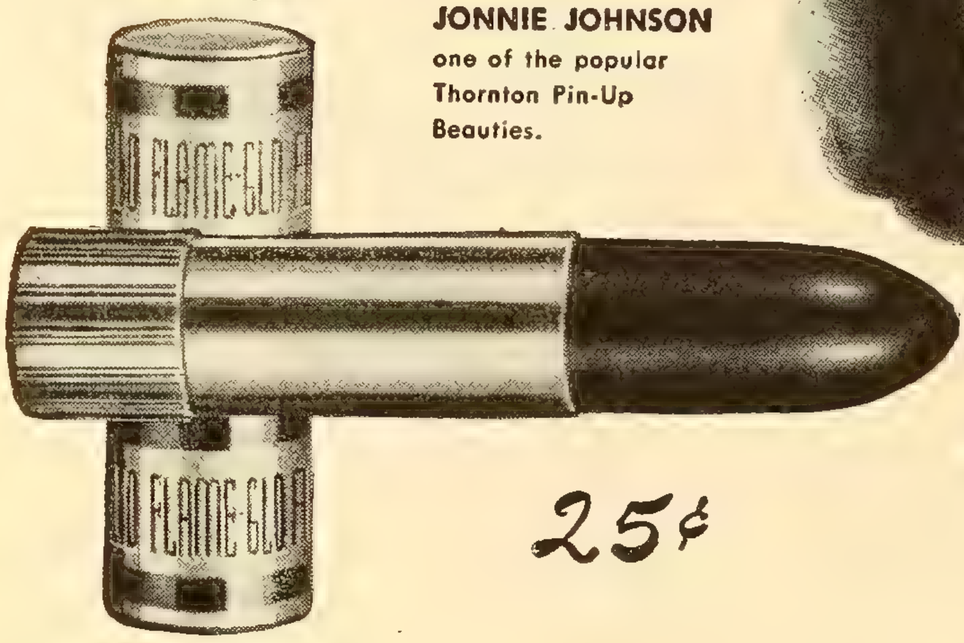
WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour . . . no blurry edges!"

Beauty Secrets of the Pin-up Girls

JONNIE JOHNSON
one of the popular Thornton Pin-Up Beauties.



25¢

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FLAME-GLO *Kissable Skin* CAKE MAKE-UP

So many Flame-Glo fans asked for a perfect cake make-up in tones to blend with the lipstick . . . so here it is! Keeps your complexion softer, lovelier, more radiant; conceals blemishes. Only 25c.

AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

mind you, but there are some things a guy can't put up with.

"Donn-nald? Mad at me? Let's go in and take a peek at the baby—she must be waking up by now."

So what are you going to do? How can you stay sore? She can drive me crazy one minute—and wind me around her little finger the next.

Besides, I guess she's had plenty to put up with on my account. Anyone who could take my jalopies and all the trouble I've had with them in her stride, the way Gwen has, must really care a lot for me. If there was any monotony in our courtship it was the time after Gwen and I pushed my old broken-down Fords up Hollywood Boulevard when they've stalled in the middle of the street.

I like old cars I can tinker with and I'm always buying them cheap and about to fall apart. Or else some odd foreign-make car that you can't get parts for and no garage mechanic can understand.

THE second date Gwen and I had—this time we were alone!—I took her to Chinatown for a chop suey dinner. Even though I was working at Universal Studios, I was still on an allowance from my mother for spending money and that night, between us, Gwen and I ate up every penny in my pocket. So when we came out and found the jalopy with a flat tire, we just stood and looked at each other in dismay.

No tire jack in the car. No money to rent one or for a deposit on one at the nearest garage. No streetcar fare. Not even a nickel to phone her dad and explain. We could walk home, of course, but it was well over ten miles and I could just imagine what her dad would say when we strolled in at dawn!

"Having trouble?"

We turned around and there was a soldier. A couple of years older than I was—eighteen at least, because he was in uniform. But before we could answer, he went on. "Aren't you Donald O'Connor? I saw you in a picture one night called 'This Is The Life.' Need help with that tire?"

I explained the situation and he just took over. This is what I mean about people being so swell to me—that soldier not only loaned me the money to rent the garage tire jack, but he also insisted on sticking around and helping me put on the spare. And yet he was four hours late, by the time we finished, getting to see his wife whom he hadn't seen for over a year.

Why? Well, it seemed there was a scene in "This Is the Life" that he thought was very funny. Not just funny—something that was right out of his own experience when he had gone to his first party and suffered his first social embarrassment.

It's a simple little scene—no lemon pies thrown, no slapstick, no fantastic situation. But have you ever, at a party, eyed the cherry in the bottom of your glass of lemonade, almost hidden under the chunks of ice and wondered how you could possibly fish it out with only the help of two limp, spindly straws? Maybe because so many people have suffered this same kind of mounting, stubborn frustration over little things, was why it appealed to me when I was doing it and to this soldier who watched it.

Imagine a kid at his first forbidden nightclub, sitting self-conscious and alone at a ringside table, surrounded by sophisticated and amused people, trying

desperately—while his collar chokes him and his cowlick begins to ride up —to be as amused and sophisticated and poised as they are—yet, even more desperately wanting that elusive cherry at the bottom of the glass.

Is it proper for him to eat it at all? He looks covertly around the room, but that doesn't help him. Slowly he raises it—the cherry—along the side of the glass with the aid of the straws, only to have it collapse and slide down again under the ice. Quickly he looks around to see if anyone has been watching . . . satisfied he has been unobserved, he tries again, tilting the glass to let the cherry slide out; surreptitiously trying to swallow ice and cherry, too, and finding it impossible; looking around the room again; attempting a man-of-the-world unconcern and boredom as if completely unaware that two of his fingers are frantically dabbling down inside the glass *trying to get that cherry!*

I learned a lot about comedy from Charles Lamont's masterful direction of that scene. And I learned a lot more hearing the soldier talk about it—a lot that's helped me in radio. It isn't always the most carefully contrived bit of acting or the sarcasm or the wisecrack or the dialect comedy that makes for humor and brings out what we call the "boff"—the laugh that rocks the walls of the studio. It's the simple, natural, ordinary situations that any guy or gal could find themselves in and that really hits home. Gwen watches for those things today—she is expert on detecting false build-ups or gags that are completely out of my character.

I'VE never forgotten that soldier or what he taught me. We corresponded for years, even while he was overseas and I was in the Army here.

Early in 1944 three important things happened to me. I was inducted into the Army. I proposed to Gwen. And just before these two events, I did some guest appearances on the radio. Of the three, the most nerve-racking was facing that microphone.

I had expected the Army greetings since I was now eighteen. And I had no doubt about Gwen's not accepting me—we had had an "understanding" for a long time. Even our parents had given over thinking it was just puppy love and they, too, took our marriage as inevitable. Though I doubt if they wanted it quite so soon.

No, it was the radio appearance that scared me.

I had taken to motion picture acting from the stage with hardly a change of pace or a skipped heartbeat. It didn't seem so very different from what I had always done—singing, dancing, doing comedy turns since I was just able to walk. But there was something frightening about speaking over airwaves to an unseen audience and knowing that every second on the air was timed so that no joke could be repaired if it fell flat, and there would be no retakes as there were in the movies, where a director could order a scene done over and over before he would let the cameras roll.

When I went into the Army I gave a radio career not a second thought—not even a first. My future, I thought, would be in motion pictures when I came back. I had no intention of improving on my nodding acquaintance with the airways.

Besides, I was a bridegroom. Radio was unimportant.

It happened this way. Gwen and I

LEADING CUTTERS AND DECORATORS CHOOSE FEDERAL GLASSWARE

Exclamation point of any occasion

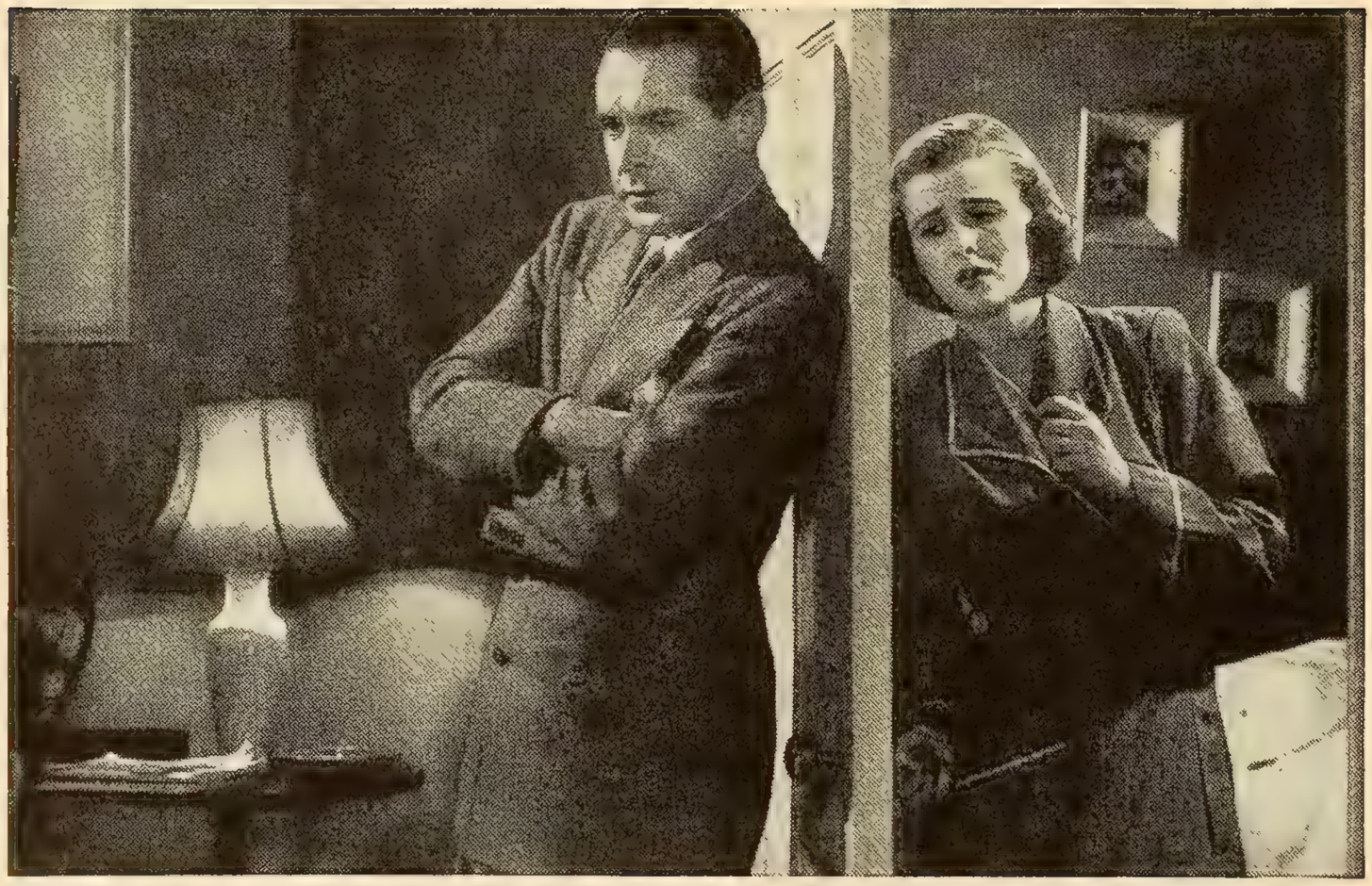
The hostess who thoughtfully places lovely, gleaming glasses — and the ingredients for filling them — within easy reach of *all* hands, is bound to appreciate the admiring "Ohs" and "Ahs" that pay tribute to her good taste and judgment.

There's no doubt about it, beautifully cut or decorated tumblers *are* the exclamation point of any occasion — and the chances are that they bear the Shield (F) of Federal.

Luxury-quality tumblers by Federal are *first* choice of leading cutters and decorators. *They* know that the matchless color, clarity and brilliance of Federal tumblers make a perfect base for lovely cutting or decorating.

When you buy glassware, in department stores, gift shops, variety or convenience stores — look for the Shield (F) of Federal. It's your assurance of luxury-quality unsurpassed — *at the price you wish to pay.*

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY • COLUMBUS 7, OHIO



"My husband became a grim stranger . . ."

Could this grim-faced man be my once gay, loving husband? What had *I* done to change him so? . . . Well, it seems I'd been careless in trusting to *now-and-then* care in my feminine hygiene. "A sad mistake made by all too many wives," my doctor told me. Then he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"He's my own man again now"

My own devoted husband is back again, now I'm faithful to my doctor's advice. No more *careless* feminine hygiene, with "Lysol" so easy and economical to use. It's far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions—a proved *germ-killer*, cleansing thoroughly yet gently. I always use "Lysol" for douching...and it *works* beautifully!

Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 1: POWERFUL, PROVED GERM-KILLER . . . "Lysol" is a *true germicide* of great germ-killing power. This power is *not reduced* by age or exposure to air.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* "Lysol" solution . . . always!

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

had planned to be married on my first furlough because by that time, we figured, she would be of age and we could have a proper wedding with our respective parents' blessing. But a friend of mine, who was already GI and older and wiser in Army ways, cautioned me that I had better not wait until I was sent to camp. There might not be a furlough after induction or for a long time afterwards. So we eloped.

We had to go to Mexico because of that little detail of Gwen's not being of age. We knew her father wouldn't say no, but it might take time to persuade him and we didn't have that much time.

As Gwen says now—now that it's funny in retrospect—it wouldn't have been natural or right for us to have a wedding without car trouble. But this time my jalopy outdid itself in being difficult.

HALFWAY to Mexico and Tia Juana a wheel came off. It was night and the sudden California chill that comes with the going down of the sun penetrated our bones as the three of us—Gwen and myself and Alan Kirk, our best man—worked to get it back on. Grease came off on my hands and I wiped it, naturally on my clothes and so, naturally, the others got it on their clothes, too. So when we finally got the car rolling again and pulled into Tia Juana at five o'clock in the morning we looked more like a roundhouse gang than a wedding party.

And then the transmission stuck.

Five o'clock in the morning. No one awake; no one, that is, except an old tamale seller on his way to work. And he didn't speak English. He didn't understand "Justice of the Peace." He shook his head over "garage." And went on his way probably firmly convinced that all Americanos were crazy people who wanted answers at five o'clock in the morning.

So, grimly, Alan and I went to work again on the car and this time we fixed the transmission literally with a fingernail file and bobby pins. By the time we finished the sun was up and people were astir and some kind soul pointed out the office of the Justice . . . and our wedding trip had cost me seventy-five dollars!

It didn't matter, any of it—the money or the cold or the grease or the unpredictable car—because we were in love. And if you ask Gwen now about our wedding she always says, and means it, "It was *beautiful!*" I was going away into the Army and we had the feeling that getting married right then was like giving a hostage to fate, pledging our faith in a future together.

Classified as a pilot in the Army Air Corps, I was all set to complete my basic Flight Training and had passed the first hurdle toward winning my wings, when that program was suddenly completely disbanded. It was a blow to me that I never became a pilot and never got overseas. Somehow, the Army brass decided they wanted me entertaining troops, so I was shifted to bolstering morale of the Army forces here at home—with my own morale at its lowest ebb. They gave me a free hand to decide pretty much for myself what the entertainment should be.

It was here that I faced the terrors of radio and licked them. I had to write my own radio program, announce it, act in my own scripts, sing, and at the end of the program sign myself off. I was even my own "special effects" man, clapping two books together to simulate the closing of a door, pouring sand over

a tin plate to sound like rain on a roof.

I became a part of radio, just as I had been born a part of the stage and motion pictures.

And when the war was over and I came back to Hollywood, I found I had a real hankering to be close again to a microphone. My agent hustled me out on a personal appearance tour almost as soon as I got out of my khaki shirt, and I should have been happy. Audiences didn't seem to have forgotten me; the pictures I had made before I went into the Army were still playing at movie houses; Gwen was with me on the stage and she had just whispered to me of the impending visit of the stork. It looked like the beginning of another "O'Connor Family" act.

I should have been completely satisfied. Compared with most ex-Army guys I was a lucky Joe. But there was that restlessness in me—that feeling of wanting to be in radio.

The real break came when Bob Hussey, talent scout for a large advertising agency, came to me with an offer to try out for the comedy spot on the new Ginny Simms show. There were other comedians—wonderful guys and top-notch in the profession, trying out, too . . . Billy de Wolfe, Danny Thomas . . . so I wasn't sure I had a chance.

I went on the air, once, as guest performer. Then there was a wait of several weeks as the others took their turn.

WHEN the news came that I had been finally picked for the show, I don't know who was more excited—Gwen or me!

So now I seem to be a permanent fixture on the program, kidding around with Ginny and Don Wilson and Frank de Vol and The Sportsmen—Bill Days, Max Smith, Marty Sperzel and Gurney Bell—getting them in and out of tight situations, taking them for fictitious rides in a fictitious car that manages to fall apart just about as often as my own cars actually do.

Even now cars are a problem with the O'Connors. Gwen wails that I have *two* cars and she has only one, but still I'm always using hers. Can I help it if the parts to mine are usually strewn all over the driveway?

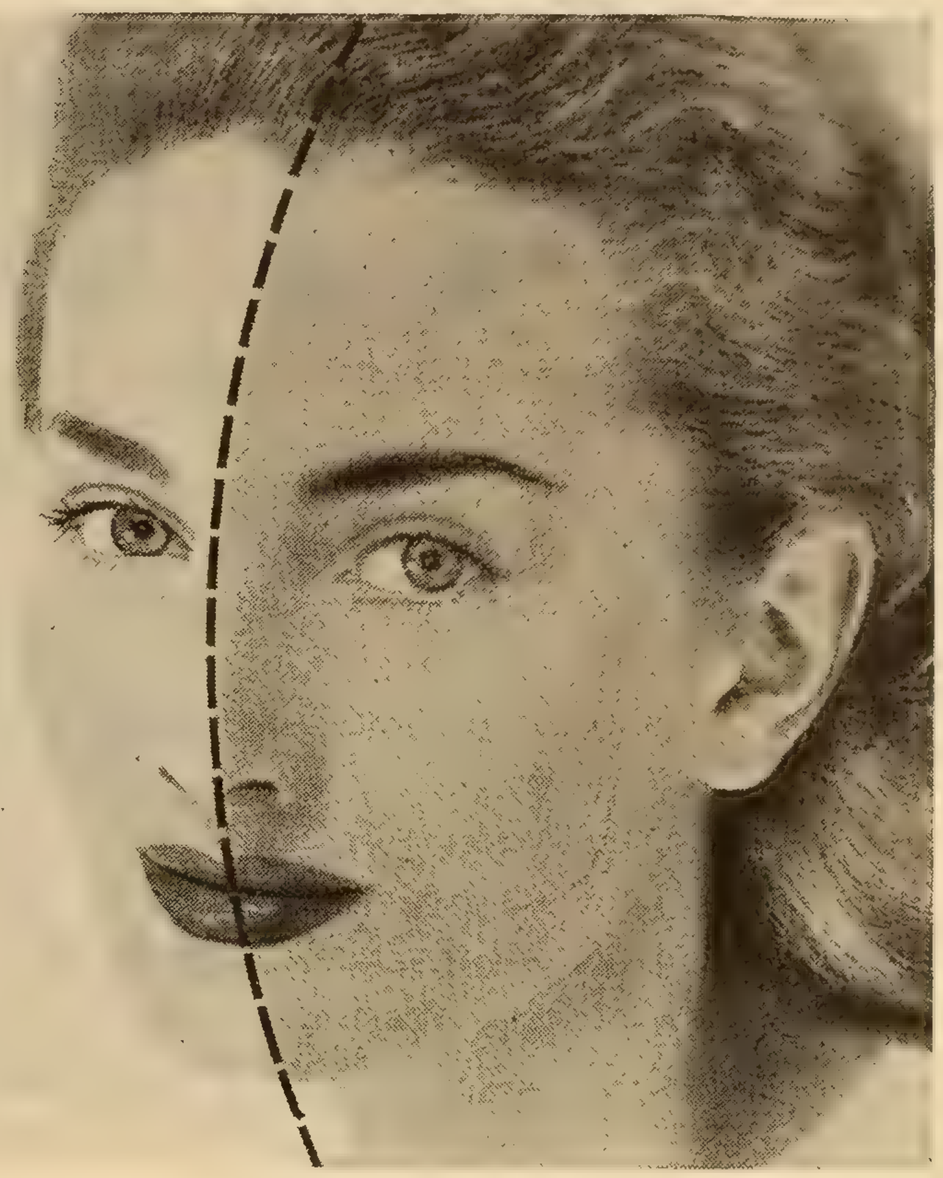
But outside of our car trouble and a little argument over who is to manage the budget, Gwen and I never quarrel. Why should we? We know we're lucky—I'm doing the work I like, we have each other and our home we've always wanted. And Donna. The never-failing, wonderful miracle of Donna.

I owe Gwen a lot, too. She taught me to have fun and "be my age." Up until the time I had met her I had taken life pretty seriously. I was "hurry-up Donald."

At three-and-a-half years old I was a full-fledged member of our stage troupe, the "O'Connor Family." My father hadn't lived to see me join the Family—except for that baby *Black Bottom* dance—but the actor who replaced him was the only one in the act who was not a real O'Connor. All the others—my mother, my older brother Jack and his wife and daughter Patsy—worked hard to carry on in the theatrical world the proud name that my father had begun. We were an act that theater managers and booking agents everywhere recognized as tops in show business.

This show business was in my blood. Before I was four I was tap-dancing and singing duets of the popular songs of

STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *Half its Beauty!*



You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

BUT

once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can't see or feel this stubborn film. That's the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn't.

Ordinary cleansing fails to remove this stubborn, invisible film. Day after day, it clings . . . dulling the true freshness and beauty of your skin . . . encouraging blackheads and blemishes!

Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
2. Immediately . . . and this is the important part . . . apply Lady Esther cream a second time. Wipe it off.

This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!

The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: 1) *cleanses thoroughly;* 2) *softens your skin;* 3) *helps Nature refine your pores;* 4) *and leaves a perfect powder base.*

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

when your kiss is a miss . . .

to the rescue with SITROUX!

. . . say SIT-TRUE

THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

BESTFORM

1929 with my brother. Not until 1938 when I signed with Universal did I manage any kind of formal education, and maybe that's why, today, I read everything I can lay my hands on. Still, my education wasn't completely neglected. I consider I absorbed my three R's in practical fashion. Tours and one-night stands are a wonderful lesson in geography; arithmetic comes easy to a troupe that shares its budget worries; and there was always time for books, backstage, or a chat with a much-traveled fellow-trouper. Of course, history as learned there might have a slight bias—dates were more apt to recall bookings than battles.

LIKE any other kid, I had my heroes. But they weren't the baseball coach or the Boy Scout leader . . . they were show people whose talents I admired and who "worked" the same circuits we did. A fellow named Jack Benny. A young married couple who could talk, even then, of nothing but the importance of radio . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen. And Milton Berle.

And all the time I was in a hurry. I wanted to be as great an acrobatic star as my father had been years ago when he was Ringling Bros. principal leaper, hurdling over elephants and high barriers. I wanted to sing and dance as well as my mother. She too, had been with the circus and it was there she met John "Chuck" O'Connor and married him. I'm almost certain, so great was their professional pride, that they wouldn't have given each other a second look, if each hadn't been tops in their field. Mother was a bareback rider, dancer, singer and trapeze artist —so you see I had something to live up to.

In 1938 fortune reached out and tapped me on the shoulder, in the person of Director Wesley Ruggles of Paramount, for a part in "Sing You Sinners," as Bing Crosby's kid brother. It was a good thing it happened then because I was worried that here I was thirteen—and getting *nowhere*.

Gwen's childhood had been different —yet not so different she couldn't understand what made me the way I am. Through her father, who was a musical director for motion pictures and for the Blackouts, she knew show business. But she'd also had the background of a home and going to school and kid parties and sodas at the corner drug store and all the things I had missed. These she shared with me.

Now at our house we have made our adjustments. The stage made me a late stayer-upper so Gwen, too, has learned to like going to bed late and sleeping late in the mornings. But outside of that, she's taught me a few things, too —things like hobbies, and our battles at chess, and regular meals, and friends who drop in and are welcome at any time. A nice way to live, we think—for the three of us.

Watch for

Baby pictures . . .

Baby SNOOKS pictures

that is, in the

JUNE RADIO MIRROR

on sale May 9th

Remembrance

(*Continued from page* 21)

hadn't seen him since school days—but he was a memorable person. The Vanes had moved away from Springdale when Philip was a freshman in high, but even by that time he had distinguished himself. Honor student, athlete, president of the freshman class, president of almost everything in every class ever since she could remember. And yet, he hadn't been the kind of student who deliberately sets out to gather every award offered. He'd been a thoughtful, quiet boy, rather shy, with a thin, freckled face and wide, bright blue eyes.

Rosemary offered her hand, and Philip held it as they both talked at once.

"...haven't seen you since..."

"...high school..."

"...must be—"

"Ten years. Do you remember—"

"I'm getting wet," said Patti thinly.

They both laughed, and turned contritely to Patti. "This is Philip Vane," Rosemary said. "You can't be expected to remember him—"

"But I remember Patti," Philip said, grinning. "She was knee-high to the kitchen stove, and she was crazy about dolls."

Patti flushed. She's in high school now, but it wasn't so long ago that she was still playing with her beloved old dolls—secretly, of course. She wouldn't have had even her special chums, Birdbrain and Tommy, know about it for the world.

PHILIP said, "Isn't there some place we can go to get Patti out of the rain—and where we can talk? My car's right around the corner—"

"So is the Sweet Shop," said Rosemary. "That's where Patti and I usually go after the movies."

He looked down at her quizzically as they started off. "You and Patti— Aren't you married, Rosemary?".

She still hasn't learned how to answer that question. She was married to Bill Roberts—will always be married to him, in her heart. But in the eyes of the world Bill is not her husband. The shock of knowing it is still fresh. She can't talk about it to outsiders. But Philip deserved some sort of answer.

"I—well—" she floundered.

"Engaged, then?"

"Oh, no. I'm not engaged."

She missed the look on his face, the sudden buoyancy that came into his walk, his voice. But she remembered them afterward. It was as if at that moment he had suddenly found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. "How about Patti?"

"She's in high school," said Rosemary. "Facing down the same set of teachers that we had. Do you remember Miss Evarts—"

Patti half-skipped a step or two ahead of them, deaf and disinterested. There aren't many years between the two girls, but a reunion with a friend of Rosemary's schooldays was—well, as remote to Patti as a reunion between a pair of Civil War veterans. At the Sweet Shop she was met by her friends and promptly joined them. Rosemary and Philip didn't miss her. They were deep in reminiscence. Philip, who had been away from town for so long, remembered more of their old friends than Rosemary did. But then, that was like him. Nothing had ever touched him lightly, even back in school.

What a puzzled young wife *asked her doctor...*

This pitiful young wife was puzzled. Her husband was growing so indifferent—almost as if he didn't care any more.

Fortunately, her Doctor explained to her how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

And wives should certainly know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE! *No other* type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as ZONITE.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

What a comfort it is for women to know about ZONITE. Wise women no longer use weak, homemade or dangerous products for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! The first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world that was SO POWERFUL yet positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous*. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as necessary* without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does...

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. All drugstores.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-57, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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R
M

shop-along

with ELLEN CHANIN

MAY is a merry month for excursions . . . shopping trips included. Check with Shop-along for smart tips for *your* shopping list.

Epicurean is down-to-earth . . .

Ask any epicure . . . the French, for instance, who make a career of good food. They will tell you that truly epicurean food is not a matter of sauces and spices alone. It is honest food, first of all, beautifully cooked. Their *pot-au-fau* (the vegetable soup that is always on the stove) is an example. And the Betty Crocker vegetable noodle soup is another. Both are beautiful dishes blended from fine ingredients. I'm recommending to you the Betty Crocker vegetable noodle soup ingredients.

Shining Example by the Gentlemen

The nicest men we know have an instinctive love for polished wood, pedigreed dogs, good tweeds and the gleaming glow of shoes they shine themselves! Real fanciers in the art of shining tell us that the "Shine Your Own" rite starts with the right polish. SHINOLA, for instance—with its multiple blend of oily waxes designed to polish—*and protect,* by preserving and adding to the natural oil of the leather. Insist on SHINOLA, in paste or liquid, all colors.

24-piece Stainless Steel Set by Mail!

Fine 24-piece set of shining, rustproof and tarnish-proof solid stainless steel knives (that will cut), forks, teaspoons and tablespoons—a complete service for 6. Smooth catalin handles in bright red or ivory. We found it for "Shop-along" readers . . . will send it postpaid as soon as we receive your order with $7.95. Leecraft, Dept. M5—405 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

(Adv.)

Talk of himself he dismissed in a few brief sentences. His family was still living in Chicago, where they had gone after they'd left Springdale. He had been with the Engineers during the war, was now consultant for an American firm in Capetown, South Africa. He had come home on vacation, and had this week driven his mother down to visit her sister, who still lived in Springdale.

"You've been here a week!" Rosemary exclaimed. "I wish you had come to see us." As she spoke, she realized that there was no real reason why he should have. They hadn't been close friends at school; when she had seen him outside, it had always been with the crowd.

He looked down, intent upon stirring his coffee. "I wanted to," he said, "a lot. But—well, it seemed so long ago—"

She misunderstood. "But we're in the telephone book," she protested. "We're out on the Newtown Road, now—it's a cute little house. We aren't hard to find."

He smiled, an odd, half-rueful smile. "I suppose. I wasn't thinking of that. It was more that I was afraid to—"

"Afraid!" Bewildered, she searched his face. "Whatever do you mean?"

Again the half-smile. It spread to a twinkle that was not all amusement. He changed the subject. "You know," he said, "I had a terrific crush on you, all through school."

She was startled. Then she laughed. "No, I didn't know," she said. "Why, I don't believe we ever exchanged two words that weren't about school or some school activity."

"Maybe," said Philip. "But I remember those words—every one, I think. I remember once back in the grades I carried your lunch box home for you. You wouldn't let me carry your books, too. Said it wasn't fair for a boy to take the whole load, even if it was polite. And once I wore a coat and a tie on a picnic when all the other fellows were in shirtsleeves and old clothes. And you came up to me and said, 'Oh, Philip, don't you look nice!' You weren't just trying to make me feel better, either. I walked on air for weeks after that. My mother knew how I felt about you. When I'd come home looking glum, she'd say, 'Well, I see Rosemary wasn't at school today.' "

Rosemary was touched, and a little, unaccountably, afraid. Philip was speaking of his schoolday love with amusement—but it was a very gentle amusement, as if it had been something very precious to him . . . as if it might still be as precious, now he was grown.

"*I* never knew about it," she said.

"I know it," said Philip. "I could sit and look at your profile all through class, and you'd never know I was in the room. But I thought the world was coming to an end when we moved away from Springdale. The only way I knew to keep it going was to get through school and get a job and get rich and come back and marry you." He lifted his coffee cup in a toast, smiled at her over it. "You see, you were a good influence. I finished school in record time and won a scholarship, all because of you."

She could laugh again, now that he was laughing, too. "I notice you *didn't* come back to marry me."

His laughter faded. "No," he agreed. "By that time I was beginning to look back upon it as a kid's dream, and real life was catching up with me. There was college, and the war . . . But I didn't forget you. You became a standard, an ideal—and no other girl I ever met measured up to it. That's why I was half-afraid to look you up when I came back here this week. I should have known better, but after all, it had been ten years, and people change—and I didn't want to be disillusioned."

"Are you?" She wanted to snatch back the words. They were coy; worse, they were an invitation to the very thing she was afraid of.

He said, "No." The single syllable was more eloquent than a thousand avowals. Immediately he became business-like, as if a decision had been made and he must act upon it right away. "I'm driving back to Chicago tomorrow night," he said. "Monday I leave for New York, and then I go directly to Capetown for another year. I'd like to see you—"

He was building plans—around her. That's what it was, no matter how casually friendly he sounded. She had to stop him, and the only way to do it was to tell him about Bill. Philip deserved the truth.

"But I am married," she said. "I mean, I was married to Bill Roberts. He came here after the war to stay with Dr. Jim—you remember Dr. Cotter. I didn't know—*Bill* didn't know—that he was already married to Audrey Roberts, and that they had a daughter, Jessica. You see, he'd been wounded, and he was—still is—suffering from amnesia."

With what he said then, Philip reserved for himself forever a place in her heart. "Oh, the poor guy," he said softly. And then, a moment later, "He

What's closest to a woman's heart?

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knows now? He's been able to . . ."

Rosemary nodded. Her throat felt tight, her tongue stiff and thick. "He knows now. But the other part—the time between, with me—has blanked out. He doesn't remember that we were ever married. He—loves me. He trusts me. He's asked me to look after Jessica. His wife isn't—isn't—"

Her voice failed her, but there was no need to try to say more. Philip's eyes had never left her face; she sensed that he knew everything it was important to know—her helping Bill in his fight for his daughter, Audrey's shallow, irresponsible, conniving soul. And he looked stricken—not for himself, for the blow to his own hopes, but for Rosemary.

"I'm sorry," he said finally, "for what happened—and for bringing it up. I crowded you—"

"It's all right," she interrupted. "I didn't mind telling you. I'm glad I saw you tonight, Philip."

"Then I'm glad, too." His eyes held hers, and again she felt that she had said too much. But it had been the flat truth, nothing more. She was relieved that he pushed back his coffee cup, became casual and practical. "How about rounding up Patti?" You'll let me drive you home, won't you?"

"I'd have asked you to if you hadn't offered," Rosemary smiled. "Mother will be so pleased to see you, and she simply won't believe that you've turned up again after all these years."

And when Rosemary and Patti walked into the house with Philip, I was pleased to see him—at first. It was always interesting to see the man a little boy has become, and there was nothing about Philip to stir disappointment. The freckles and the shyness were gone; otherwise he was very much as one would have expected him to be. And anyone who had known him as a youngster would have expected a great deal.

Jim was still there when Philip and the girls came in. We hadn't had a gay evening. We get along well always; usually an evening together is relaxing and stimulating. But tonight the trouble that weighed both our houses had brought our spirits low, and somehow we had been unable to find the right words to cheer each other. Philip's coming did it for us. The three of them entered the living room together, Philip towering behind the girls. Jim had started to rise; seeing Philip, he stopped half way between chair and standing position, and stared. I stared, too. We both have good memories for faces; we knew that we'd seen the man before. But where—where? . . .

Patti burst out laughing. "Oh, Rosemary, look at them!" she cried. "They look just the way you did when you saw him!"

"Why," I said, "I believe it's little Philip Vane!" And then everyone laughed. Little Philip's six-feet-plus dwarfed the rest of us.

He came forward, holding out his hand. "Golly, it's good to see you again, Mrs. Dawson! You look just the way I've remembered you. And you, Dr. Jim—Mother and Dad talk about you so often—"

I don't know when it was that I guessed that he might be in love with Rosemary. Little things told me—the almost anxious care with which he helped her remove her coat, the glances he kept darting at her as if to reassure himself that she was really there, in the same room with him, the way he listened to her most casual word, so attentively that everyone else must stop talking and listen, too. And Rosemary—well, she looked not exactly different, but as if she had been shaken out of herself a little, as if the horizon had suddenly receded to reveal lands she hadn't known were there.

Jim saw it, too. I saw his eyes traveling inquiringly from Rosemary to Philip, saw the thoughtful, speculative expression upon his face. Later, when Patti went upstairs and Rosemary accompanied Philip to the door, Jim and I were left alone. For a moment we were silent, each of us occupied with the same set of thoughts.

Then Jim said hesitantly, "It was good seeing Philip again, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, thinking of the new-horizons look on Rosemary's face, "it was."

Another silence. "Too bad he's leaving Monday," said Jim.

I looked at him sharply. "Jim Cotter, you're not by any chance plotting?"

"I am not," he said quietly. "But I can wish for good things to happen. You know that I love Bill Roberts as if he were my own son. But I can't help facing facts. And the fact is that Rosemary may go all of her life, hoping without hope, because of Bill. These single-hearted women, Susy, they're magnificent, but . . . " He shook his head in mixed pity and distress and wonder.

I smiled at him. I was one of those he shook his head over. It's no secret that Jim has been wanting me to marry him for years—has held out to me the very things that Philip might offer Rosemary. And yet, dear as Jim is to me, I've been unable to bring myself to accept him; I have too little to offer in return.

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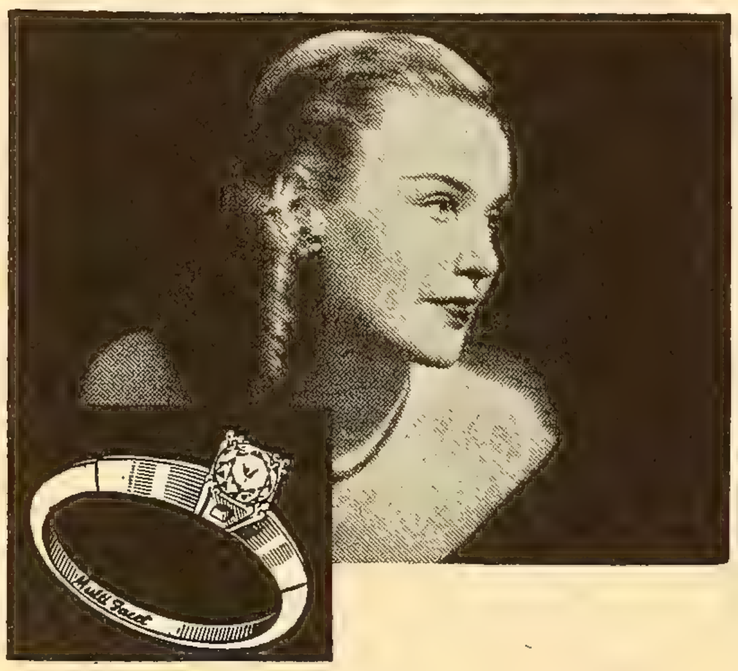

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"I've no regrets on my account," I said softly. "But Rosemary . . . After all, I have my children, Jim. Rosemary has—nothing. It's true that she's had Jessica, and she may have her again. But even that can prove heartbreak in itself. She loves Jessica so much. If she should become even more attached to the child, and then lose her for good—"

I stopped as the hall door swung open slowly, in ghostly silence, as if moved by an unseen hand. In a sense, it was. Philip must have opened the outer door, and the inner one had been set in motion by the draft. Rosemary's voice and Philip's came to us, low but clear.

"But it isn't fair," she was saying, "when you've just one more day in Springdale—"

"But that's exactly why I want to spend it with you," said Philip. "You'd make me very happy, Rosemary. It would be a favor—"

He must have shut the outside door to continue the discussion, because the hall door swung to again. Their voices were cut off.

JIM said something—I don't know what. It was then that I began to be uneasy about Philip's return to Springdale. I was thinking of the fragment of conversation we'd overheard, of how gentle his tones had been. Too gentle. Too careful. It was as if he were addressing a sick person.

That night, when I was getting ready for bed, Rosemary came to my room and told me all that had taken place earlier in the evening. It was strange to hear her talk about a man other than Bill. Bill was her whole life; it hurt to see the change in her now that her interest had been superficially, momentarily deflected. As she told me about the meeting outside the theater, and Patti's indignation when she thought they were being picked up; she seemed almost like a little girl again, coming in from play with some long tale about one of her little friends. Her voice was quick with interest, her face animated, carefree—until she came to the part in which she had explained to Philip about herself and Bill.

"He's asked me to spend the day with him tomorrow," she finished. "He wants to drive to the country and have dinner at the Eaves—you know the place, Mother—"

I knew the place, and I made a mental note that Philip knew how to choose a setting. Tomorrow, if sunlight followed tonight's rain, the old inn would be a bower of apple blossoms; there was a park and a little stream, a covered bridge, a waterfall.

"Are you going?" I asked.

"I said I would. I had a good time tonight. Seeing Philip again, and talking about school, and all the people we used to know was like—like a vacation from myself. The only reason I didn't want to go is that I think Philip likes me—I mean, more than I could ever like him. But he understands about Bill. He knows that there couldn't ever be anyone but Bill."

I wondered. Philip was sensitive and understanding, but he was in love. And when one is in love, it is all too easy to see things as you want to see them. I didn't sleep well that night. I was disturbed, and the worst part of it was that I couldn't put my finger on what was bothering me. I lay staring at the shadows on the ceiling, seeing instead the protectiveness of the gesture when Philip held a chair for Rosemary, seeing the way he sat watching her, the tenderness that came into his eyes when

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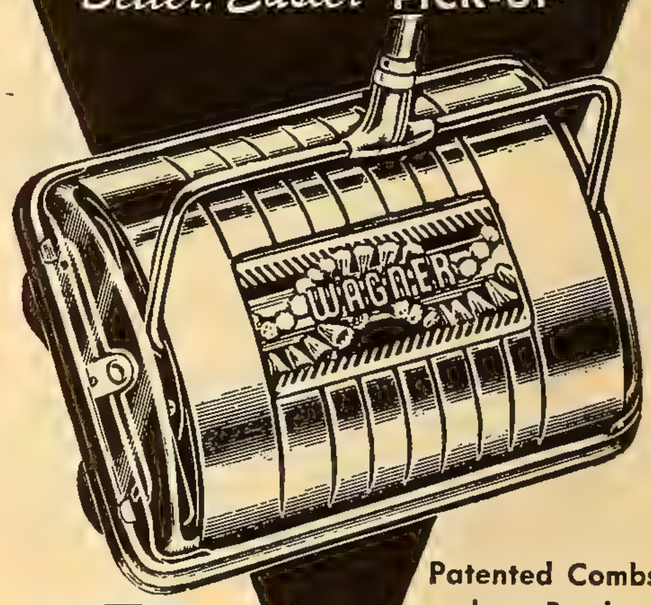

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she wasn't looking. I told myself that I was foolish, that I was making much of little. Philip was going away Monday, to the other side of the world. He would be gone for a year. A lot could happen in a year. . . .

Still, I went to sleep wishing that Philip were leaving in the morning instead of the day after, wishing that tomorrow would be cold and stormy, no day for a drive in the country.

But the morning was beautiful. It was all the spring that had ever been. Sunlight danced in iridescent splendor upon a world refreshed; bird songs lilted in the Sunday quiet; there was just breeze enough to carry the fragrance of shrubs and gardens through the screened windows. Philip called for Rosemary a little after eleven. Looking lovely in a spring suit that tinged her skin with some of its own soft pink, she went down the walk with him, looking up at him and laughing at something he was saying.

They were a picture of youth as it should be—at its bright and shining best, setting out to enjoy the perfection of a May day. My heart lifted as I watched them. They were simply a young couple having a good time, and the fears of the night seemed groundless.

Then Patti, who also had been frankly watching from the front windows, said dreamily, "Mother, do you suppose Philip could be in love with Rosemary?"

I started. I don't make a practice of giving my children evasive answers, but this time I couldn't help it. "Good heavens, Patti! What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "It's just—the way he looks at her, I guess. I think it would be just too romantic if he were. I mean, childhood sweethearts—"

I had to laugh at her, although I didn't think it would be at all romantic. It would only be complicated, and hurtful to everyone involved. "Hardly sweethearts, Patti," I said. "There were a dozen boys Rosemary knew better than she knew Philip. You're imagining things."

And then I tried to tell myself that it was I who was imagining things. The premonitions, the vague worries of the night before returned, and I couldn't shake myself free of them. I tried knitting, but it had no soothing effect. I dropped stitches, tangled the yarn. When Jim came in I was distractedly unraveling an irregular row.

"Something wrong, Susy?" he asked. "Can I help?"

"No," I said. "Yes—oh, I don't know, Jim. I'm worried about Rosemary and Philip."

"Rosemary and Philip!" he repeated. "But why—"

"I'm afraid he cares about her—really cares. And—oh, I just don't want Rosemary *bothered*. She has trouble enough, complications enough as it is."

"But he's going away—"

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If he were here, if he saw her often, he'd realize soon enough that it's no use. But he'll be on the other side of the world, thinking about her, dreaming about her . . . It isn't fair to him, either."

He said nothing. But he looked grave, and there was something a little like reproof in his eyes. He asked finally, "Have you stopped to think what it would be like if Rosemary should come to care for Philip?"

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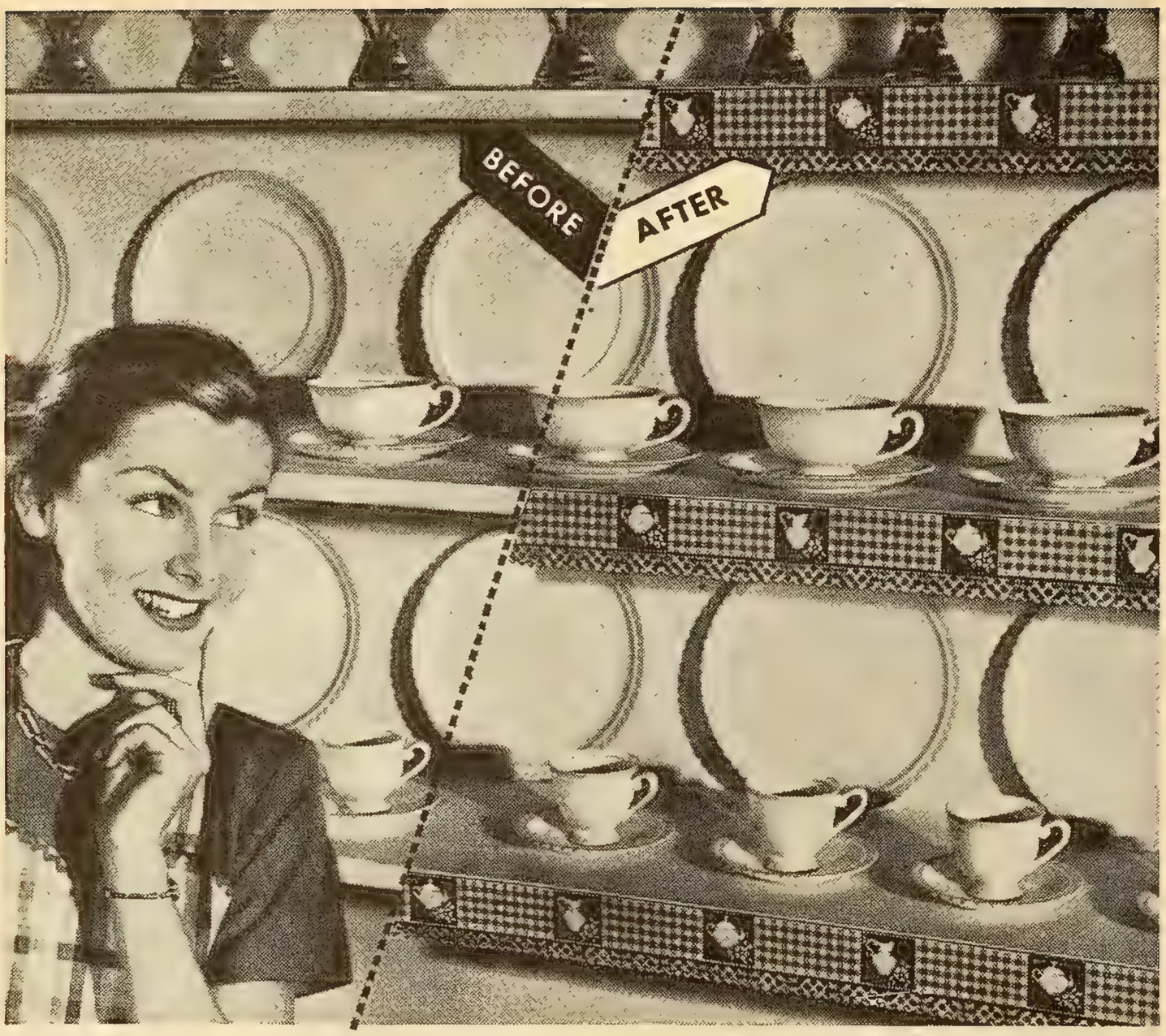

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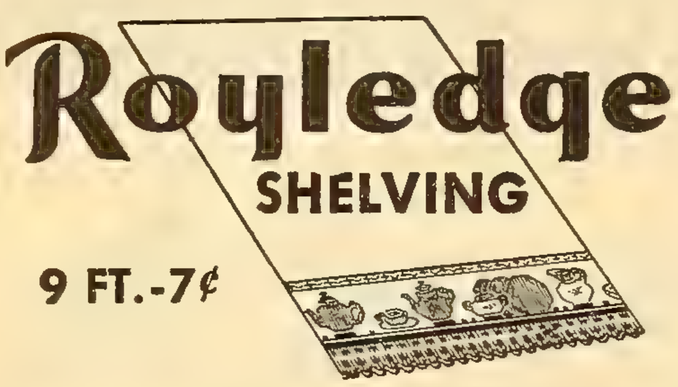

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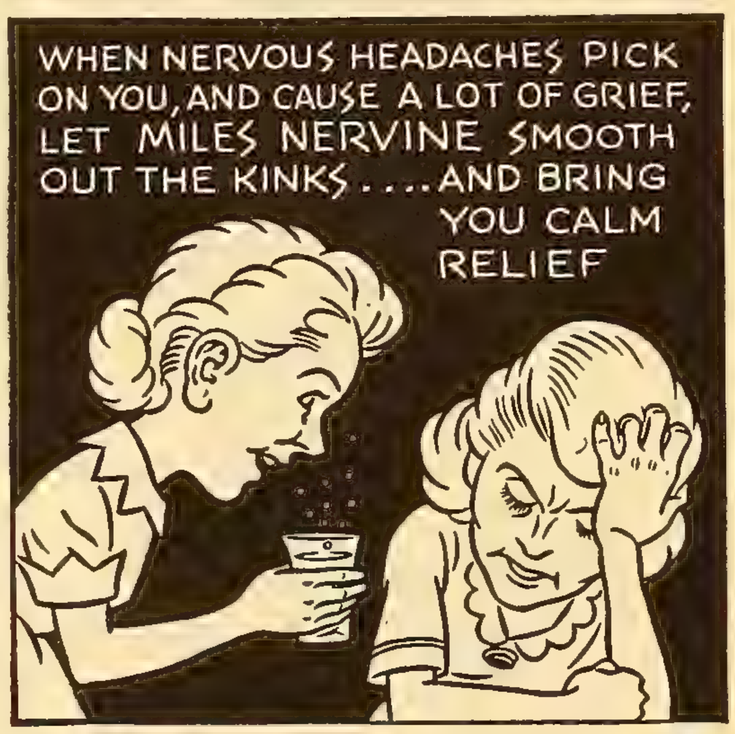

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whose life was his own, a man without a past, a man who could assure her, as well as any woman could be assured, of peace and happiness her whole life through? I smiled wryly. "I've thought of it," I said. "And it's like thinking what it would be like if rain fell only at night so that the days would be always sunny."

Jim didn't reply, but he sat looking at me with the grave, almost reproving expression in his eyes, and I knew that he was again mentally shaking his head over womankind. I bent defensively over my knitting, seeing not the colored yarn, but the orchard at the Eaves, seeing Rosemary and Philip strolling under the apple blossoms, down the path that led under the covered bridge, past the waterfall. *Philip understands about Bill, Mother* . . . But would he? Would he understand that she would continue to love Bill, when she was so plainly unhappy because of him, or would he think that time would heal the wound, and time would change her?

WHEN Rosemary and Philip came home, I was in the kitchen, preparing Sunday supper. Jim was cutting sandwiches, helping me, and Patti was in the dining room, setting the table. I heard her call out, heard Rosemary's voice and Philip's. A moment later Rosemary came out to the kitchen. My bright greeting died on my lips. There was no use asking her if she'd had a good time; one look at her harassed, almost desperate face told me she hadn't.

"Philip can't stay for supper," she said abruptly. "He's got to start for Chicago right away. And—oh, Mother, he asked me to marry him! He wants to write to me while he's gone, and come here on his vacation next year. He—he thinks I'll get over Bill. How can I convince him, Mother? I don't want to have to write to him. I don't want him thinking about me, hoping—when there's just no use."

I flashed a glance at Jim. "You see?" I said. "There are some things a man just won't understand. I know that Rosemary's right, because I know her, and I've lived through the same thing myself. But—"

"Then why don't *you* convince him, Susy?" Jim asked.

"I?" Then I knew what he meant. "But, Jim—"

Patti's bright head appeared round the door. "Mother, Rosemary—Philip has to go. He wants to say goodbye—"

"Tell him," said Jim. Dumbly, I followed Rosemary into the living room. I was confused and uncertain, and there was no time to decide what to do.

Philip took my hand, smiled boyishly down at me. "I couldn't leave without saying goodbye," he said. "It's been wonderful, seeing you again. And—there's something else. The next time I come here, I'd like to take Rosemary with me when I go. And—well, I'd like to know that you approve."

That decided me. He stumbled a little over the last words, and suddenly he was the very young Philip again, the quiet, shy little boy who had always known what he wanted. I was going to hurt him, but it was better far to hurt him now and hurt him less.

"But I'm afraid I don't approve." At his expression I hastened to add, "It's not you, Philip. I couldn't want a finer man for Rosemary—if she weren't already married. But she is. A court of law wouldn't say so, but she's Bill's wife—and always will be. I know. If you'll listen a bit, I'll try to explain—"

I sat down, because I was trembling

suddenly and my legs threatened not to support me. Philip, too, sat down, without taking his eyes from my face.

"You never knew my husband," I said. "He was—is—the most wonderful man in the world. We were wonderfully happy together. We had our girls, and each other, and there was nothing else that we wanted. That was what hurt when things went smash—we'd never been ambitious; all we'd ever wanted was to be together with our family, and then we were denied even that. What happened with this: Lewis—my husband—worked in a bank, and one day a sum of money was missing. He knew the man who was responsible—a man we'll call Jones. Lewis had always said that in a country like ours there aren't many people who are truly unfortunate in every way all their life long through no fault of their own, but that there are a few, and Jones was one of them. At the time he took the money his wife was very ill, and Lewis knew that if he stood trial it might very well mean his wife's death. So—Lewis stood trial for him, and was sent to prison for several years. When he was released, he disappeared. I believe it was amnesia—the same thing that happened to Bill."

In the utter silence of the room the last sentence echoed. Philip waited, his head bent attentively. "Do you mean—you never heard from him again?"

I SHOOK my head. "Not I—nor anyone else, that I know of. But I know this—that if he went willingly, deliberately, it was because he thought he saw a way to accomplish something for the children and me. I know that if our time runs long enough, he'll come back some day. That's what marriage is—being *one* with another person, so that nothing—not time nor space nor other people—can separate you. That's why I haven't remarried."

I didn't glance at Jim, standing in the shadows near the dining room, but I don't think Philip was fooled. "It wouldn't be fair to the man," I went on, "because I'd never be his wife, really, but Lewis'. And that's the way Rosemary loves Bill. Now do you see—"

The room had darkened. I was glad I couldn't see Philip's face. The pain in his voice was enough. He said doggedly, "But you have your children—"

"If I didn't have them," I said, "I'd still feel the same. I'd still have Lewis. Love is its own reward, Philip. Once yours, it's a sweetening and a support all the rest of your life. Not a day passes but that I remember a happiness so real that I can be happy again, just thinking of it. Not a day passes but that my husband, the way he thought and the things he believed in, doesn't help me some way."

That was all. There was no need to say any more. I heard the truth in my own voice, felt it light my face as I spoke. After a moment Rosemary sat down upon the arm of my chair. She smiled down at me, and in her face was reflected the peace and the sureness I knew to be in my own.

Philip looked at us. At length he nodded.

"I'm sorry, Philip," I said.

"Don't be. Maybe Rosemary told you—I was in love with her all through school, thought about her all the years after. And it isn't every man who can come back after so long, and find out that the reality is even better than the dream. And there's something else—" He hesitated. "In that way you were speaking of—about love its own reward and a sweetening for all your life . . . In that way, I still have Rosemary."

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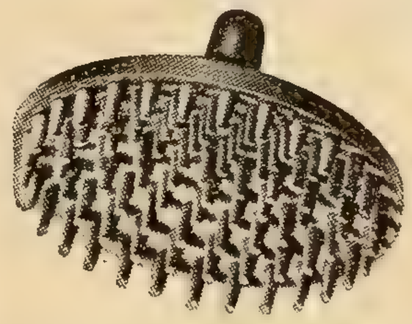

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Dinah is Delightful

(*Continued from page* 39)

But these are only a few of her triumphs. To Dinah—as in the songs she sings—the most important one comes under the heading of love. And love came to her directly as the result of her war work.

Four years ago she was spending every spare moment at the Hollywood Canteen, singing for the soldiers. One night while she was singing "Blues in the Night" over the Canteen microphone, she caught sight of a handsome young man wearing civilian pants and a voluminous apron. He was threading his way through the crowd of soldiers and sailors carrying trays of sandwiches. She tried to keep her mind on her song, but it wandered back constantly to the man with the tray.

And she couldn't resist asking about him the minute she was off the platform. "Who," she demanded of a friend, "is that handsome young man?"

Then she gulped, and laughed. For the handsome young man, armed with his tray, was standing right beside her!

He laughed too. "My handsome young name is George Montgomery," said he. They shook hands over the tray.

THE rest is war-fevered history. For three months he was on her telephone every time it rang; for three months she hardly saw anyone else. In the middle of the three months, he was inducted into the Army. But that didn't stop him. He got an Army furlough, and he used it to pick up Dinah backstage after a broadcast of Command Performance, and then drive her to Las Vegas, Nevada. On December 5, 1943, she became Mrs. George Montgomery. And watching the big soldier and the little singer get married were Cobina Wright Jr., radio actress Shirley Mitchell, orchestra leader Paul Weston, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Crown.

A couple of days later George left for Alaska . . . but even that trip didn't keep them entirely apart. When he reached his Alaskan base he walked into the PX to the sound of Dinah's voice. The radio was playing her recording of "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To." It wasn't much of a coincidence, either. She had recorded it right after he'd left California. The result? It's their favorite tune and always will be.

Dinah was born thirty years ago, on March 1, 1917. Her name was Frances Rose Shore, and her first glimpse of the world was through the windows of a red brick house in Winchester, Tennessee. When she was six years old her father retired from his ownership of a chain of department stores and moved his family to Nashville. Here she grudgingly took singing, drama, and piano lessons. She was less grudging about them during her years at Hume Fogg High School, where she acted in several school plays. But it wasn't until she was going to Vanderbilt University that she began singing professionally. She had a fifteen-minute singing stint on Nashville's station WSM, and she opened her show with "Dinah." This led her classmates to nickname her Dinah, and the name stuck.

Right after she graduated from college she detached her money from her small bank account and headed for New York City and fame. But it took some time in coming. She finally had a no-pay job singing at WNEW with a young male singer from New Jersey named

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Frank Sinatra. It was during that bleak period that she wired home for help—and then refused to touch most of the money her father sent. "It'll be my good luck," said superstitious Dinah. And she raided it only for food.

The luck worked. In rapid steps she caught the ear of Leo Reisman, Xavier Cugat, and NBC. She spent a year starring on the famous program Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. There followed Hit Parade, Eddie Cantor's show—and now her own program.

One of the secrets of Dinah's success is her ability to pick a hit song out of any newly-inked batch of music to reach her eye. Once two NBC page boys approached her in a corridor, handed her a song they'd written. It was "Mad About Him Blues" and it made best-seller history. But her biggest sensation was "Blues in the Night," which she chose over the dead bodies of every advice-giver within three miles of Shore. How many times has she sung it since? Three thousand different times!

IT was only natural that she'd wind up before the cameras. This she did in Thank Your Lucky Stars, Up in Arms, Belle of the Yukon, Follow the Boys, and Till the Clouds Roll By. Movies made her move to Hollywood; radio and recordings kept her there; and now Hollywood is her permanent home. She and George own a half-built house, six-and-a-half acres of ranch surrounding it, and a lot of happy habits.

One of her happiest is the Shore method of relaxing. This consists in spending one hour every day in the bathtub. But not alone. She's always hemmed in by books, newspapers, and a manicure set. She emerges from the session ready for anything — which usually means ready for sawing wood, side by side with George, in their endless job of refurbishing their new house.

The word "house" is the key word to their lives these days. Once both of them were as much at home in any night club as the glassware. But those days are gone forever. Now they see their friends over their own dinner table—which is a real treat for Montgomery friends, because Dinah is one of the most remarkable cooks in the country. She has a famous collection of recipes, tries them all—and serves many of her fancy concoctions on the antique chinaware she collects from all over America.

She dresses for each chapter of her life, too. For the wood-sawing chores, she wears slacks—her favorite pair being red and green plaid. For entertaining at home she wears any of her dozens of peasant skirts and blouses. In the afternoon in town you'll always find her in black with white accents—and for formal parties and premieres, she wears gracious evening gowns in beige, blue, or gray. Lately she's been seen a lot in the same one, and it's different from her others. It's a candy-stripe taffeta, with a flat bow at the waist and back. In her hair she wears a matching bow. "It's George's favorite," she explains. "He says it gives me such a wide-eyed look!"

If you want proof that she and George lead the Life Quiet, here it is: They rise at six in the morning, and fall at ten-thirty each night. And if you want further proof—for instance, where were *you* at 9:30 last New Year's Eve? Dinah and George were insuring a happy new year—they were sound asleep in bed!

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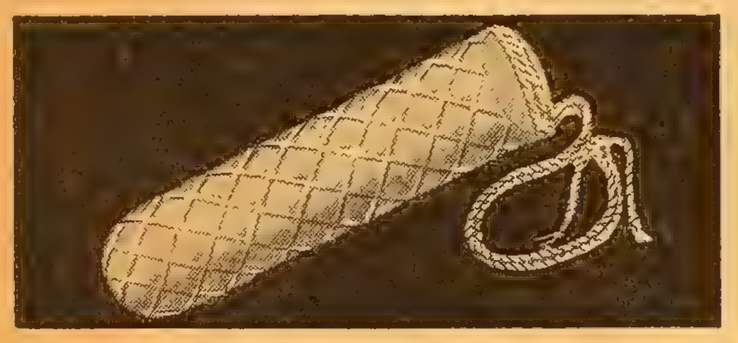

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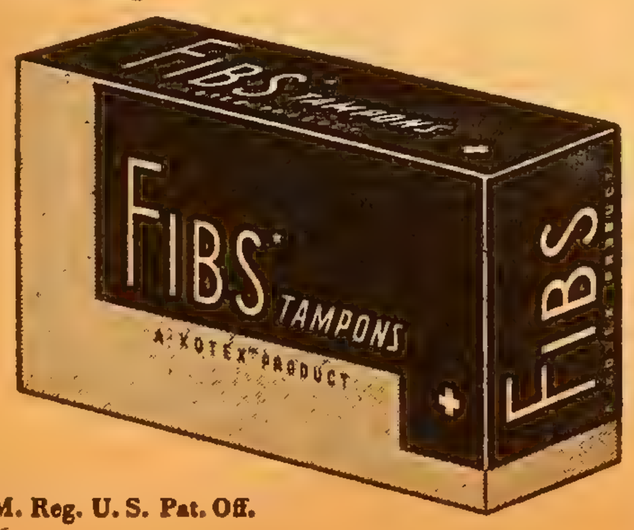

R
M

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 45)

clothing. Ronnie, too, was unhappy. The boys at school laughed at his English accent and formal English clothes. It took months of hard knocks and fighting before he erased the impression he made with tailored shorts and Eton collar.

I soon found that if we were to manage at all it would be necessary for me to go to work, too. When I heard of a position that was open in an organization for China Relief, I applied for it. The fact that I understood Chinese and had been the daughter of a missionary helped me to advance to a fairly important post.

And then I began to read the reports that came in of the devastation of China, the vast hordes of homeless and starving people. I talked with educated Chinese, and for the first time in my life I saw them as people, just like myself. People who loved China, just as I did, but who also loved the Chinese peasant, who had always seemed to me of no more importance than the dogs in the streets, except that there were too many of them.

I learned of the plans under way to spread education throughout the length and breadth of China, new ways of farming and manufacturing that were being taught even then while Japanese bombs were still destroying homes and children. I began to realize that I could do something to help, that my efforts could make many people a little happier.

The war is over now. Ronnie has long since forgiven the boys in school their laughter. He wears rolled up dungarees on his long legs, and his checked shirt hangs outside of them in the approved fashion. Diana will stay behind to marry an American boy when Frank and I go back to China in a few months. And I shall leave behind many American friends, friends I have made in the past five years, after I had forgotten to criticize their strange ways and learned to look into their generous hearts.

We are going back to China very soon now. Not to the China we knew before the war. Frank has resigned his position. We're going to re-build the mission that, with my father's life and work, was destroyed by a Japanese bomb. We're going to get started on the staggering load of work that awaits us there.

But do you know, Papa David, I can hardly wait. My life, that was so barren and meaningless, is beginning to be so beautiful.

Mrs. F. E. T.

Compassion

Dear Papa David:

When I was in the fifth grade at school, I joined the "Fair Play Club" conducted by one of our local newspapers. In order to become a member, I had to write a letter to the club editor and so I wrote, telling how my mother and I fed the birds all winter long. When this letter was published it was read by a miner's child about one hundred and fifty miles away, who then wrote to me telling of the plight of her family.

Brothers and sisters were unable to go to school because they had no shoes and insufficient clothing; there was a new baby with nothing but a few old

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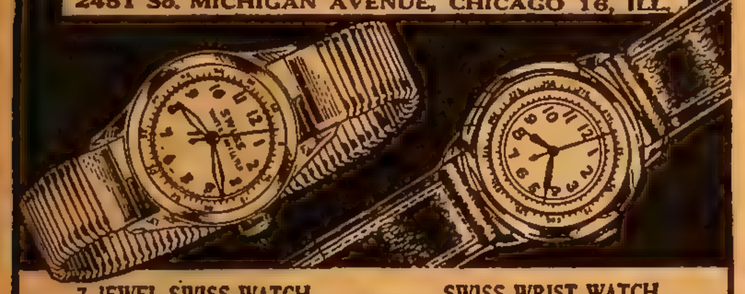

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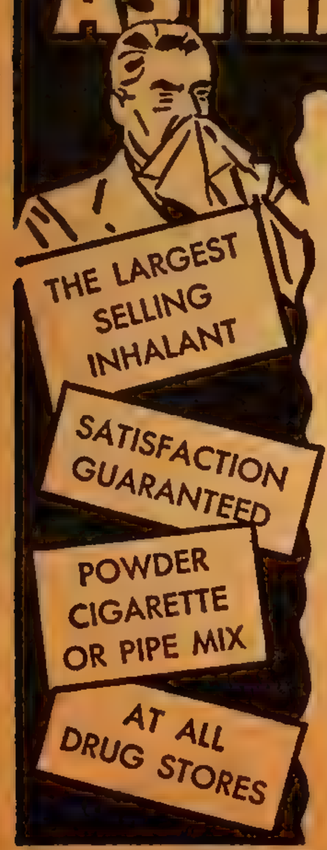

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pieces of clothing to wrap him in; the family had little or no food. Her father had been unable to work for a year and her mother was ill and disheartened. Because we had taken compassion on the birds, she wondered if we could help her loved ones.

I took this letter and a copy of the one I had written to the paper and asked my teacher for permission to read them to the class. When I was through the whole room sat silent. Then the teacher suggested that we all bring contributions of clothing, shoes, food, and, if possible, money from home.

What a happy exciting time for our fifth grade as they brought in canned food, shoes, articles of clothing and coins! What excitement pervaded the room, the day we packed all this in huge boxes which we all decorated and autographed! We could just imagine the happy faces when the boxes were opened.

This was the beginning of correspondence friendships for some of my classmates as well as their parents who had joined in with enthusiasm in our good deed. Some of these friendships lasted for years. Don't you think my teacher and our parents were teaching us that "Life Can Be Beautiful?"

Mrs. C. H.

Renewal of Hope

Dear Papa David:

Like many other girls in the past few years, I fell in love with a soldier. I had to watch, and try to smile, as the man I loved with all my heart boarded a train and went away from me. I was one of the girls whose sweethearts did not come back.

The news of his death came very shortly before Christmas two years ago, and it made my life seem as empty and purposeless as a dead flower thrown into a waste basket.

I lost interest in everything—my job, my friends; even my parents were strangers after I shrank into the hard shell I built about myself to avoid their sympathy and kindness. I could only remember the past, since I could see no happiness possible for me in the future.

AFTER several months, I was waiting for a bus one afternoon when a tall young man approached to wait also. He grinned and I turned away with a frown, as always. Undaunted, he took my arm to help me get on the bus, and sat down beside me. My purse fell to the floor and things were scattered all over the place, including a picture of Tom in his uniform. The man looked intently at it a moment and returned it to me along with my other belongings.

"Nice-looking boy," he said. "Has he been able to get home lately?"

"No, he's dead." My voice was cold and harsh and very final.

He told me how sorry he was and then went into a brief but poignant story of his own year and a half in service. When he told me that he had lost both legs, I looked at him in disbelief.

"It's true," he said. "These are both wooden! I can master them great now, but it took lots of time and suffering to learn."

I couldn't help but admire him for his courage, and the obvious refusal to give up which was so plain in his infectious grin. I began to feel little stirrings of shame in my heart, for my own self-pity that had been my only

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emotion for so long. We began to chat and I found myself interested, sympathetic about the fact that his girl had married some one else just before he came home.

When we reached the square and got off the bus, he invited me to have coffee with him and I accepted. Nowadays we go out together a great deal, and to him I owe everything in my world, the renewing of hope and interest in living. I have learned that there is always the future, if one's heart goes to meet it.

Miss M. J.

A Son To Be Proud Of

Dear Papa David:

My husband died when my baby was only a year old and for a while I thought that I wanted to die too. But soon I changed my mind, grateful to live for the sake of my little son. In fact I got so wrapped up in my boy Dave that it seemed as if nothing else mattered. I made up my mind that he should have the best of everything in life even if I had to work my fingers to the bone. When he grew older I tried to keep to my resolution. I dressed him nice and in the summer I sent him to better camps than I could afford to and I gave him violin lessons and lessons in speaking. I wanted so much for him to be more than ordinary. He was a nice-looking boy and smart and it didn't somehow seem too much to ask when he was all I had.

I STARTED to nag at him all the time that he was satisfied to be ordinary and never won prizes in school or did anything I could boast about all the time the way other mothers did. It got so I couldn't have him around a minute without scolding and we weren't close and friendly the way we used to be. This was when he just started in at high school. He got a job in the grocery store delivering on Saturday afternoons and he took other odd jobs here and there because he wanted to save up money to buy a microscope he had wanted for a long time.

Almost all his money was saved up when the boy who was Dave's best friend got hit by a truck and hurt. I had to talk to Dave a lot he was so upset, and I thought Georgie was a nice friend so I was glad when Dave told me he was going to be all right. That same week when I asked Dave if he didn't have enough money for his microscope he said he had changed his mind, he didn't want a microscope any longer. Of course I was surprised, he had wanted it so bad, but I didn't understand until I met Georgie's mother on the street a few days later and with tears in her eyes, she told me that she didn't know how she could thank me, they would never have gotten by if it hadn't been for Dave. Well, I didn't understand until we talked and it came to me that Dave had given his microscope money to Georgie to help pay his doctors expenses. Georgie's mother couldn't get over it when I told her that I knew nothing about it. "You have a fine son, a son to be proud of," she said and asked me not to be angry at him.

Angry, I was never less angry in my life. "You have a fine son, a son to be proud of," she said and that was all I could think of because in that moment Papa David I realized that she was right. Here I had been nagging at him because he was ordinary and he had done a wonderful thing that few boys his age would be unselfish enough to be capable of. It was a beautiful moment in my life to realize that I did

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have a son I could be proud of. I told myself that I would never again nag at him and bother him about being ordinary but let him go along as he was because that was the way I wanted him.

Dave is going to college now to train to be a doctor and I am as proud of him today as I was then. Life is indeed beautiful for a mother with a son like mine.

Mrs. A. L.

"As Long As She Loved Me—"

Dear Papa David:

I am a totally disabled veteran. I was hurt during the fight of the Bulge when the tank I was riding in was hit by a shell from a German 88 mm. It threw me out of the tank paralyzing me from the hips on down. I was in the hospital for almost a year before I got discharged and sent home.

Then a girl I used to go with heard that I was home. I have known her since I was just a little boy. She came down to see me a week after I was home. I was a little surprised to see her at first because of the condition that I was in. A feeling came over me that after seeing me she wouldn't come to see me any more. But that didn't make any difference to her. She came every day.

Then a surprise came that I was not expecting. She asked me to marry her. I couldn't say anything for awhile. Then I told her that I didn't think that it would be right for me to be a burden on her when she could get somebody else that would make a living for her and make her happy. She told me that it didn't make any difference what condition I was in. That as long as she loved me nothing else matters.

Right then Papa David I found out that Life Can Be Beautiful no matter how much of a burden you think you are, as long as you have somebody to love you and believe in you and trust in God.

O. W.

The Old Well

Dear Papa David:

In the summer of 1936 my father moved us down into the Louisiana cotton fields. The soil was very rich, the cotton was vast in area, but the country was low and in the creek bottoms it was very sickly and full of malaria.

Though the place had once been a prosperous town, all at once everybody was leaving. The stores and businesses were closing up. It wasn't the malaria, because the workers were used to it. Several weeks before we came down to the old farm lot the town's big bank was robbed of four hundred thousand dollars. There was a lot of oil money besides the cotton money in that bank. The rest was the people's savings.

The gangsters didn't get very far, but when they were captured they didn't have the money on them and they wouldn't tell where they hid it. So, as rumored, the money was somewhere around the field bottoms. Those who stayed were looking instead of working. They were digging up everything. My father decided to stay and work up enough money for a small farm higher up from the bottoms. It was awfully hard work. The heat and malaria got both my mother and sisters. Then my uncle came down to help my Dad and me. On the night my mother was so low, it rained hard. I went to the field in back of the house

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R
M

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to cut up some fire wood near an empty water well. While I was cutting the wood with hard strokes, the head of the axe flew off and dropped into the old well. I had to have that fire wood cut to keep the girls from being chilled to death.

After getting both dad and uncle to get the axe head, we lowered my dad into the well by rope. It wasn't very deep, but he also found something else down there. Four hundred thousand rain-soaked dollars, the stolen money from the bank. There were moments of temptation, but my father thought of those others who had worked so hard and buried half of their families while trying to keep up their flood-beaten, malaria-stricken farms. So we gathered the money in the flour sacks and turned it over to the authorities.

THOUGH the reward was small, we succeeded in getting our little farm. We got my Ma and sisters nursed back to health again and made enough to come to the big city for a good education. It was truly wonderful to hear the creek folks sing so religiously happy and once again the town showed signs of life and proved to the poor that Life Can Be Beautiful.

J. S.

A New Start

Dear Papa David:

If you have ever had jealousy and distrust in your heart I am sure you will agree with me that under these circumstances life cannot be beautiful. It was difficult for me to admit the truth and I tried to make myself believe I was justified in being jealous. I learned the hard way, but I'm so glad I finally did face the fact.

When I met my husband I loved him at once. He was tall, lean and blond with green eyes and a "take it easy" air about him that made people just automatically relax in his presence. My family loved him immediately and after a very short courtship we were married. We were very happy at first —but gradually my love for him changed into an overwhelming possessiveness and jealousy. I watched him with an eagle eye and nagged him because of his easy manner with the girls. Of course, he was that way with everyone, but it infuriated me and our life became a constant routine of arguments, and the resultant hurt feelings. I saw Edwin change into a shadowy haunted man and still my jealousy ruled and I couldn't stop it.

Then came the day when the police brought me the story of my husband's probable arrest on a disorderly conduct charge. In a fraction of a second my heart turned to an ice lump and I saw all my high ideals and hopes and plans, lying in ashes at my feet. Of course, I pitied myself and blamed Edwin, and mistrusted him even more. Life was unbearable for him and when he left for the army we didn't cry. We both felt everything was ended anyway. Just a few weeks after going into service he called me long distance from half across the continent and told me he wanted to see me. I heard his voice which was choked with all the pent up love I had made impossible for him to give me by my constant nagging.

We both hoped this would be a new start and I went to the army camp and lived nearby. My possessiveness became the domineering factor in my life again and once again I saw Edwin become unhappy and haunted.

Then followed a quick startling suc-

cession of horrible events. Edwin had a nervous and mental collapse and when I saw him he was in a ward with bars at the windows and a guard at the door. The frequent visits to psychiatrists finally ended in a medical discharge as a neurotic case. We came home and started housekeeping but it soon ended in another arrest and probable hospitalization in a mental hospital.

It was about this time that I began to face the facts. I had seen my wonderful, handsome and devoted husband change into a haunted, vengeful, but broken man. His eyes were sunken in big black pits and he was always twitching nervously. He no longer had the dreamy look in his eyes but a look of discouragement was written all over him. I knew that I was to blame. In four years I had broken the man I loved more than anyone else in the whole world. When I faced this truth, I sank into a black fog of condemnation and misery. I then saw myself as I really was, as my husband had been seeing me. It wasn't a very nice picture and I was so ashamed.

In my harried mind I began to cry unto God as the Psalmist David had done, "Oh God—renew within me a right spirit"—and again I prayed, "Hide Thy face from my sins and blot out mine iniquity, and create in me a clean heart."

THEN a miracle happened and I began to trust Edwin again and a deeper, more understanding love began to rule me, and the condemnation began to fade. As I saw Edwin regain his former self and saw the happiness come back into our lives, I knew that it was I who had needed a psychiatrist—not my husband. It was I who had destroyed our happiness, but now with our new found faith in God we know that truly "Life can be beautiful." Our home life is happy again and my husband is more like what he used to be, and I am praying constantly for God to make me worthy of the wonderful things He has granted me.

Mrs. E. E. M.

Bright And Luminous

Dear Papa David:

Please excuse my wrong English. I'm a foreigner, a Parisian. In a summer evening of August '44, I was in France —very, very sick—I had two months before left Paris, when I could not stay any more. I was now settled in an out-of-world country place.

Since the 6th of June 1944, from my bed, I anxiously listened to the news, followed the progress of armies and raged not to be able to join up the troops of Maquis. While the battle came nearer to Paris, I thought of my beloved ones living there, mother, young brother, friends, all resolved to fight on. I also thought about "my" city's worthless treasures, symbols of a whole civilization. And beyond France my thoughts were going far away to a political-deported brother, and all the "Gross Reich" prisoners.

Two days before, from the London broadcast, we had learned the Parisian insurrection—but now Paris was missing ammunition—expectance was cruel. As our anxiety grew severer, the news burst forth, "Allied troops are in Paris, Paris is free, and Paris has not been injured!"

Adding to our happiness, we heard, too, that French soldiers were the first ones to enter Paris; a kind attention from American headquarters; we'll never forget it. On that evening I wept

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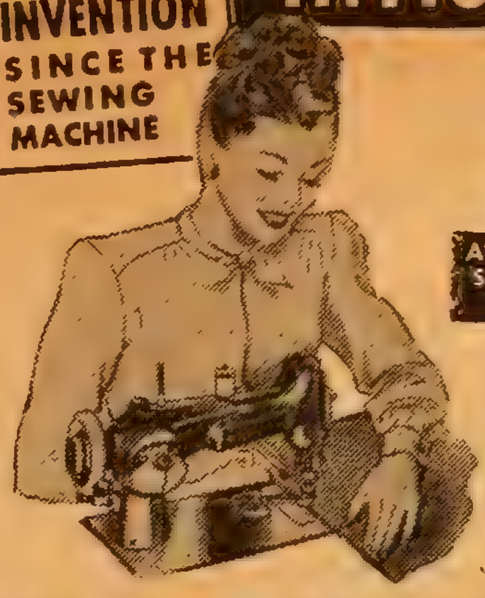

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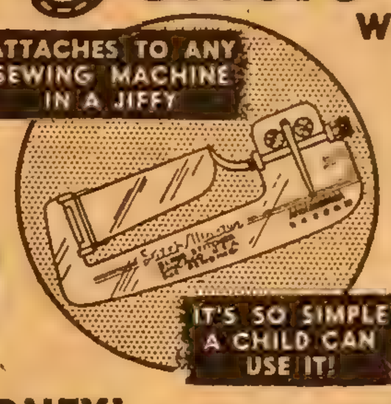

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neat at nine. Her hair combed and curled—every strand in place. On her way to work, she caught admiring glances and a few low whistles. But look . . .

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Now Millie pats a few drops of Nestle Hairlac on her finished hair-do and presto! she's all set for a whole day of blissful hair-smoothness. Follow Millie's example to keep your own hair neat and shining *all* day long. Get Nestle Hairlac at your drug or dept. store.

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GOLDEN GLINT will bring out the true color beauty of your hair without changing the shade by adding a "tiny tint" of *contrasting* color which overcomes dullness and yet doesn't show. It brings out the full, rich beauty of your natural shade just as a touch of bluing makes dingy linen snowy white.

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Golden Glint makes your hair silky, easier to comb—easier to keep in place and frees it of soap film. It has shown millions of women a quick, harmless way to new hair beauty. (Over 50 million rinses sold.) Get a 25c or 10c package today at drug or dime store.

R
M

GOLDEN GLINT

for happiness—and, in my diary I wrote: "Paris is free, now I may die."

I did not! Since that radiant day everything is metamorphosed. I have almost regained a lost vigor; brothers and friends are now gathered; and, Paris is again Paris.

Liberty is enlightening the world, and to me, the world seems bright and luminous.

I. G. R.

. . . Who Help Themselves

Dear Papa David:

I live in a small town; my father is very old-fashioned. He doesn't want me to wear playsuits, or slacks, or he won't even allow me to buy a bathing suit even if I had the money. He buys my clothes—I never get to see them until he brings them home. I have never been to town without him or my mother along. I have two older brothers which they seem to fence their life around. They are allowed to go to town every Saturday and stay until three or four o'clock. They have jobs and can buy anything they like.

One day I hit on an idea. Saving the small amount of money that my father gave me for my lunch at school, I sent away for some wire. When it came I built a small garden. Then I hoed and raked the ground. Then I planted seed. I worked hard; I built a small shed down by the road so that city people could buy fresh vegetables. I made a great deal of money and I am planning the same thing this spring.

E. P.

Tribute To A Teacher

Dear Papa David:

After all of the death and destruction that I saw in combat, I should have been happy and thankful to get home in one piece. Instead I was bitter, depressed, and resentful. I felt that the whole world was against me. I determined to rise above these people who were trying so hard to hold me down.

My army life, however, had taught me the necessity of education and training. I had quit high school two years before I was to graduate. I made the wisest decision of my life. I decided to go back to high school and get my diploma, and believe me, sitting with an irritated mind and strained nerves, in a classroom with boys seven to twelve years younger than I was really proved to be hard.

Like everyone's cloud mine, too, had a silver lining. Mine was my kindly English teacher. It was her encouragement that made it possible for me to accomplish two years' work in a little over seven months. It was her kindness, faith in mankind—her wisdom and knowledge of life that made me take notice of the good things in people and not the mistakes of their fight for survival.

Let this be a tribute to the importance of America's school teachers for upon my graduation I realized that I was "crossing the bridge" and that this kindly little lady was the one who had built this bridge for me.

W. J. H.

A Few Kind Words

Dear Papa David:

I was once one of those irritable, impatient people. If things didn't just work out the way I thought they should, I would grumble and nag and make myself miserable as well as everyone else around me.

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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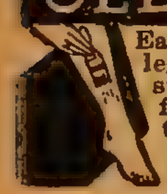

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25¢

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You will love to wear these beautiful Engagement and Wedding rings, set with sparkling simulated diamonds, a perfect reproduction of genuine diamond rings. You may have the rings in yellow Gold-plate or Sterling Silver.

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SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BEAUTY BOOKLET—richly printed in full color, with photographs and sworn proof of wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola. Write NADINOLA, Dept. 20, Paris, Tenn.

Last winter I took a business trip to a distant city by bus. On my return home a snow and ice storm greatly prolonged the trip. The driver who was supposed to be at the wheel eight hours had already put in twelve hours of very difficult driving. As we came to a bus stop, myself and several other passengers showed irritating impatience as we hurried off to straighten out our disrupted schedules. There was an extended waiting period. Many of the passengers as well as myself became cross and constantly nagged the driver with our endless complaints. Then one old lady paused as she passed the driver's seat complimenting him on his careful and expert driving under such harassing conditions. Instantly his slumping form straightened up.

She knew the true meaning of being happy and making others happy no matter what happened. I felt very ashamed of myself for the rest of the trip. Somehow that incident struck home and I decided from that time on to give it a try. So instead of always complaining and nagging, I began to use a few kind words to my family and everyone I met. The results were astonishing, the smiles and that good warmhearted feeling from everyone made my heart fairly sing with joy. That little incident changed my whole life. Now I can take things in my stride be they good or bad.

Mrs. N. N.

"God Bless You, Mom"

Dear Papa David:

A year ago this last July, in 1945, we heard of a soldier in a camp out in California, through a friend of ours, so I thought it would be nice to write to him as she said this lonely boy had no friends or relatives. He would cry when the mail came in camp and none for him. It was so heartbreaking to a mother with boys of her own that I wrote to him. He wrote right back and after two letters a week for a month he got a furlough, the first in two years, and came out here to spend two weeks with his "new mom" as he has called me ever since, bless his heart.

THEN he came out again last Christmas for a month and I was happy when I got a telegram to meet him at the depot! The telegram said, "Dear Mom," and ended "Your Loving Son." We went and got him and we were so glad to see him, and then he told us he got homesick for home and in order to get that thirty day furlough he had reenlisted for three more years. When he went I told him that he had a home and real true friends waiting for him when he got out for good.

I was so pleased when he said, "Mom, you will never know how happy I was when I got your letters." When I was sick and didn't write to him for one week, he sent a telegram to our local Red Cross to find out what was the trouble and said that if he was wanted home he would try and get there some way. When I told the Red Cross worker about him she said he evidently thought a lot of his new mom and she told me to keep up my good work.

I'm so glad I brought a little comfort to this homeless boy, a real good sort of a fellow alone in this big world.

He left his little Testament with me when he went back to camp. He said that was the happiest time he had ever had in his life and he said, "God Bless you Mom," and I was so happy that I had made someone else happy.

Mrs. I. C.

DEBUTANTE BRA means Hollywood Beauty and cool comfort! It's the last word in scientific design . . . lastex front insert . . . adjustable straps . . . double elastic back with 4-way adjustable fastener. Choice of nude or white in gleaming rayon satin or fine cotton . . . with quilted cups for permanent uplift and smart separation . . . trimmed with matching net. Glamour-perfect with the sheerest of blouses, dresses and sportswear.

GLAMOUR BELT is made of soft, easily laundered, flesh-colored cotton material, scientifically designed to support YOUR back and abdomen to improve YOUR posture without discomfort. . . to help relieve tiredness . . . to help reduce waist, hips and abdomen.

This summer . . . don't blame the heat . . . there's cool comfort . . . a more glamourous figure for you with DEBUTANTE BRA and GLAMOUR BELT . . . easily laundered . . . easily worn. Money-back guarantee if you're not satisfied.

USE THIS HANDY COUPON

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Owensboro, Ky.

Please send me _____ Debutante Bra at $1.75 each (3 for $5).

	32	34	36	38	40	
Nude						Cotton ☐
White						Rayon Satin ☐

Please send me _____ Glamour Belt at $2.50 each.

My waist measure is _____ My hip measure is _____

(check one) Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

We pay postage if remittance is enclosed
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.

Does the laxative you take go to extremes?

THAT last laxative dose . . . what did it do to you? Practically knock you out? Or just sort of stir you up inside without giving the relief you needed?

You avoid *both* these extremes when you take Ex-Lax! It gets results in such an easy, pleasant way. Ex-Lax is thorough and effective, yet so nice and *gentle!* Not too strong, not too mild . . . Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative!

What's more, Ex-Lax *tastes good* —just like fine chocolate! It's a real pleasure to take—not a punishment!

So, take Ex-Lax next time *you* need a laxative. Discover for yourself why it's America's most widely used laxative. *Over 40 million boxes sold last year!* As a precaution, use only as directed. 10¢ and 25¢.

When Nature forgets . . . remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

ACTS WELL . . . TASTES SWELL

GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll *feel* the *moist heat* go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll *see* how it helps bring the boil to a head. The *moist heat* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good —does good.

GET A TUBE OR CAN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST.

FOR BOILS—

Antiphlogistine

Alcohol and You

(*Continued from page* 31)

has to be done about alcoholism. Public education on the problem is very important and this is what the You and Alcohol series attempted. I know one person who learned a lot he never knew before about alcohol. Myself. But learning about it isn't enough.

The understanding gained from education has to be applied. Once you understand the alcoholic isn't a freak or a nuisance, but a sick person, you have to be able to help him. A different attitude toward him and his illness is a great help. But everyone has to cooperate to see that more adequate facilities are developed, nationally, to do all the research, all the treatment, all the hospitalization that is necessary to tackle this problem in the way that, say, Tuberculosis was tackled and brought under control.

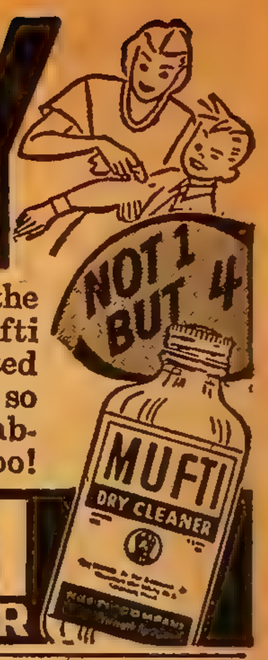
So far, these facilities are very meager. Many hospitals won't admit alcoholics. People are not aware that compulsive drinkers need not lectures, but a competent psychiatrist. Even more people fail to realize that the very preaching itself may tend to set the drinker even more apart from a society in which he has trouble enough finding a place for himself.

STUDENTS of alcoholism are more and more certain that compulsive drinking—and to some extent excessive drinking—is a symptom of various kinds of maladjustment. Psychiatrists, in the past twenty years, have done a great deal to treat human maladjustments and in doing so have helped many alcoholics. Perhaps because of the ignorance of the general public and, let's face it, a tendency on all our parts to avoid a problem unless it is shoved into our laps, it was a lay organization which developed the first real attack on alcoholism.

Alcoholics Anonymous happens to use some methods known to psychiatrists, but, most of all, the group provides the encouragement and support needed by the alcoholic. Many doctors disapprove of this group, because it is not equipped to cure the original cause of drinking. But even these disapproving doctors recognize the value of the organization. They see how helpful it is to the drinker to find people who have been through the same things and are willing to help him cure himself. They see that for alcoholics this group represents society. At least, it provides a small social world in which the alcoholic is accepted and from which he gains the courage and strength to help himself.

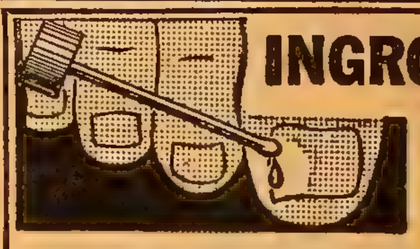
Think how much simpler the solution would be if all of us who make up society had this same attitude toward the alcoholic. Think how much easier it would be for the alcoholic to stop trying to escape from his maladjustment, frustration, shame and helplessness by drinking, if you and I did not shun him, scold him, preach at him, sneer at him, but made him feel that he was part of society—at the moment a sick part, but one we wished to help to get better so he could resume normal, healthy living among us. It would never occur to any of us to preach at someone suffering from cancer. I, for one, am convinced now that the alcoholic is just as sick in his way and that his sickness is just as little his own fault and that learning to help him is a public responsibility.

EASY



For spots on clothes, keep the Mufti bottle handy! . . . Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients . . . cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—cleans them in a jiffy, too!

MUFTI SPOT REMOVER



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Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus preventing further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

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Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

AVOID BEING GRAY!!

USE GRA-NO-COL

It is safe! Easy to apply! Neither a rinse, nor a dye. Just use a few drops a few times and bring your hair to the natural shade you desire. GRA-NO-COL is sold on a money back guarantee. Price: $2.00. Check, money order, cash or C.O.D. for this remarkable hair coloring, to:

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AMAZING NEW RADIO!

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SMALL AS A PACK OF CIGARETTES!

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GUARANTEED TO PLAY when used according to instructions sent with each radio! You can use it at home, in offices, hotels, cabins, in bed, etc.—lots of fun—real entertainment!

SEND ONLY $1.00 (cash, money order, check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send $3.99 for postpaid delivery. Complete as shown Ready to Play with self contained personal phone. For Gifts—children will love it—grownups too! An exceptional value—order yours and enjoy the many good radio programs coming! Don't be without your Pa-Kette Radio another day! (All foreign orders $5.00 U. S. cash.)

Pa-Kette Electric Co., Dept. MFW-5, Kearney, Nebraska

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—A NEW FUTURE!

How Plastic Surgery easily takes years off the prematurely aged face, quickly reshapes an ugly nose and corrects other facial blemishes is told and illustrated with 88 before-and-after pictures in fascinating book, YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE, written by famous Plastic Surgeon. Yours, postpaid in plain wrapper—only 25c

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VETO Colgate's Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is

Doubly Safe!

Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant . . . Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar, never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard daintiness and to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely.*

DOUBLY PREFERRED! Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

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TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

What's New From Coast to Coast

Missed charming Adrienne Bayan on one of her regular acting stints over at Mutual the other day. When we asked after her, the director told us she was up in Providence, where she hadn't ought to be. Adrienne had started back to New York, as usual, after visiting her parents in the Rhode Island city. She got on her regular plane, relaxed in her seat and dozed off. Some time later, the stewardess awakened her. Adrienne stepped out of the plane, expecting to get into a cab and drive to the broadcasting studio. Instead, she found she was back in the Providence airport. While she'd been asleep, the plane had been forced to return to its take-off field by bad weather. Mutual's thinking of being a little stricter about an old rule insisting that people under contract do not go more than fifty miles away from the studio.

* * *

Alan Young writes us that the Dog Pound Club he started just before last Christmas so that all kids in Los Angeles who wanted dogs and could take care of them could have them, is such a success that he's going to keep it going all year round.

* * *

Percy Faith's a man to have around in an emergency. We understand that not very long ago, when his sponsor asked him to include a certain number on a program, about fifteen minutes before the show went on the air, Percy grabbed a pencil and wrote an entire score for a special instrumentation of the number in something less than ten minutes. Must be some kind of a record.

* * *

Perry Como is an English teacher, although he didn't know it himself until a short while ago. He only found out when he got a letter from a girl in Paris, France, who wrote him that she learned English through listening to his shows, which have been short-waved to Europe the past few years. The French girl says she has listened to it regularly.

Another Como fan story that left us a little worried: his fans aren't usually the swooning type. But here's a tale about a couple of them that almost carried the swooning business to tragic lengths. A couple of kids out in Columbus, Ohio, Jeanette Stone and Joseph Gotschall, both 18, wanted to listen to Como but couldn't find a house radio that was working. They went out to Gotschall's car, tuned in Como's show on the auto radio, left the motor running and the windows closed. Both were overcome by monoxide gas and were revived by the Fire Department Emergency Squad.

* * *

You may think it's Jimmy Durante's playing that makes that piano sound the way it does. But you're wrong about that. That battered upright is kept in just the right degree of out-of-tune, purposely. A rather fortunate circumstance, it turned out recently, when a script on the Screen Guild Players

"Oh! Oh! Mommy's using my Stork Castile!"

Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

Ask for Stork Baby Oil, and Stork Baby Powder, too

A NEW AND NOVEL WAY TO MAKE MONEY

SELL INDIVIDUAL 5c AND 10c GREETING CARDS

COST YOU 2½¢ EACH UP

FREE SAMPLES 50 for $1.00 PERSONAL STATIONERY

Extra money quick. Up to 100% profit. Extra bonus. Send at once for FREE catalog of wonderful year 'round money-making line super value greeting card assortments and FREE samples name imprinted stationery. Request special feature $1.00 All Occasion Assortment on approval. Special Offers.

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REPLICA DIAMOND Engagement Rings with matched wedding bands

Set #S-102—Flashing Replica Diamond in Solid Sterling Silver, with wedding band to match

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Flashing replica diamond engagement rings chased wedding bands to match.

Only 97¢ FOR BOTH

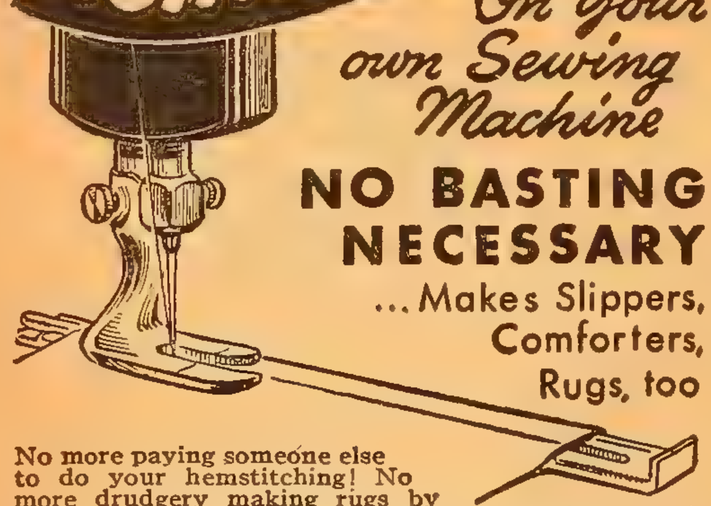
Choice of any set in Sterling Silver, White or Yellow Gold Color Effect. SEND NO MONEY. Just name, address, ring size. Order by set number. Pay postman 97c plus postage or send $1 with order and we pay postage. GUARANTEE: If not pleased, return in 10 days for refund.

Flashing Replica Diamond, yellow gold color effect with wedding band to match.

Set #S-103—

SEND ALL ORDERS TO HAREM Co. 30 Church St., Dept. S-32 New York 7, N. Y.

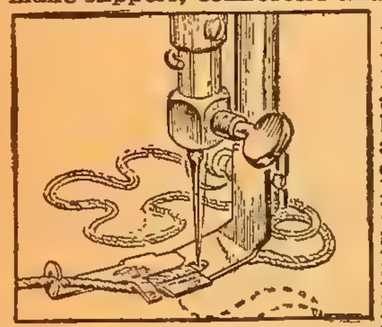
New EASY WAY Hemstitches On Your own Sewing Machine



NO BASTING NECESSARY

...Makes Slippers, Comforters, Rugs, too

No more paying someone else to do your hemstitching! No more drudgery making rugs by hand! Amazing invention does both . . . quickly, easily! Fits any sewing machine . . . in a jiffy! Does all types of hemstitching possible; two-piece criss-cross, inlaid, circular, hemstitching for pleats! Does tucking, smocking, picoting, too. Most amazing, with this wonderful invention you'll make rugs in all kinds of designs from any material, make slippers, comforters and auto rugs.



In our generous 2-for-1 offer, we'll include with your Hemstitcher and Rugmaker the sensational new Embroidery Guide that you can attach on any sewing machine! No more painstaking hours of embroidering or braiding by hand. This ingenious attachment makes your sewing machine do it for you . . . beautifully . . . and in 1/10 the time! Also rope silk No. 3 pearl cotton, soutach braid, couching cord ribbon!

EXTRA—SCISSORS SHARPENER—Act now and we'll also include extra and as a gift, a wonderful Scissors Sharpener that will give you many years of service.

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WIN CASH CONTESTS

WIN the next contest you enter. Our CONTEST BULLETIN has helped others win. Big winners tell their secrets, teach you how to win BIG PRIZES. Lists current contests. Write for FREE details.

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CRO★PAX FOOT AIDS

At all 10¢ stores!

show called for a piano to be played after not having been touched for ten years. Usually, in such circumstances, a piano tuner is called in to "untune" an ordinary piano. This time, however, a piano tuner couldn't be located in time. Then someone remembered that Jimmy's piano was in the building—and the day was saved. Of course, honest Jimmy is still speculating on whether he should send in a bill.

* * *

Cathy and Elliott Lewis are making good as a writing as well as an acting team. The husband and wife combination has been going strong on the Suspense and Adventures of Sam Spade shows. Now they've authored "The Thirteenth Sound" for the Suspense chiller program.

* * *

Now that Conrad Binyon—Butch on the Mayor of the Town—has reached his sixteenth year, he's busy with plans for getting his own plane. Conrad has been flying for several years, but the law wouldn't permit him to fly solo until he was sixteen. That's happened. The next step is saving his money for his own plane.

* * *

Jan August, versatile magician of the keyboard, wasn't always a pianist. Once, he aspired to being a cartoonist. He wanted to be a comic artist so badly, in fact, that he made a pest of himself, telephoning Bud Fisher, the creator of "Mutt and Jeff," so often that he finally got an interview with the famous cartoonist. More than that, Jan has the distinction of having been the first, last and only pupil that Bud Fisher ever had. And, now, after he talks about this and you ask Jan August how he comes to be Mutual's prize pianist, he shrugs his shoulder and says, "One of those things that happens."

* * *

Art Linkletter keeps in trim by playing handball. He also keeps trimming all and sundry who come up against him. He is a Hollywood champion and competes in all the tournaments held in and around the film city. His radio duties—among them CBS's House Party—prevent him from competing in national matches.

* * *

Folks out California way are kidding Dick Haymes these days. They're going around calling him Flicka's father-in-law. Flicka's foaled and the colt was sired by Haymes' giant saddle horse, Thunderbolt.

* * *

Ginny Simms has been invited to appear before the crowned heads of Great Britain again in a 1947 Command Performance. Last fall, Ginny was invited, too, but had to decline because of the then too-recent birth of her baby son.

* * *

Now you can get recordings of Truth and Consequences in your local music store. A parlor version of the popular series has been made into an album by Mercury Records.

* * *

We were having lunch with Jay Jostyn—you know, Mr. District Attorney—the other day in Rockefeller Center. Another distinguished gentleman was lunching with us. Our meal was continually interrupted by people coming over to get autographs from "Mr. District Attorney." And we all

DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LAZY BILE

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—

For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—now sold by druggists everywhere.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only gently, yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO pep up lazy bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT without fail! 15¢, 30¢. Follow label directions. All drugstores.

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

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NOW IT'S FUN TO

Reduce

And you can do it easily, quickly, safely. Whether you are overweight, or want to rid yourself of overly large hips, heavy thighs, legs or ankles, Sylvia of Hollywood gets right to the root of your figure faults in her amazing book, "No More Alibis"!

LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

Just picture how you would look IF your hips were not so broad—If your legs and thighs were not so heavy—your ankles so thick. Picture how you would look if you could lose 5 pounds, 10 pounds, 15 pounds. In "No More Alibis" you'll learn how to reduce and give yourself an erect, clear-cut figure—gently curved and young looking. Let Sylvia explain how to make those bumps and bulges vanish in double quick time.

By following Sylvia's method, you can mold your figure into alluring, graceful proportions, look years younger—and without the use of starvation diets, harmful drugs, or appliances. You may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star! Because Sylvia of Hollywood names names—in her book "No More Alibis"—tells you how she reduced this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful figure!

NOW ONLY 50c

Thousands upon thousands of copies of "No More Alibis" were sold at $1.00 each in a stiff back binding. Now you get the exact information (128 pages—40 illustrations) in a paper bound edition for only 50c and we pay the postage. Send for your copy of this remarkable book TODAY.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. RM-547
205 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

WHY SUFFER FROM MISERY OF SIMPLE PILES?

• Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those tortures of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—lubricates dry, hardened parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness—acts to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. It's wonderful!

So, to speed this relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo Ointment. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes complete with perforated pile pipe that makes application simple and thorough—also tins and handy suppositories.

Hair OFF Face

Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! Here it is! No one need know you have a superfluous hair problem! Simple, effective method removes every noticeable offending hair pleasantly when used as directed. Inexpensive, no chemicals; no electricity, no fuss or muss. Safe, painless results assured normal skin when our easy directions are followed. Your skin appears in its own natural loveliness. Thousands have been helped to win love, beauty and happiness again. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. FREE book explains method, proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write **LANZETTE LABORATORIES**, 218, So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 649, Chicago 4, Ill.

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Please send me the next 12 issues of Song Hits Magazine plus a copy of 400 Songs. I'm enclosing $1.50 in money order or check.

Name.....

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City..... State.....

kept wondering when someone would spot the gentleman with us. No one did. He was District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York, one of the foremost prosecutors in the U. S.

* * *

"Ole Buttermilk Sky"—and what does that mean to you? Hoagy Carmichael's song made the hit parade and people all over the country went around whistling and humming it. And no one seems to know exactly what it means. Ask Hoagy, he isn't sure, either, but thinks it's a mottled, partly overcast sky.

* * *

Whenever Oscar Strauss, composer of the popular "Chocolate Soldier" score, turns up as a guest conductor on a radio show, the studios are prepared for him, now. Ever since Mr. Strauss's first appearance on the air in this country, the studio posts guards at all the exits from the studio stage to the wings. Seems Mr. Strauss couldn't get used to radio techniques that first broadcast. After each number, he would face the audience, bow, and then walk off into the wings. He kept forgetting that broadcasting schedules didn't allow time for such concert etiquette.

* * *

Grand Slam is a grand slam in surprises for singing mistress of ceremonies Irene Beasley, as well as for listeners. Only most of Irene's surprises come during the brief pre-broadcast "warm-up" period, when she interviews studio visitors. Anything is liable to come up.

One day, Irene pulled a ticket stub out of the bowl to pick a lucky studio contestant. To her astonishment, everyone stood up. She had called the date, which is on every ticket, instead of the stub number. Once, when Irene asked a woman to name a song with "red" in the title, the answer she got was "The Star Spangled Banner"—and they had to grant the woman was right. Another unexpected answer came from a high school student who was asked if she agreed with the song that, "falling in love is wonderful." "Oh, yes," the young lady said, and then, confusion clouding her brow, added, "But my biology teacher says it isn't true."

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM EVERYWHERE . . . Dashiell (Adventures of the Thin Man) Hammett is readying his first play, which will be directed on Broadway by Lillian Hellman . . . Bud (Superman) Collyer is off on a lecture tour of schools and other institutions of learning on behalf of tolerance . . . There's talk about combining the two 15 minute programs of Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons into a half hour show, when the two commentators vacation this summer . . . Andy Russell has been approached with an offer to star in a Mexican film and sing Spanish songs . . . Lanny Ross is writing songs under the name of Robert Matthews . . . Skinnay Ennis's band may tour Central and South America this summer . . . Mutual Network is at work building a new $2,500,000 radio and television studio in Hollywood . . . So You Want To Lead A Band?, Sammy Kaye's feature, is now available for the young fry—appears in comic book form . . . Time to start thinking about that vacation. Travel folders, booklets, getting out the old fishing tackle and examining the bathing suit for possible moth holes. The sunny days are on the way—and sunny listening to you, until next time.

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Women Are Wiser

(*Continued from page 43*)

They are so interested in the workings of the law, or new developments in medicine—and with good reason—that they haven't time for anything else. When one of my questions takes them into another field, in which they are not so interested, they are lost. It doesn't help, either, that some of them are well-known to other residents of the city. They are so intent on upholding their reputations that they can't put their minds on my questions. It's difficult to think clearly if you are worrying at the same time about the impression you may be making on some hundreds of thousands of people.

But my friend the housewife has nothing to lose. The contest is a game to her and she's there to get as much fun, along with the cash, out of it as she can. As for the answers to my questions, all she has to do is dig around in the mass of information she has acquired at women's clubs, from women's magazines and from newspapers. She reads newspapers much more carefully than the specialist does. Her mind isn't keyed to one subject. She is interested in everything and reads numerous little items ("New Miracle Drug Saves Life of Boy, 13" or "London's Big Ben Affected By Frost") which completely escape the professional man's attention.

THE radio, too, is another source of miscellaneous information. While she is cleaning the house, making the beds, or sewing, she tunes in to a wide variety of programs. Some of them are merely entertaining but many—the various programs conducted by women commentators, for example—are rich in information which she acquires painlessly. Most men, professional or otherwise, cannot work and listen to the radio at the same time.

Forgetting the specialist for a moment, and just comparing the average man with the average woman, I'm willing to go out on a limb and say that the information the average man carries around in his head is not nearly so extensive as his wife's. She has a working knowledge of masculine pursuits; he is helpless when a question leads him into the woman's world. For example, most women know that the term "punt" is used in football, but many a man has been unable to answer the question: "Where would you look for a jabot if you wanted one?" And any woman who spends a good part of her time buying provisions for her household, and clothes for herself and her children, knows something of the current business trends.

Her children, too, help to make her a prize-winning quiz contestant. The questions they're constantly bombarding her with tend to keep her on the alert. Papa is usually at the office when Junior gets curious and asks, "Mama, why is water wet?" or "Where does the snow come from?"

There is another explanation for the average housewife's serenity of mind, a very important factor in the prize-winner's mental attitude. The professor of physics turns pale when he faces me and the microphone. He cringes ever so slightly and every member of the audience squirms in sympathetic agony. But the housewife is charmingly nonchalant, and why not? That same day she has probably bawled out the laundryman who forgot to pick

up the week's wash, and made it plain to the department store manager that he is personally responsible for the overcharge in her bill. She's not afraid of anything, much less a microphone. Why should she be afraid of me, just another man?

I am often amused, however, when a housewife trips on a simple question that is right in her own backyard—or kitchen to be more exact. On a recent contest, a housewife reached the finals and I asked her the following question: "Suppose you were drying four dishes, three from the same set and one odd one, which is second from the top. You dry them in the usual way, passing them from the bottom up. Where would the odd dish be when you finished drying the four of them?" The answer is that the odd dish would be on top of the pile. She would have dried the face of the first dish and the bottom of the fourth dish and then placed the fourth dish on the top of the pile. My contestant couldn't figure it out, although I emphasized that she would dry them "from the bottom up."

The audience really enjoyed it the night that I asked a housewife: "If you wanted to make beaten biscuits and you had flour and a stove, what other four objects would you need?" She answered, "Sugar, eggs, salt . . ." and the women in the audience who knew that sugar and eggs are not used in beaten biscuits, began to shake their heads violently. The trouble was that my contestant was making a cake, not biscuits.

THESE incidents point to the fact that the housewife, to a certain degree, is a specialist too, and like other specialists, she sometimes muffs a question in her field. There was the doctor, who was asked where he would get lactic acid if he needed it in a hurry. He began to tell me the complicated procedure he would follow in the laboratory. It did not occur to him that he might find it in his own refrigerator, because lactic acid is formed when milk sours.

While I'm engaged in eulogizing the housewife, I think I should point out that the children from middle and lower class families who come out with high scores on my contests owe their prizes to some degree to their mothers. Recently I held a contest in a small town in the south where most of the contestants were the children of mill workers and farmers. I was told that the educational standards were low and that I should not expect too much. At the end of the contest I had to declare a tie between two youngsters, both of whom had received a score between 575 and 600, the top score. Each one had missed only one fourth of one question. This experience confirms my belief that one should not judge educational standards according to the income or occupations of the city's inhabitants.

In another contest, at Yale University, four instructors out of twelve did not reach the finals. The winner, with a score of 325, was a Yale student. I used the same set of questions at a quiz at a junior high school in a southern city. The winner, a high school student, received the perfect score of 600.

Why do I compliment the mother on the showing made by these and other children? It's not difficult to see for yourself. It appears that youngsters who have more contact with their mothers, who share information and participate in the family fun pick up

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more general knowledge than those who are not brought up this way. Home-made fun means that all the participants thereof must exercise their ingenuity.

The youngest contestant I have ever had on my radio program was a sixteen-year-old boy and he had what I mean by ingenuity. To the question, "What is a cattail?" he answered, "The rear end of a cat." The correct answer is that a cattail is a bullrush, but there is no doubt that his answer was also correct. What really surprised me, though, was the way he handled a complicated mathematical question that required much untangling of various factors to get at the right answer. I had intended to delete this from my set of questions because it was so difficult and it was only through an oversight that it was left in. The boy gave me the correct answer in less time than I had required to work it out—and I wasn't thinking on my feet. This youngster won the contest.

Of course, I never try to stump the contenders on my program. For me, the perfect show is one in which the questions are difficult enough to give a mental work-out to the listeners, and easy enough for the contestants to answer. I try to make the questions easy, and yet not so easy that only a moron would have to exercise his brains to get the right answer.

With this in mind, I have had to use fewer questions recently on two groups of information that were once considered the foundation of knowledge. The young people of today, particularly those in big cities, are not very familiar with quotations from the Bible and proverbs. People in big cities find their entertainment outside their homes. They buy it, in the movies for example, and if they are not inclined to buy books, they buy magazines and get their information in capsule form. They don't play baseball. They watch someone else do it. This type of bought entertainment does not provide knowledge of proverbs and the Bible.

In the realm of news, I have found that contestants do not score nearly so well on questions about something that happened last week, as they do on questions about events that took place some 300 years ago. People in general are much more familiar with the Revolutionary War than they are with World War II.

It sounds surprising but it is easy to understand. The Revolutionary War is an accomplished fact. No one living today is emotionally involved in it and there has been no deviation in the official attitude toward it in some 80 to 100 years. World War II, on the contrary, has not been tied up in a compact bundle; the great mass of information on it has not been condensed. Thousands of people concentrated on one theater of the war, where a husband or a son was fighting, and know very little of the other theaters. Our emotional reactions to the various military leaders do not help us to think clearly, either.

Speaking of thinking clearly reminds me of one of my best contestants, a twelve-year-old boy who astonished me by his ability to go straight to the root of the subject under discussion. I give him credit for one of the most interesting minds with which I have ever come in contact among the thousands of people I have questioned. He was one of the contestants in a quiz at a school.

I asked the youngster to describe a spiral staircase. The boy began to make a circling motion with his hand—most people start out the same way with this question—but I told him that he must describe the staircase in words. He thought for a moment and finally came out with, "It's like a cyclone with steps." I have never heard a more apt description.

When we came to the question, "How can two sounds produce silence?" I really thought the boy would be unable to answer. Not many children know that two sound waves traveling on the some frequency in different directions can drown each other out. But there was nothing wrong with the boy's answer: "When you're talkin', and somebody says 'shut up'."

Another contestant whom I remember particularly because he really stunned my audience into silence was a young man, about 25 years of age. When he reached the finals and I asked him, first his name and then his address, he replied, "The New York Institute For the Blind." He immediately became the favorite of the audience, which had thought he was drunk when he came on the stage because he didn't seem to know where he was going. I asked him to name four objects which, when filled, are lighter than when they are empty. He first named a balloon filled with helium. Then, after a moment's thought, he said: "A man filled with false pride." It took the audience some time to recover from that one.

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